

**Anthology of Magazine Verse
for 1923
and Yearbook of American Poetry**

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1923

and

Yearbook of American Poetry

Edited by

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To

MARY SINTON LEITCH

Poet and Friend

Poet: your waggon wheels are speeding
Beyond space that confirms Time's heeding;
Friend: your visions, running far,
Are rimmed with many a glittering star!

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INTRODUCTION



LAST year I remarked that the many poets who had sprung up in the wake of the poetic successes made by Frost, Masters, Amy Lowell and others had done nothing better than to "break up the early cohesion of achievement and project into the current time a state of solution."

In reviewing the work of the past year in American Poetry, the fact of last year's statement is more convincing than ever. There never was a time, I believe, and thus in spite of numerous declarations made at sundry intervals, when there were so many people writing verse. But out of this mass of production there have not risen, to escape clear and distinguishable, any individual notes. Perhaps the day of the isolated luminary in literature and art is passed. The newer figures of recent arrival still present a state of solution. There is an amazing variety of expression; verse-making seems to have reached that stage of perfection comparable to the ripeness which Edmund Waller achieved in tapering off the Elizabethan vigor. Without any great breadth of practice, our younger poets of today ripple pleasantly along the narrow channels of repetition. Is it a sign of weakened vision when poets deliberately, in verse after verse, work over their few virtues until mere utterance hardens into mannerism? The function of being a poet seems almost to have lost the savor of being a personal exaltation, an exaltation rich with the dignity of a secret comprehension of the wonders and beauties of existence. Instead, the function has turned into a business, for the propagation of individual glory. Something is unquestionably lost in the character of the production which pours out in such an amazing flood of technical excellence; that something is the vitality which produces en-

visaged dreams and embodied symbols. Much that is purely facile in expression has won a place of prominence in the periodicals; and now no versifier may lack an outlet for his wares because the innumerable poetry magazines are created as the organs of the all and sundry who would otherwise be the mute and inglorious Miltons.

If I seem touched with the mood of pessimism it is, be assured, justified to a degree and yet not so bad as it seems. One cannot wade through hundreds and hundreds of poems, that are printed in the seventeen poetry magazines published in this country, and not be a bit discouraged at the dull routine of verse-making which so often makes up the contents of these publications. Scores and scores of hitherto unheard and unknown names are ascribed to verses which make one question the sanity and the soundness of trusting editorial management to poets. Indeed, poetry magazines for the special encouragement of the art were, only a few years ago, something to be fostered. Now the multiplication of poetry magazines is a question of serious import for those who would add to the number now being published. For one reason, they are chiefly the organs of groups, and since they must rely upon the members of the groups for financial support to exist, the groups and those in sympathy and contact with them find an easy entrance of work into their pages. I am speaking of the general run of these magazines; there are exceptions here and there in which the group has been fortunate in the assembling and cohesion of its talents. An example I have in mind is *The Fugitive*, published at Nashville, Tennessee. This poetry magazine displayed more character and originality during the last year than any poetry magazine in the country. One found often in its pages themes, and the treatment of themes, that were often too strong with the tang of originality. There was, nevertheless, time and again, power of vision, and the very certain note of individuality. The contents of *The Fugitive* were largely made up, month after month, by the same writers, and among

them men like John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, Stanley Johnson, Merril Moore and Donald Davidson, gave to its pages a succession of brilliantly individual work. This group seems wholly absorbed in functioning artistically and wasting no energy on propaganda or self-advertising. These men are going to be heard from in no uncertain accents when the clamor of pride and authority have subsided in certain literary capitols.

In no year has there been so small an amount of work published by the leading poets of America. Their places have been filled, in both the general and poetry magazines, by a great many new writers. All great poetic revivals are the result of the fortunate contemporaneousness of a number of individuals gifted with the genius for poetry, and the accidents of whose births have clustered them together in the perihelion of some Imagination in the mystery of time. This unaccountable group-appearance of poets, definitely marked by temper and characteristics in substance and form, has occurred, as all know, in various countries at intervals of time, and in the same country, as in England on several occasions with supreme force. This force, for the most part, is too intense to endure long; the Elizabethan period is especially notable for its superlative vigor, for the prolonged energy of spirit which produced in all forms of poetry a succession of magnificent music and imagination.

In our own recent outburst of song there seems to have been a sudden diversion of poetic energy. The period had a fairly long and vigorous life; it ought to have proved a longer one, without diminishing power, since all the poets of the leading rank are still in the prime of life. What is the cause of a situation, then, which leaves the field practically to the countless fledglings who make loud the air with tinkling strains of songs? Writers who substitute fancy for imagination, sentiment for emotion, observation for vision, realism for reality; and who prate about Beauty as if she were an image in the concrete, detached from the vitalities of life, rather than

the very substance of life itself symbolized through a constant and unremitting recognition of the mystery of experience! Perhaps the insistent statement of a contemporary that there is nothing "mysterious" about this matter of poetry, and that it is made, as well as explained, by scientific standards, may account for much.

And this may also explain why, with rare exceptions, in cases of the first importance, our leading poets are not content to be simply poets and the very best poets they can make of themselves. The greatest poet in America today is a poet first, last and all the time; his next of kin is also pure poet, and one may mention a few others whose spirits and practices are devoted to the art. On the other hand, the past two or three years have witnessed the majors assaulting other walls of fame. An enormous amount of energy and power is thus diverted from an art that needs all its best talents. Miss Lowell for months and months has been in the throes of a monumental life of Keats, her energy and her enthusiasm devoted to the great stakes of a standard biography; Edgar Lee Masters is applying his powers of characterization which once illuminated the "Spoon River Anthology" and "The Domesday Book" in the domain of fiction, having in the past three years three novels to his credit. Clement Wood has produced two novels in the past two years, and fiction seems to have captured the energies and expectations of both William and Stephen Benét, Maxwell Bodenheim and Elinor Wylie; while James Oppenheim seems to have taken a prose cue from the combination of Dr. Frank Crane and Emile Coué and has written a homily for the right of mankind to "look in my soul and live"; while Carl Sandburg has in his Rootabaga stories opened magic casements in the seas forlorn of juvenile literature for the modern American child. Even Conrad Aiken has wound so dizzily up the spiral staircase of cloudy sound that he has tumbled off into the comfortable solidity of the short story. I do not even attempt to enumerate the countless

number of poetic quills that are being driven in the interest of ephemeral reviewing. Neither do I take account of the poets who are pre-empting the field of the compiler. Poets who disclaim all other literary activities, except the composition of their own poems, take a flyer in this field as a literary joy-ride; one has but to mention Sara Teasdale as a privileged case of this sort, though Mr. Louis Untermeyer has been so active as to exalt his performances from a privilege into a caste.

What poetry all this energy would make moulded in the rhythmic forms of vision! These poets mentioned above have unconsciously precipitated almost at the very height of the revival a state of transition. By a trick of fate they have imposed upon themselves a courteous side-stepping for the advent of the newer and younger figures who might have found it more difficult to command attention if the leaders were producing poetry instead of prose. I want here also to note that the occupation of Mr. Bynner during the past few years has been a monumental translation of Chinese poets, and also a translation from the French of Charles Vildrac, another field of intellectual industry, which has diverted our poets of the higher rank from their original work

If we are at the threshold of a transitional period, there are many poets who, a little later, may create another period of important achievement. It is a little difficult as yet to determine the tendencies of these newer poets. In the surging welter of mediocrity that I have just been through in reading the magazine verse of the year there have been occasional glimpses of the authentic gift.

Beyond the random opinions expressed above I will not go in presenting the 1923 *Anthology*. My intention of giving a summary of the important books of poems of the year I shall have to forego because it is, in reality, a bit out of the province of a preface that should deal in outline with the verse that had only magazine publi-

cation. The *Year Book* section for this 1923 volume gives a completer record of the year's poetic activities than any previous volume in this series. New lists and indexes have been added to the features already established which enhance the valuable reference character of the work. My purpose in the future is to develop more and more this aspect of these annual volumes, to make an indispensable record of facts and achievements rather than an expression of individual opinion. I hope to continue this annual publication on American poetry as a pioneer of service to the art, recording that foundation upon which the highest civilization is built.

*Arlington Heights,
Massachusetts,
November 2, 1923.*

W. S. B.

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To the following publishers I am indebted for the privilege of using the poems named from the volumes in which they have been included, and which have been published before the appearance of this *Anthology*:

The Macmillan Company: "Firewood," "After the Circus" in *Granite and Alabaster* by Raymond Holden; "The Mountain Cat" in *Collected Poems* by Vachel Lindsay, and "These Are but Words" in *Sea Change* by Muna Lee.

Henry Holt and Company: "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" in *New Hampshire* by Robert Frost; and "King David" in *King David* by Stephen Vincent Benét.

Charles Scribner's Sons: "Haunted Earth," "The Fish-Hawk" and "The Lion House" in *The Black Panther, A Book of Poems*, by John Hall Wheelock; and "In a Greek Garden" in *Songs of Unrest* by Bernice Lesbia Kenyon.

George H. Doran Company: "Valse Triste" and "Mary" in *The Dancer in the Shrine* by Amanda Benjamin Hall; "Lincoln" in *Lincoln and Others* by Thomas Curtis Clark; "The Puritan's Ballad," "Twelfth Night," "Benvenuto's Valentine" and "Peregrine" in *Black Armour* by Elinor Wylie; and "Of a Child That Had Fever," in *Parson's Pleasure* by Christopher Morley.

Alfred A. Knopf: "Her Hands," "Portrait of a Stranger," "Marcia" and "Serenade at Noonday" in *Out of Silence* by Arthur Davison Ficke; and "New England Verses" and "The Shape of the Coroner" in *Harmonium* by Wallace Stevens.

Houghton Mifflin Company: "Drums and Brass," "John Darrow" and "Ecclesiasticus" in *An Outland Piper* by Donald Davidson, and "Homesickness," "Cups of Illusion" and "The Pursuit" in *Cups of Illusion* by Henry Bellamann.

Harper and Brothers: "The Proud Dead Ladies" in volume unnamed, by Elizabeth J. Coatsworth.

Harcourt, Brace and Company: "Five Trees," "Child and Her Statue," "You Said", in *Roast Leviathan*, by Louis Untermeyer; and "Savanarola Burning" and "Rain Inters Maggiore," in *Less Lonely*, by Alfred Kreymborg.

Yale University Press: "Anathema" in *Yankee Notions*, by George S. Bryan.

Duffield and Company: "The Romantic" and "The Changed Woman" in *This Body of Death*, by Louise Bogan.

G. P. Putnam's Sons: "L'èse Majesté" in *The Barcarole of James Smith, and Other Poems*, by Herbert S. Gorman; and "O, Very Soon, Now," in *Harvest* by David Morton.

B. W. Huebsch: "Autumn" and "A Beautiful Lady" in *Under the Tree*, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts.

E. P. Dutton and Company: "The Singing Shadows," "Time" and "Two Sonnets" in *The Tide Comes In*, by Clement Wood.

James T. White and Company: "The Yellow-Breasted Chat" in *Pinions*, by Jay G. Sigmund.

B. J. Brimmer Company: "He Singeth in the Underworld" and "The Other World" in *The Coming Forth by Day*, by Robert Hillyer; "Dust Song," "Red Winds," "Strange Paths" and "Threads" in *Backroads Maine Narratives—With Lyrics*, by Winifred Virginia Jackson; "My People," "Granite Man," "A Prayer," "Classic Night," "White Fantasio" and "Rain" in *Hill Solitudes*, by Benjamin Rosenbaum; "The Summit," "The Flying Fish" and "The Poet" in *The Waggon and the Star*, by Mary Sinton Leitch; and "Heroes" and "A Queen's Lament" in *Many Wings*, by Isabel Fiske Conant.

Part I
Anthology
of Magazine Verse

ON SENESIS' MUMMY

Then, too, when beauteous Senesis
Lived, no lovely thing there was
Much less mortal than a rose,
And all dancing and all limbs
Had their dark and mortal close.

Lovers said then too of death
How more than the worm's mouth was owing
One that drew a flower of lust;
And then there were no such churls to yield
Delicacy like hers to dust.

So perfect now and bodily
She lies lapped in cedarwood.
Her still breasts are garlanded,
And a gilded mask is over
Her cold, shapely, dreamless head.

O quick thing left thus as death stilled her,
O ebony-straight, the painted slaves
Still all the ritual treasure bring.
Their mournful antique bodies make
A grave and lovely gesturing.

Surely then too when Senesis
Lived, life was a piercing thing;
Bright life, on which long darkness wars;
And living then, to their brimmed hearts
Came a sweet wondering at stars.

They learnt how soon the petals fall
On Egypt's or on any waters;
How being that suckles chilly fear
Is lovelier so, and dearest beauty
As brief a jewel as a tear.

How with this wisdom would they leave her,
A thousand and a thousand springs,
Lying with a stony heart;
Nor ever suffer her sweet breast
To drop as blossoms do apart?

The New Republic

Léonie Adams

SEVEN SAD SONNETS

I—THE HAPPENING

It had to be. She from his weariness
Discerned a world of unsuspected things;
And though she leapt to meet his swift caress
She feared a trail of dim imaginings.

He drew to him her half-unwilling eyes,
And gazing, learned of wistfulness for joy:
Her singing words gave him desired surprise,
Waking his memory of a lyric boy.

She thought they loved. At any rate they lay
A moment in each other's arms and parted:
He unbereft, and, in his fashion, gay;
She, startled and undone and sorry-hearted.

But if she gave to his satiety
To no avail, what then? It had to be.

II—THE OTHER ONE COMES TO HER

At last her face was turned to him who knew
Only the mockery of an old denial,
And though he sensed no single word was true
He sunned him in the strangeness of her smile.

Wondering why she suddenly was kind,
He thought his faithfulness had found her heart.
He did not see the path that lay behind,
Nor guess what kept them ever wide apart.
She held him lightly, so he held her high,
Jumping to answer each amused behest;
She tried to make *I love you* not a lie,
To take him to her soft deserted breast.

But when the hour came—to his surprise
She sent him from her with remorseful eyes.

III—THE WANDERING ONE

While he to whom her vexing thoughts still clung
Went wearily philandering on his way:
He tried them slightly worn, he tried them young,
He tried them sorrowful, he tried them gay.

He said, and thought, he had not loved before;
He shrined a picture on his memory-shelf;
And as each loved one left his closing door
He took grave counsel with his puzzled self:

*There is no love. We for a moment stand
And hold at bay inevitable pain,
Aghast and passionate, hand in eager hand,
Before we face our loneliness again.*

Perhaps he made a rhyme; but quite forgot
Before another came that love was not.

IV—SHE REMEMBERS

From far she watched his wanderings, and sighed
To know herself so soft, so warm a thing;
And laughed recalling with what pains she tried
To pipe the tune that he had bade her sing.

For he had told her in those golden days,
When all her hope lay trembling on his breast,
That she must watch him go his vagrant ways—
For him there was no peace, there was no rest.

His words had shown her all she feared, and when
He slept she lay beside him silently.
Up in the morning, gayly serene again,
She told him she had found Philosophy.

This made him comfortable, and though she died
He should not know how bitterly she lied.

V—SHE THINKS OF THE FAITHFUL ONE

And when her broken thoughts went following after
That other one, she saw a sorry thing;
For all she had for him was vainest laughter,
And all he had for her was comforting.

So, sadly then, and with no mockery
She called him to her, touched his hand, and pled
That he forgive. As in humility
He listened to the words his lady said.

He saw her hiding something gone amiss,
And knew her dreadful gentleness portended
Worse than her raillery. Her quiet kiss
Told him his living dream of her was ended.

Next day, forlorn, she questioned wonderingly
Why, since she needs must love, it was not he.

VI—THE WANDERING ONE MAKES MUSIC

The years sped onward. He who forever sought
The unseeable light beyond the western skies
Made mighty music: in his work he wrought
All that he knew, all that man might surmise,

Until a vast and intricate design
Awoke and spoke—a living, new-born thing.
He watched it grow in beauty, line on line,
And yielded it his only worshipping.

At last she saw why he had gone his way—
His endless quest; even, she could rejoice.
For like a whispering wind at close of day
Faintly she heard the echo of her voice.

Not one but every kind of song she found
In that great diapason of sweet sound.

VII—THEY MEET AGAIN

It chanced one day they met. Each in surprise
Was extra glad, and unto each the other
Spoke ardently with lighting lips and eyes,
Banding synonyms for "long lost brother."

A cafe then and tea, and much to tell
Of this and that and what the years had brought:
She held again a mystery, for well
He knew that she had found what he had sought.

Gravely he questioned, saw her oddly gay,
Uncovered guarded memories, and so
Prayed that they meet again another day,
Prayed that she would not lightly let him go.

She shook her head: Alack, it might not be!
She had, she said, embraced Philosophy.

A Magazine of Poetry

Mary Aldis

REFUGE

I shall go down from the stark, gray-stone towers,
Out from this town—the dogs howl at its gates—
The sad clocks strike the eternal hours
And my refuge waits.

I shall go forth with sandals and a crust,
Before the evil, stupid, friendly feet
Have stopped my singing mouth with choking dust,
Stamped from the common street.

For hope has planted vineyards in a place
Of valleys where a heart may lie at ease,
And dreams can dally with a shy, young thought,
Naked among the silver birchen trees.

There Aeolus will play a willow harp,
Soft as the autumn light upon a hill,
And dipping swallows leave tight water rings
Which widen with a motion that is still.

Contemporary Verse

Hervey Allen

WALLS

The wall of his environment,
Altho' Chinese, was not so high
He could not see tiled roofs of kings
Like dragon backs against the sky.
And so, spurred on by discontent,
An eagle pen that lent him wings
Transported him across the wall
To tea in gardens with the Mings.

Thus staged, his long but static fall
Made drama for ancestral ghosts,
Whose proud transgressions raised the wall
Of ego, which with echoed boasts
Had in past epochs starved their souls
With windy oats of self-applause;
Till they had met great grandpapas
Twit-tittering on the seething coals.

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Hervey Allen

THE LEAPING POLL

At early morning when the earth grows cold,
When river mists creep up,
And those asleep are nearest death,
She died.
The feather would not flutter in her breath;
And those who long had watched her slipped away,
Too weary then to weep;
They could do that next day—
They left her lonely on the bed,
Under a long, glistening sheet, in feeble tallow-shine,
Rigid from muffled feet to swathéd head.

This in old days before the Turkish cure
Had driven out the pox;
Next morning, while slave carpenters
Were hammering at the oblong box,
The sun revived her and she breathed again,
Like Lazarus, and in later years grew beautiful,
And was the mother of strong men.

These things her father, master of an ancient place,
Pondered, and read of men in antique times
Who wakened in the charnel from a trance.

Often his eyes would rest on her askance,
And fear grew on him, and strange dreams he had a-bed,
Till waking and asleep he turned his head,
Front-back, front-back, from side to side,
Looking for Death. At last, one night
He heard crisp footfalls in his room,
And stared his soul out in the gloom,
Peering until he died.

But when they broke the seals upon his will,
They found each codicil and long bequest
Was held in trust until
The heirs should carry out his last request—
To burn his body (naming witnesses);
And they, all eagerness to share,
Prepared to carry out this strange behest.

A pile of lightwood on the river bank,
Neighbors on horseback, and the slaves,
With teeth as white as eyeballs, rank on rank,
Watched on the pyre the form wrapped in a shroud,
Lonely among the lolling tongues of flames—
The smoke streamed, trailing in a saffron cloud,
The greedy noise of fire grew loud,
Then, "whiff," the shroud burned with a flare;
The dead man's eyes looked down
Like china moons upon the crowd.
They saw him slowly shake his head,
The thing denied that it was dead,
While from the blacks arose a babblement of prayer.

Surely the head must stop—
Not till the fire caved!
Then from the very top
The loosened poll came with a leap,
Bounding three times, it took the river-steep;
Down, down the river bank—all they
Ran after it like school boys for a ball.

God! How the thing could roll!
It seemed the devil kicked the leaping poll.
At last it stopped at bay,
Staring across a tidal flat,
Where spider lilies frightened day.

They buried it within a lonesome wood,
With trembling hands, beneath a foreign stone.
But there were some who said
It moved its lips;
And when they went away, the earth stirred
And they heard it moan.
Now it comes leaping down the tunnel roads
Where the moss hangs like stalactites,
Screaming out curses, snapping at the toads;
Negroes who pass there on the moonless nights
Behind them hear a sound that stops their breath.
The keen wind whistles through its teeth,
And the white skull goes bounding by
Looking for Death.

The London Mercury

Hervey Allen

BLACK ROSES

*"For he on honey-dew hath fed
And drunk the Milk of Paradise"*

His hard-horn eyes
Glitter with pictures
Of the cloud-piled skies;
Wide eyes that little limn
Heaven, unseen by him;
Beside the river road to hell
The dream slave lies.

*Here where the swart demons go,
Pass and repass to and fro,
Tread very Soft—speak low.*

Shrill are the dog-voiced winds
And shrill,
Straining through cedars
At the mouth of hell,
An eyeless socket in the hill;
And the dark river slips,
Sucked through red granite lips,
Into low moonless halls
Down to a cavern land it falls;
Spills with a black, lightless thunder,
Where darkness crouches on the dragon hills
An earth-mile under.

Backward, flung back upon the humid winds
Stumbles the mile-deep thunder;
Out of the earth is born
As haggard as a shout from solitude,
The dampened, copper clamor of a horn.
Near here no farmer plants the kindly corn!
Only the sodden dreamer hears the sound
Of the infernal horns bray underground,
While fitfully comes,
Rumbled like trundled drums,
The river's voice,
The mile-deep thunder—
Speak very soft, speak low;
This is a place of wonder!

Tread very soft—tread slow—

For here black roses grow
In ground unholy,
Flowers of darkness
That have sought the light,

One blue-leafed seedling
From the world below
Of night and shadowy trees and voiceless birds,
Of vast, dim meadows and of monstrous herds—
Petals of midnight which are come
To prophesy against the sun,
With seed pods dangerous to all things bright,
Dull blossoms from the tree of melancholy.

Lean very low—lean low—

To hear from dreamer's lips
How fiendishly appears
A web-foot being at the mouth of hell
To prune the ebon rose with leaden shears;
And how that demon strews
Jet petals round the dreamer once, and twice
Cupped like the sloughed scales of an asp,
And hears the dreamer's soul down cavern roads,
Cold, in a damp-smooth clasp.

*He bears the dreamer's soul asleep;
He bears the swarthy roses deep—*

Deep down the pounding cataracts,
Along the river hurled
Through leafless tracts
Within a starless world,
Into a city drowned
With shadows drooping down
From balconies of blindness
In a murky town.

Signals of flapping blackness float
In folds of darkness from the walls,
And a gigantic watchman rests
His bony hands upon a drum,
Waiting for sunrise that will never come;
The eyeless serpents rustle in the moat;
And silence calls.

*Then where the dead waters flow
Down to the last pit below*

There is a noise of boulder stones,
Cast up by blurring fountains;
Washed down by the cataracts with grumbling tones,
That rumble dismally among the subterranean mountains.
And down the crags
Along whose face
The grey clouds hang
Like rags in space—
The cowed dreams sit
And listen to the thunder, thunder, thunder
Of the black river and the stones.

Tread very soft—speak low—

This is a place of wonder.

North American Review

Hervey Allen

TO ONE WHO ASKED

Ah, what are poems? There is a kind of tree
That, bruised, bleeds golden blood into the sea.
And now you need not ask again of me.

Kenneth Slade Alling

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

TO A WOMAN

Sometimes I think that you were born mature;
That every experience must find
In you its mirror and its mate, designed
For fertile union: you are firm, secure
Within your acre. The ephemeral lure
Of adolescence never led you blind,
Or stuffed its moon lit lyrics in your mind:
And you have grown with growth that will endure.

But I came from the wind's womb and I go,
Much like my mother, unsubstantially.
I furbish stars or brush the muddy pools
Or hold light daliance with the apple tree.
It is ordained that I shall never grow,
But only be the happiest of fools.

Kenneth Slade Alling

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

BEAUTY

To catch some fragment from her hands
That else would fall into the sands
And lie lost and disintegrate:
For this I wait: for this I wait.

Even her casual aspects are
Vivid and lovely as a star;
Aspects that turn, retire and change
Through unimaginable range.

Is she the universe or only
An entity austere and lonely,
Whose moods are moon and colored seas;
Whose thoughts are all the mysteries?

Kenneth Slade Alling

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

DAWN

A faint wine border tints the sky
Above the mist-enshrouded hills,
And some wild bird's stark, instant cry
Awakes a thousand notes and trills.

With flare of color, bursts of song
The pageant of the dawn begins;
Light routs the ghostly shadow-throng
Then onward whirls and twirls and spins.

Amid this gleam of flame and gold,
And vibrant sounds that echo far,
Day's trumpets shrill out high and bold
And shatter every laggard star.

George Lawrence Andrews

The Southern Literary Magazine

IN ENVY OF COWS

The cow swings her head in a deep drowsy half-circle to
and over
Flank and shoulder, lunging
At flies; then fragrantly plunging
Down at the web-washed grass and the golden clover,
Wrenching sideways to get the full tingle; with one
warm nudge,
One somnolent wide smudge
Sacred to kine,
Crushing a murmurous afternoon of late lush August to
wine!

The sky is even water-tone behind suave poplar trees—
Color of glass; the cows
Occasionally arouse
That color, disturb the pelucid cool poplar frieze
With beauty of motion slow and succinct like some grave
privilege
Fulfilled. They taste the edge
Of August, they need
No more: they have rose vapors, flushed silence, pulpy
milkweed.

The New Republic

Joseph Auslander

THREE THINGS

Three things filled this day for me,
Three common things filled this day;
Each had, for me, a word to say;
Said it in beauty, and was done:
Cows on a hillside all one way,
A buttercup tilted seductively,
And a lark arguing with the sun.

These three things, merely these three,
Were enough to cry the world
Out of my heart: the buttercup curled
Where some gorgeous ruffian plundered;
The skylark's dizzy flag unfurled;
The placid cows pensively
Wondering why they wondered.

The New Republic

Joseph Auslander

CÉSAR FRANCK

To grasp it; say that you have seized that hour
Choking with music like a bright smoke; say
That you have crushed it as you crush a flower
Because it dies today;

To breathe it in, a brilliant dizziness
Glittering, overwhelming, battering sense
Down, and beating in a radiant press
Of wings up to the tents

Of the pavilioned spirit!—so you shall reach
The slow white width of peace, and for a while,
Even for a while, hear an exalted speech
And know Death by his smile.

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Joseph Auslander

ON BEING QUIZZED BY BALIEV

In what strange land, incomparable buffoon,
Have you been impresario? I protest
I know that accent and that turn of jest,
Those features of a serio-comic moon,
Those blunt brows, by a cubist sculptor hewn,
Unwinking eyes, still roving without rest
Full of quaint malice, soon to be expressed,
That voice like the low notes of a bassoon.

Oh, well—too well—have I beheld that smile
Somewhere ere this, the passionless derision,
Real and momentary as a vision.
Where was it you performed the self-same role,
While I fled trembling up an endless aisle
In the queer theatre of my own soul?

Leonard Bacon

The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post

THE SECRET

Shall I seem silly speaking some of spring
As every man in every age has done;—
Assissi, singing to his Brother Sun,
Or Browning, touching God's great Everything?
And yet, this day! Bright with new coloring,
The dandelion-gold spread ton on ton,
The cherry frock of morning, sunshine-spun,
The green of grass—God's glorious gardening!

He flings into the ceaseless time-machine
Another spring—and grinds out witching days.
As they dance by in garments white and green,
We simple souls must give them love and praise.
A day, a blossom: Who the secret knows?
The black manure—the White Killarney rose!

The Lyric West

Read Bain

CARE

Care now lies
Where Care was not,
Shoved in the corner
But not forgot—
Care, in the corner.

I would call Laughter
Out of the trees;
But Laughter has bird-eyes,
And Laughter sees
Care, in the corner.

Janet Norris Bangs

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

SILENCE

God must have loved the silence for He laid
A stillness on the sunset and the dawn;
Upon the moment when the bird has gone,
Leaving a note, high-hung, within the glade
More sweet than when he sang it; noons that pass
Too full of forest changelessness for sound;
Creeping of little frosts along the ground;
Silence of growth among the summer grass.

God must have deeply loved the silences,
For is there one of us who has not heard
Promptings to silence that he speaks not of?—
What of an old remorse; a hope that is
Too deeply hoped; what of a grief outgrown;
And silent, old, unconquerable love?

Contemporary Verse

Mavis Clare Barnett

CUPS OF ILLUSION

From this tower room above the wall
I have watched the sunworn city
And the sea.

I have seen the nights
Drain the streets
Of light and sound,
The days shrivel to thin sheets
Of wrinkled silver
On the tide.

I have seen men come
Like stippled shade along the floor,
And go, as lightly brushed,
As unremembered, as leaf shape
Tangled in a blur of glass.

I have made cups
With chisel and fire and stain;
I have made cups—
Amethyst, silver, and gold,
Emerald, agate, and bronze;
I have made cups for pride,
And cups for a woman's heart.

I have made cups
For the altars of God,
And cups for perfume and wine;
Ivory, iron and clay,
Red cups for feasting,
And cups for sacrifice;
Turquoise cups for a birthday,
Ebony cups for dice;
Cups of crystal
To pay for a bride,
And delicate cups for tears.

My cups were the pomp of kings,
And the solace of lonely men.
Long years I worked and copied
My thoughts on my colored cups,—
(Chisel and fire and crimson,
Sapphire and purple and pearl.)
But I knew as I burned and painted
The world on beautiful cups
That the world was a painted curtain
Cheating the artist's eyes;
I knew that the rainbow curtain
Hid a thing past all surmise.
Still I carved and burned and copied
On opal and copper and blue,
Wings, and the glory of woman,
And clouds,
And fishes,
And ships. . . .

I knew that beyond the curtain
Was a world of final surprise
Pure and poignant and perfect,
Passing all men's surmise.

So I said as I chisselled and carved
The world in scarlet and clay,
I can see what is there on the curtain,
Painted and seeming to stir;
But I know that behind the delusion
Are the things that really move.

I shall mock the thin confusion
Of this imaged veil of deceit;
I shall make a new cup of illusion
From a dream quite strange and complete.
I shall use not a bird, not a flower,
Not a sign from this world of defeat.
Then out of my deepest knowing

I made a new shape for a vase.
I fashioned and moulded and carved
A new line of a consummate grace—
A new shape,
A new lucent color,
And wings that shadowed a face.

Out of my depest knowing
I painted a curious glowing,
A light of imagined sea,
But never a river or tree,
Or even the ardent going
Of birds that ever could be.
Then every one could see
A flame of figures curl and twine
About the stem;
And every one could see
A brilliant wine that seemed to fill
It to the brim and shine.

Each saw a thing most different
Engraved upon the side;
Each saw a special vision
And looked again and cried.
Some said it was a thing of ill—
Some said it was divine.

But not again was any certain
If this world be not a curtain
Brocade with things
That seem to move,—
Or if there was a face
Upon the cup,
Shadowed with wings.

* * *

Looking down
From this room above the town
I watch the days

In long retreat,
And men upon their ways
Along the street.
They are like leaves across a floor,
Like phantoms flitting past a door,—
As lightly brushed,
As unremembered,
As bird shadows on the grass.

Tempo

Henry Bellamann

HOMESICKNESS

There is a land so far away,
Almost it seems never to have been.
There are dull rocks
And the brown flanks of barren hills.
There a listless stream
Waits in the shallows,
Nor desires the sea.

Old walls are rooted deep,
And gaunt houses sit upon their haunches
Like starved animals;
Sometimes their hollow windows
Show a wolfish gleam
In the heavy dark.

But I am kin to it.
The old-wife hills,
I am close kin to them.

Here the cloudy light
Circles on crystalline peaks,
And the soft fall of satin petals
Stirs wide eddies of perfume

In the emerald pools
Of walled gardens.
Here the delicate accent
Of bright waters
And the cadenced music
Of a gentle tongue
Float upon the air
And curl themselves in silence
As late sunlight
Fades in deep rivers.

The grapes have purpled many times
Against that wall.
I know the fountain's legend now
By heart;
The story of this gracious land
Is told.

Those harsh, time-eaten hills,
Like peasant women, stooped and shawled,
They crouch as though to warm themselves together;
They wait, as peasant women wait,
For their own sons.
I must go back to them;
I must go back.

The Century Magazine

Henry Bellamann

THE PURSUIT

I know you now—
I know you,
and there is fear in me—
fear like shaken waters,
flying waters,—
Waves that come again, thunder broken,
from the deep.

Always I have come too late
upon the places where you moved,
and the leaves,
star shaped, and wing shaped,
agile, shuddering leaves
that closed upon your track
were like the flight
of most strange, ecstatic birds.

The light that crept again
along the purple furrow
of your flowing shadow
was like quick swimming gold
of mythic fishes, deep enchanted
by some intricate, thin singing—
singing lost and twisted
into whispering
that fled like swift refolding foam
from the sharp and delicate
slim curving wake
of your purple shadowed going.

Your flying, slight and pointed steps
upon the tall, quiescent, virginal, bent grasses—
your penetrant and pointed cruel steps
lay like gold edged arrows
in the silver virgin grasses.

Are you tigress?
Are you wingèd—
winged and arrow footed—
white sail swift and purple shadow silent?
Are you shape of wind and singing,—
thousand winged?
Are you fire and black striped,
arrow footed tigress?—
steel winged or desperate eagle?

I am too late
to perfectly surprise your sickle step;
but a fear is in the sinuous waters
of my heart's most secret pool
of guarded stillness.

I have seen them,
and I know you—
I have seen the faces passing—
scarred and slim, most frail swift faces—
those who held you,
those who knew you,—
arrowed, striped—and wingèd.

I must find you—
break some sudden curtain,
starred and sounding
of most slender, pale and swinging
white and silver willow leaves,—
break some willow curtain,
break and crumble the small shadows—
come like swift pursuit of sun upon you—
see you,
know you,—
wingèd, fire striped—and arrowed.

Henry Bellamann

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

THE BALLAD OF WILLIAM SYCAMORE

(1790-1880)

My father he was a mountaineer,
His fist was a knotty hammer.
He was quick on his feet as a running deer,
And he spoke with a Yankee stammer.

My mother she was merry and brave
And so she came to her labor,
With a tall green fir for her doctor grave,
And a stream for her comforting neighbor.

And some are wrapped in the linen fine,
And some like a godling's scion.
But I was cradled on twigs of pine
In the skin of a mountain lion.

And some remember a white, starched lap
And a ewer with silver handles.
But I remember a coonskin cap
And the smell of bayberry candles!

The cabin logs with the bark still rough,
And my mother who laughed at trifles,
And the tall, lank visitors, brown as snuff,
With their long, straight squirrel-rifles.

I can hear them dance, like a foggy song,
Through the deepest one of my slumbers,
The fiddle squeaking the boots along
And my father calling the numbers.

The quick feet shaking the puncheon-floor,
And the fiddle squeaking and squealing,
Till the dried herbs rattled above the door
And the dust went up to the ceiling.

There are children lucky from dawn till dusk,
But never a child so lucky!
For I cut my teeth on "Money Musk"
In the Bloody Ground of Kentucky!

When I grew tall as the Indian corn,
My father had little to lend me,
But he gave me his great old powder-horn
And his woodsman's skill to befriend me.

With a leather shirt to cover my back,
And a redskin nose to unravel
Each forest sign, I carried my pack
As far as a scout could travel.

Till I lost my boyhood and found my wife,
A girl like a Salem clipper!
A woman straight as a hunting-knife
With eyes as bright as the Dipper!

We cleared our camp where the buffalo feed,
Unheard-of streams were our flagons,
And I sowed my sons like the apple-seed
On the trail of the Western wagons.

They were right, tight boys, never sulky or slow,
A fruitful, a goodly muster!
The eldest died at the Alamo.
The youngest fell with Custer.

The letter that told it burned my hand.
Yet we smiled and said, "So be it!"
But I could not live when they fenced the land.
For it broke my heart to see it.

I saddled a red, unbroken colt
And rode him into the day there,
And he threw me down like a thunderbolt
And rolled on me as I lay there.

The hunter's whistle hummed in my ear
As the city-men tried to move me,
And I died in my boots like a pioneer
With the whole wide sky above me.

And your life's easy where mine was rough,
My little clerks of the city!
But an easy body is fragile stuff
And I find you easy to pity.

I lie in the heart of the fat, black soil
Like the seed of a prairie-thistle;
It has washed my bones with honey and oil
And picked them clean as a whistle.

And my youth returns, like the rains of Spring,
And my sons, like the wild geese flying,
And I lie and hear the meadow-lark sing
And have much content in my dying.

Go play with the towns you have built of blocks,
The towns where you would have bound me!
I sleep in my earth like a tired fox,
And my buffalo have found me.

The New Republic

Stephen Vincent Benét

KING DAVID

David sang to his hooknosed harp:
"The Lord God is a jealous God!
His violent vengeance is swift and sharp!
And the Lord is King above all gods!

"Blest be the Lord, through years untold,
The Lord Who has blessed me a thousand fold!

"Cattle and concubines, corn and hives
Enough to last me a dozen lives.

"Plump, good women with noses flat,
Marrowful blessings, weighty and fat.

"I wax in His peace like a pious gourd,
The Lord God is a pleasant God,
Break mine enemy's jaw, O Lord!
For the Lord is King above all gods!"

His hand dropped slack from the tunable strings,
A sorrow came on him—a sorrow of kings.

A sorrow sat on the arm of his throne,
An eagle sorrow with claws of stone.

“I am merry, yes, when I am not thinking,
But life is nothing but eating and drinking.

“I can shape my psalms like daggers of jade,
But they do not shine like the first I made.

“I can harry the heathen from North to South,
But no hot taste comes into my mouth.

“My wives are comely as long-haired goats,
But I would not care if they cut their throats!

“Where are the maids of the desert tents
With lips like flagons of frankincense?

“Where is Jonathan? Where is Saul?
The captain-towers of Zion wall?

“The trees of cedar, the hills of Nod,
The kings, the running lions of God?

“Their words were a writing in golden dust,
Their names are myrrh in the mouths of the just.

“The sword of the slayer could never divide them—
Would God I had died in battle beside them!”

The Lord looked down from a thunder-clap.
(The Lord God is a crafty God.)
He heard the strings of the shrewd harp snap,
(The Lord Who is King above all gods.)

He pricked the king with an airy thorn,
It burnt in his body like grapes of scorn.

The eyelids roused that had drooped like lead.
David lifted his great, tired head.

The thorn stung at him, a fiery bee,
"The world is wide. I will go and see
From the roof of my haughty palace," said he.

II.

Bathsheba bathed on her vine-decked roof.
(The Lord God is a mighty God.)
Her body glittered like mail of proof.
(And the Lord is King above all gods.)

Her body shimmered, tender and white
As the flesh of lilies in candlelight.

King David forgot to be old or wise.
He spied on her bathing with sultry eyes.

A breath of spice came into his nose.
He said, "Her breasts are like two young roes."

His eyes were bright with a crafty gleam.
He thought, "Her body is soft as cream."

He straightened himself like an unbent bow
And called a servant and bade him go.

»

III.

Uriah the Hittite came to his lord,
Dusty with war as a well-used sword.

A close, trim man like a belt, well-buckled;
A jealous gentleman, hard to cuckold.

David entreated him, soft and bland,
Offered him comfits from his own hand,

Drank with him deep till his eyes grew red,
And laughed in his beard as he went to bed.

The days slipped by without hurry or strife,
Like apple-parings under a knife.
And still Uriah kept from his wife.

Lean fear tittered through David's psalm,
"This merry husband is far too calm!"

David sent for Uriah then,
They greeted each other like pious men.

"Thou hast borne the battle, the dust and the heat.
Go down to thy house and wash thy feet!"

Uriah frowned at the words of the king.
His brisk, hard voice had a leaden ring.

"While the hosts of God still camp in the field,
My house to me is a garden sealed.

"How shall I rest while the arrow yet flies?
The dust of the war is still in my eyes."

David spoke with his lion's roar.
"If Peace be a bridle that rubs you sore,
You shall fill your belly with blood and war!"

Uriah departed, calling him kind.
His eyes were serpents in David's mind.

He summoned a captain, a pliable man.
"Uriah the Hittite shall lead the van.

"In the next assault when the fight roars high,
And the Lord God is a hostile God,
Retire from Uriah that he may die.
For the Lord is King above all gods."

IV.

The messenger came while King David played
The friskiest ditty ever made.

"News, O King, from our dubious war!
The Lord of Hosts hath prevailed once more!

"His foes are scattered like chirping sparrows,
Their kings lie breathless, feathered with arrows.

"Many are dead of your captains tall.
Uriah the Hittite was first to fall."

David turned from the frolicsome strings
And rent his clothes for the death of kings.

Yet, as he rent them, he smiled for joy,
The sly, wide smile of a wicked boy.

"The powerful grace of the Lord prevails!
He has cracked Uriah between His nails

"His blessings are mighty, they shall not cease!
And my days henceforth shall be days of peace!"

His mind grew tranquil, smoother than fleece.
He rubbed his body with scented grease,
And his days thenceforward were days of peace.

His days were fair as the flowering lime
—For a little time, for a little time.

And Bathsheba lay in his breast like a dove,
A vessel of amber, made for love.

V.

When Bathsheba was great with child,
(The Lord God is a jealous God!)
Portly and meek as a moon grown mild,
(The Lord is King above all gods!)

Nathan, the prophet, wry and dying,
Preached to the king like a locust crying:

“Hearken awhile to a doleful thing!
There were two men in thy land, O King!

“One was rich as a gilded ram.
One had one treasure, a poor ewe-lamb.

“Rich man wasted his wealth like spittle.
Poor man shared with his lamb spare victual.

“A traveler came to the rich man’s door.
‘Give me to eat, for I hunger sore!’

“Rich man feasted him fatly, true,
But the meat that he gave him was fiends’ meat too,
Stolen and roasted, the poor man’s ewe!

“Hearken, my lord, to a deadly thing!
What shall be done with these men, O King?”

David hearkened, seeing it plain,
His heart grew heavy with angry pain:
“Show me the rich man, that he be slain!”

Nathan barked as a jackal can.
"Just, O King! And thou art the man!"

David rose as the thunders rise
When someone in Heaven is telling lies.
But his eyes were weaker than Nathan's eyes.

His huge bulk shivered like quaking sod,
Shoulders bowing to Nathan's rod,
Nathan, the bitter apple of God.

His great voice shook like a runner's, spent.
"My sin hath found me! Oh, I repent!"

Answered Nathan, that talkative Jew:
"For many great services, comely and true,
The Lord of Mercy shall pardon you.

"But the child in Bathsheba, come of your seed,
Shall sicken and die like a blasted weed!"

David groaned when he heard him speak.
The painful tears ran hot on his cheek.

Ashes he cast on his kingly locks.
All night long he lay on the rocks.

Beseeching his Lord with a howling cry:
"O Lord God, O my jealous God,
Be kind to the child that it may not die,
For Thou art King above all gods!"

VI.

Seven long nights he lay there, howling,
A lion wounded, moaning and growling.

Seven long midnights, sorowing greatly,
While Sin, like a dead man, embraced him straitly.

Till he was abased from his lust and pride
And the child was born and sickened and died.

He arose at last. It was ruddy Day.
And his sin like water had washed away.

He cleansed and anointed, took fresh apparel,
And worshiped the Lord in a tuneful carol.

His servants, bearing the child to bury,
Marveled greatly to see him so merry.

He spoke to them mildly as mid-May weather:
"The child and my sin are perished together.

"He is dead, my son. Though his whole soul yearn to me,
I must go to him, he may not return to me.

"Why should I sorrow for what was pain?"
A cherished grief is an iron chain."

He took up his harp, the sage old chief.
His heart felt clean as a new green leaf.

His soul smelt pleasant as rain-wet clover.
"I have sinned and repented and that's all over.

"In his dealings with heathen, the Lord is hard.
But the humble soul is his spikenard."

His wise thoughts fluttered like doves in the air.
"I wonder is Bathsheba still so fair?

"Does she weep for the child that our sin made perish?
I must comfort my ewe-lamb, comfort and cherish.

"The justice of God is honey and balm.
I will soothe her heart with a little psalm."

He went to her chamber, no longer sad,
Walking as light as a shepherd lad.

He found her weeping, her garments rent,
Trodden like straw by God's punishment.
He solaced her out of his great content.

Being but woman, a while she grieved,
But at last she was comforted, and conceived.

Nine months later she bore him a son.
(The Lord God is a mighty God!)
The name of that child was SOLOMON.
He was God's tough staff till his days were run!
(And the Lord is King above all gods!)

Stephen Vincent Benét
The Nation's Prize Poem for 1923

MOON RIDER

A sky of deepening bronze
Seemed tolling like a bell.
Blue ice filmed shrivelled ponds.
Snow whispering fell.

Trees traced a frieze of black.
One window's spark
Flecked gold upon the farmyard track,
Brightening with the dark.

He cinched the saddle on the colt
That snuffed his hand.
The bar was slid, the bolt
Shot. The open land
Lay ghostly still from hill to hill.

He sprang. They were gone.
Like foam below them tossed the snow.
Hoofs beat on.

Blurred in the eyes like unshed tears
Stars crackled overhead;
The wind a flickering shears
That snaps a thread.

Swift between drifts the flooding thud
Ran muffled on.
Straight at the moon he rode
In goblin dawn.

Dark trees to one high house
Closed round him up the drive.
He reined in hush that seemed to rouse
The voice of all alive.

Pebbles that, spattering, ticked the glass
Awoke a crocus stain.
He saw her shadow pass
The blinded pane.

Over the snow-choked portico
The house leaned heavy-beamed.
A footfall light, a footfall low.
The fanlight gleamed.

Cautious, the oak both groaned and spoke.
One golden bud of flame.
Shadows tall thronged from the hall.
Name breathed to name.

In frosted heaven the moon's shell
Filled, overflowed with light,
Welling like ringing of a bell
Through the lingering night.

SONNET OF LIFE

I held a torch at the door of death and found
That all things lived. I turned again and stood
In the darkest hell of life and found it good.
Then where they congregate who most expound
The laws of things I came. And they are fools,
Seeking eternity in a temporal dream
While in their breasts the crimson current cools
And life goes floating past them down the stream.

Under the moon the pink peach blossoms glow,
The Ebon branches trace themselves across
A silver screen of meadow grass and moss
And here all things are beautiful that grow.

Oh breath of dust that quivers in the hand
Of time, these things alone are yours to understand.

Contemporary Verse

Ernest Benshimol

THE LAKE

Moonlight on the lake,
And Lola,
Pale, in cool silver,
To break the uncertain silence
Off shore.

I watched a long moon-ray
Tongueing
The black smooth thing
Of prismic lac
She tells you
Her hair is.

Lola spoke,
Lightly too,
Of something she knew. . . .
Oh, I wish I had not chanced
This night
In Lola's sight!

The moon slants down
Among the blown ripples.
Out there,
Beyond the shore's shelter,
There's such a welter—
Silver and wave and white spray—
That who shall say
Which long bright streak
Is Lola's dress?
Or which one
Among the dark circles
Untwining still in the silvery water,
Is the brushed-back shining wing
That was her hair?

Helen Birch-Bartlett

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

LOLA WEARS LACE

What rare dark woman of my world
Can wear white lace
As Lola does?
Something I think it is
About the smooth cold look of her—
Her little jewelled head,
And her skin's mat-ivory gleam,
And a way she has
Of being still.

The flower-shadows in the lace
Droop like soft fingers
Down her limbs' long glacial
Purity of line.

And who but a cold high woman
Could twine lace about her throat—
Could hold her charm
Through all the intricate pale harmonies,
The dim strange other-world
Of silky shadow and sharp light?

I would not touch Lola
Wearing lace,
Knowing how shine her eyes' dark diamonds
Like flames
Reflected in the cloudy surfaces
Of mirrors;
But I would be near her,
Deep compounded as she seems
Of smoky essences
Drawn from slow-dying vapors
That glow by night—
Cold zenith streamer,
Dreaming the aurora of some
Scornful day!

Helen Birch-Bartlett

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

NEW YORK CITY

I.

New York, it would be easy to revile
The flatly carnal beggar in your smile,
And flagellate, with a superior bliss,
The gasping routines of your avarice.

Loud men reward you with an obvious ax,
Or piteous laurel-wreath, and their attacks
And eulogies blend to a common sin.
New York, perhaps an intellectual grin
That brings its bright cohesion to the warm
Confusion of the heart, can mould your swarm
Of huge, drab blunders into smaller grace . . .
With old words I shall gamble for your face.

II.

The evening kneels between your prisoned brick,
Darkly indifferent to each scheme and trick
With which your men insult and smudge their day.
When evenings metaphysically pray
Above the weakening dance of men, they find
That every eye that looks at them is blind.
And yet, New York, I say that evenings free
An insolently mystic majesty
From your parades of automatic greed.
For one dark moment all your narrow speed
Receives the fighting blackness of a soul,
And every nervous lie swings to a whole—
A pilgrim, blurred yet proud, who finds in black
An arrogance that fills his straining lack.
Between your undistinguished crates of stone
And wood, the wounded dwarfs who walked alone—
The chorus-girls whose indiscretions hang
Between the sentinels of rouge and slang;
The women molding painfully a fresh
Reward for pliant treacheries of flesh;
The men who raise the tin sword of a creed,
Convinced that it can kill the lunge of greed;
The thieves whose beaten vanity purloins
A fancied victory from ringing coins;
The staidly bloated men whose minds have sold
Their quickness to an old, metallic Scold;

The neatly cultured men whose hopes and fears
Dwel in soft prisons honored by past years;
The men whose tortured youth bends to the task
Of fashioning a damply swaggering mask—
The night, with black hands, gathers each mistake
And strokes a mystic freedom from each ache.
The night, New York, sardonic and alert,
Offers a soul to your reluctant dirt.

The Nation

Maxwell Bodenheim

ADVICE TO MY YOUNG WIFE

You have shattered your hands
Against a lusterlessly brooding door
And called it life.
Life is breathlike shapelessness
That you must cut to fugitives
Of sound and color trampled by your feet.
Life is like the air
Bounding with unannounced frankness
Into beards of thieves and mountain-sides.
Offer all things myriad points
To sharply coil about your heart.
When naked breasts ask for the sword,
It often clatters to the floor.

The Century Magazine

Maxwell Bodenheim

AND IF I SAY

And if I say that pain is but
A circus-barker whose loud cries
Seek to reward a trivial show,
Will you believe that I am wise?

You answer with a fitting blend
Of smile and frown, and silently
You claim that wisdom is a name
Devised when sluggish thoughts agree.

And in the voice of one who knows
That he is but a valiant fool
You say that pain is mind and heart
Learning new words within a school.

Where teachers, barely seen, remain
In shade, and vigorously explain
That acrobatic madness known
As soul, whose motion men call pain.

Your flesh is young; your mind is old
And these two seek to compromise
Their differences, deliberately
Immersed in winning magic lies!

Maxwel Bodenheim

The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post

TO A DEAD LOVER

The dark is thrown
Back from the brightness, like hair
Cast over a shoulder.
I am alone,
Four years older;
Like the chairs and the walls
Which I once watched brighten
With you beside me. I was to waken
Never like this, whatever came or was taken.

The stalk grows, the year beats on the wind.
Apples come, and the month for their fall.
The bark spreads, the roots tighten.
Though today be the last
Or tomorrow all,
You will not mind.

That I may not remember
Does not matter.
I shall not be with you again.
What we knew, even now
Must scatter
And be ruined, and blow
Like dust in the rain.

You have been dead a long season
And have less than desire
Who were lover with lover;
And I have life—that old reason
To wait for what comes,
To leave what is over.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Louise Bogan

THE CHANGED WOMAN

The light flower leaves its little core
Begun upon the ready bough.
Again she bears what she once bore,
And what she knew, she must know now.

The cracked glass fuses at a touch,
The wound mends over, and is set
In the whole flesh and is not much
To quite remember or forget.

Rocket and tree, and dome and bubble
Again behind her freshened eyes
Are treacherous. She need not trouble,
Her lids will know them when she dies.

And while she lives, the unwise, heady
Dream, ever denied and driven
Will one day find her bosom ready,
That never thought to be forgiven.

Rhythmus

Louise Bogan

THE ROMANTIC

Admit the ruse to fix and name her chaste
With those who sleep the spring through, one and one
Cool nights, when laurel builds up, without haste,
Its precise flower, like a pentagon.

In her obedient breast, all that ran free
You thought to bind, like echoes in a shell.
At the year's end, you promised, it would be
The unstrung leaves, and not her heart, that fell.

So the year broke and vanished on the screen
You cast about her; summer went to haws;
This, by your leave, is what she should have been.
Another man will tell you what she was.

Louise Bogan

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

WALLS

My unrest fumbles like a hand
Along this slender street,
Where walls made out of houses stand
To hinder my retreat.

And always there's a wall of smoke
That rises ply on ply,
And makes me one with prison folk
Who may not view the sky.

I've found no freedom here at all
From walls in this grey town—
The street itself is but a wall
That's lying down!

The Lyric West

O. J. Bowles

MONODY TO THE SOUND OF ZITHERS

I have wanted other things more than lovers . . .
I have desired peace, intimately to know
The secret curves of deep-bosomed contentment,
To learn by heart things beautiful and slow.

Cities at night, and cloudful skies, I've wanted;
And open cottage doors, old colors and smells a part;
All dim things, layers of river-mist on river—
To capture Beauty's hands and lay them on my heart.

I have wanted clean rain to kiss my eyelids,
Sea-spray and silver foam to kiss my mouth.
I have wanted strong winds to flay me with passion;
And, to soothe me, tired winds from the south.

These things have I wanted more than lovers . . .
Jewels in my hands, and dew on morning grass—
Familiar things, while lovers have been strangers.
Friended thus, I have let nothing pass.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Kay Boyle

ROSES

God made roses. Who made you,
With your purple vesture?
Scorn my flowers and me too
With so great a gesture!

Some day I shall have forgot
Where your dust reposes,
Shall believe your spent heart not
Worth a bunch of roses.

The Bookman

Gamaliel Bradford

SONG OF THE SEA ROVER

"Three days I staid, and in that time I made
A little love that vanished as it came."—*Dryden*.

The first day she was cold and still.
I wooed with all my might;
And I had melted half her chill
And more than half by night.
Fling out the silver sail, my boys,
And set the tackling free,
We'll scare the tired world with noise,
The rovers of the sea.

The second I bewitched her soul
With kisses soft and warm.
She sighed, refused, then yielded whole,
And loved me like a storm.
Fling out the silver sail, my boys,
And set the tackling free,
We'll scare the tired world with noise,
The rovers of the sea.

The third was surely best of all.
And yet—I cannot say.
But now the winds and waters call;
So it's up and hurry away.
Fling out the silver sail, my boys,
And set the tackling free,
We'll scare the tired world with noise,
The rovers of the sea.

The Minaret

Gamaliel Bradford

MARE AMORIS

If your ecstasies implore,
Understand me, I will come;
But 'twere wiser you were dumb:
If I come I part no more.

Call it sorrow, call it joy,
There is no escape from me:
Like the all-engrossing sea,
Where I enter I destroy.

The Lyric

Gamaliel Bradford

THREE PORTRAITS

HER GREAT-GRANDMOTHER

Her manners were perfectly dainty,
Her breeding had been of the best;
Yet mighty few maidens of twenty
Could match her for measureless zest.

She sounded your sayings demurely,
With eyes of an innocent hue;
But I think her great-grandmother surely
Would shudder at all that she knew.

LIFE'S HONEY

She teased him early,
She teased him late,
Till he grew surly
And cursed his fate.

Then she turned winning
As summer skies,
Or Eve ere sinning,
In Paradise.

She stole life's honey,
His heart's content,
And all his money—
And then she went.

THE PROBLEM

She laughs at every thing almost
And weeps with equal ease.
She quivers like a blossom, tossed
In any April breeze.

I love her; but I must confess,
With my accustomed candor,
The more I live with her, the less
I hope to understand her.

Contemporary Verse

Gamaliel Bradford

MEMORIAL DAY

I heard a cry in the night from a far-flung host,
From a host that sleeps through the years the last long
sleep,
By the Meuse, by the Marne, in the Argonne's shattered
wood,
In a thousand rose-thronged churchyards through our
land.
Sleeps! Do they sleep? I know I heard their cry,
Shrilling along the night like a trumpet blast:

"We died" they cried "for a dream Have ye forgot?
We dreamed of a world reborn whence wars had fled,
Where swords were broken in pieces and guns were rust,
Where the poor man dwelt in quiet, the rich in peace,
And children played in the streets, joyous and free.
We thought we could sleep content in a task well done;
But the rumble of guns rolls over us, iron upon iron
Sounds from the forge where are fashioned guns anew;
New fleets spring up in new seas, and under the wave
Stealthy new terrors swarm, with embowelled death.
Fresh cries of hate ring out loud from the demagogue's
throat,
While greed reaches out afresh to grasp new lands.
Have we died in vain, in vain? Is our dream denied?
You men who live on the earth we bought with our woe.
Will ye stand idly by while they shape new wars,
Or will ye rise, who are strong, to fulfill our dream,
To silence the demagogue's voice, to crush the fools
Who play with the blood-stained toys that crowd new
graves?
We call, we call in the night, will ye hear and heed?"

In the name of our dead will we hear? Will we grant
them sleep?

Survey Graphic

William E. Brooks

GRANDSER

My Grandser was a fearsome man!
He died before I came;
But I have watched my Granny's face
That withered at his name.

And I have spied the scared gaze
And lips as white as chalk
Of slender aunts whose dreams he haunts
With his terrible sailor-talk.

Only my Mother always said
With wistful looks at me—
"His eyes were blue like the eyes of you,—
And he ran away to sea!"

Oh, the wild sea-thirst in the blood,
Her rhythm in the heart!
The mighty urge of the tide's surge,
The salty sting and smart!

Of course he fled the dull town
When the magic grew too strong.
A lad will go; (but a lassie, no!
She has to bide and long).

He sailed thrice over the round world,
To ports as strange as hell;
A thousand curious things he saw,
A thousand haps befell.

Till he docked at last in the home port,
And married a gentle maid
With a land grace and a flower face,
Whom the sea-wind blew afraid.

Oh, squalls are rough, the combers rough,
And sailors rough as the sea.
But Grandser was as soft as silk
To the daughter on his knee;

Growling her talks of serpents, whales,
And mermaids green as waves;
Of tropical girls festooned with pearls;
Of palms and coralline caves;

She did not fear the strange oaths,
Nor the blue fire of his glance,
Nor his callous hand. She could understand,
And so can I, by chance!

My Grandser was a fearsome man,
But a hero to her and me.
If I had a son I know he'd run
Like a brook away to sea!

Contemporary Verse

Abbie Farwell Brown

ANATHEMA

After a week of rain (Miss Martha said),
The Lord's Day sun at last broke steaming through;
Mounds of white cloud were ranged close overhead,
Like marble pylons set to guard the blue;
Old elms confided, in their stately way,
"Martha, you know, will be baptized today."

Martha had somehow reached the age of five
Undedicate (she has not told me why);
And though she seemed, indeed, to grow and thrive,
What might not happen should she chance to die?
Therefore she moved, that day, with happy feet
And eyes that saw not, down the village street.

So rapt she was, she did not mark at all
The muddy pool that lay across her path. . . .
A sudden stumble and a swift, headlong fall—
The voice of woe, and then the voice of wrath. . . .
O Lord's Day sun that was eclipsed so soon,
O shining morn that knew such dismal noon!

Her starched white frock was grievous to behold;
Face, hands, and shoes a common mishap shared.
Out rushed the words in which her doom was told,
Her dole proclaimed, her punishment declared,
And all the fair cargo of her dreams capsized:
"You little slut, now you shan't be baptized!"

The Bookman

George S. Bryan

GIRLS

Girls are so massive and complete,
The ponderous important feet,
The mighty legs, the marble face,
The hair in its huge towered place,
The clothes designed like brick or steel
For architectural appeal
Of pillar, arch, and counterthrust
Of bastions at hip or bust—
These awe me so I half-way miss
The fact that girls are made to kiss.

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

Robert Louis Burgess

WORDS ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FRUITS

Continents twisted in the grip of war—
What for?
Markets and roads and tariffs and per cents
And rents;
New buzzards for old eagles, birds of prey
At play;
Empire, whatever be its altered name,
The same
Outcome of peoples' passions and their dreams,
In schemes
Of politicians and of banking-men!
And then—
The dreamers wake. And to an iron few
Come due
The notes of folly at the rates of fear.
The seer,
Reviled by lawyers, hated by the schools
Of fools,
Comes out of prison, with a crown of pain
Again.
And the average man, confused and meek and lean,
Has seen
Only the stars in moving-picture shows—
And goes
Yielding his bonds at a discount to the banks,
With thanks.

LINCOLN

Lincoln, come back to us, for all our ways are changed
From open difference between right and wrong.
Only the strong
Are right. We are estranged

From our own childhood. We have fought a war
Illumined with the name
Of liberty—yet, unashamed of shame,
We sell the liberty we fought it for.

Lincoln, come back
To make our cowardice brave.
There is no darkness in the grave
Like to this lack
Of decent manhood, no decay in death
Like to this lust
For comfortable importance and no dust
In any mouth so cruel as our living breath.

Ireland has cried to us. Perhaps we heard.
China we seem to answer. India we may befriend.
And yet we only swagger and pretend
When, infamous, we speak the word
You, Lincoln, spoke for us and dare to call
A race like this American at all:
A traitor-race,
Enslaving Haiti, casting out the truth
From Santo Domingo, fouling its own youth. . . .
Lincoln, come back and look us in the face.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

And then I felt a fever in my veins
To be done with all these passions, all these pains.
I envied the Unknown Soldier. Let him lie
Solemn, anonymous. A man must die—
What difference whether mighty with no name
Or with dated lettering of a puny fame?
Death is a simpler matter, anyway,
Than merely living on from day to day,
The blunders and the blaming and the blinking—
No wonder wars occur, instead of thinking!
Must we be fools and, when we organize,

Grow twice as sinister and half as wise?
When we enlist as soldiers of a State
Or race or creed or culture, anything great,
Why will we think as little as we can,
Instead of being friendly man to man? . . .
The hour the great memorial went by,
I saw a woman clasp a child and cry—
And then a touch of fever caught her breath,
To have her baby die as fine a death.

Are there any fruits to know us by but these?
Was that a whisper in the evening trees?

The Freeman

Witter Bynner

CHINESE PROCESSION

A Sequence of Sonnets

OUT OF PEKING

Elaborate procession! Some one dead,
The red insignia topping many a pole,
Comes through an arch in China, charioted
By shuffling men, each with as much of soul
As haunted yesterday this body borne
Across the desert mounds out of Peking.
His hired mourners, ragged and forlorn,
But still alive, pass, with the wind of spring,
A fallen temple. And beyond the gate
I see the remnants of five broken gods,
Unroofed, untended now, grown desolate
And harsh with posturing mud and iron rods
And ends of straw. Am I as dead as they,
Or shall newer gods arise from this old clay?

BY THE LAKE

The quiet dead are their own sanctuary,
And mine as well, from life and living men.
Doubtful of other gods, I bow the knee,
Before the vaulted universe again,
To all the anointed: to a little tree,
Whose leafage by the lake becomes a store
Of young and ardent anonymity,
Where virtue is not virtue any more;
To the brook that by no toilful agony
Is risen round my feet, but by a rain
High on the mountain, as unknown to me
As dead men having nothing to explain.
Yet, had they never lived, would they be dead,
Or I have thought at all what I have said?

ON MOKANSHAN

Where marble fragments of imperial time
Lie now with any stone in Peking's wall,
I saw a severed dragon try to climb
Against his degradation. Stupas, tall
In honorable days, lay passive there,
Dipping their horizontal victories,
Whose lost inscriptions were the futile care
Of builders of such monuments as these.
But here am I, alive, on Mokanshan,
Where rainbow arches, pinnacled with cloud,
Erect a wall and roof more honoring man
Than any tomb the heavens have allowed,
And fill the air with tablets of the pride
Of all the living men who ever died.

THROUGH THE BAMBOO

Rain comes abrupt, but undisturbing, here,
Blown through the bamboo circle of my nook.
And opening my eyes, I close my book,

Perceiving some things dark and others clear.
Here, in a world of ardors overcast
And cooled again, a breath of dawns uncaught
Has touched me to the very root, and brought
The future raining on the gathered past.
I put away my book of ancient men,
Whose leaves were blown and wet with dropping tears
Instead of with this rainfall that endears
The whole young earth. And I am new again—
As if an opening tender leaf could sing
The multitude of leaves that make the spring.

INTO SPACE

The rain has ended. Tiny moths and swallows
And poising dragon-flies flit one by one
Before a long processional that follows
Of all the dynasties under the sun.
I watch the Tatars and the Mongols pass;
The Mings, the Manchus, and the Japanese;
And then the Europeans; and then, alas!
Even Americans go by like these.
And, later, shadowy things, before my eyes,
File among twinkling willows into space,
Leaving the swallows and the dragon-flies
And tiny moths and me to run our race
As ever, at the ends of periods,
With the deathless laughters, the forgotten gods.

The Century Magazine

Witter Bynner

PREMONITION

I lay close down upon the rocks and saw above the shore
A mast-head swaying a little and a grass-blade sway-
more—
And which was more substantial and which was more like
me,

A mast-head or a grass-blade or the level rock or the
sea?
I thought it out a moment and then I thought it in
And then I thought it round about, as far as I have
been. . . .
And grass-blades may be limber and halyards may be
taut,
But I never thought a thing at all of all the things I
thought—
Except what premonition can ever be as calm
As the shadow of the motion of a grass-blade in my
palm.

The Nation

Witter Bynner

AS TO MOONLIGHT

You tell me that when moonlight is in flood,
Its wonder widening heaven and earth, your blood
Renews allegiance to your native star,
And you would live forever as you are,
The lord and master of a thousand dreams
Of silver shadow tender with untruth,
You say that then you half believe your youth,
You say that from the man you have to be
There is no other saving alchemy.

Enjoy your moon and welcome. Long ago
I watched it, as a child, and tried to know
Why it was chilling me, as though a snake
Had conquered heaven, as though no will could break
Its numbing gaze, its fatal manifold
Encirclement. My very core was cold,
As though a fang had sweetened all the air
With fine ethereal venom of despair,
But in the morning I could breath again.

And now, on hearing you and other men
Declare that this world also shall be dead,
Cold as the moon we have inherited,
I kindle, knowing that no element
Of death shines in the night. Valleys have spent
Their vigor and are icy in the moon
As mountain-peaks are here. And yet the noon
Is what I see, my friend, a dream of the sun,
And I touch its golden pulses one by one,
In this imagination, this cold shape,
This ghost that gives you delicate escape,
Here in ambiguous shadows of the night,
From the whole sweet body of approaching light.

Choose, then, your moon. Tomorrow I shall be
Whetted with sunlight like a rim of sea.

The Nation

Witter Bynner

THE GOLDEN NICKEL.

If I had a nickel
I'd drive the goat's gig
That jolts on the pavement
When crossing a twig:
A buck or a nanny,
No differ at all,
If I were as simple
As those that are small.

And if I had a nickel
I'd ride the grey ass
That jogs on the sidewalk
So near to the grass:
The ass or the pony,
I would not care which,
If I were as simple
As those that are rich.

But oh! for the nickel
I'd spend in the Park
To canter with Chaucer
And gallant Jeanne d'Arc,
Quixote on his jennet,
And Red Riding Hood;
If I were as simple
As those that are good.

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry Francis Carlin

THE DREAM OF THE ROPEMAKER'S SON

The ropemaker's son to his father said,
"Not idle am I; but I dreamed a dream,
And now nothing else will stay in my head."
"So! So!" said his father, "and what was the dream?"
"I dreamed it was neither night nor noon,
And I in a blue and windy place,
On one foot the sun, on one foot the moon,
And stars like dust of the road in my face."
Up leapt his father and cried a-glee,
"Ho, what a dream! I would have that dream!
Give me that dream!" said he.
"It came and it went," said the ropemaker's son;
"A dream is a dream when it's over and done!"
"You lout!" cried his father, "all winter you sit
And toil not with hand and work not with wit;
And now when I beg for a wisp of the night,
You refuse me your dream! Be gone from my sight!"
And he drove him wide for the dream that he had.

Then sadly away went the ropemaker's lad
Out of the gate of the grey little town,
Over the mountain, through upland and down,
And across the marsh where the fire-bird sings,
Till he came to the land of the thirty kings.

To the wry-faced man at the castle inn,
"I am hungry," said he, "and my body is thin,
Will you give me to eat of your soured cream?
No money have I, but I'll tell you a dream
That is better than silver, and harder to win."
"So! So!" said the keeper, "come in! come in!
Here's food for you, lad. And now . . . tell me the
dream."

"I dreamed it was neither night nor noon,
And I in a blue and windy place,
On one foot the sun, on one foot the moon,
And stars like dust of the road in my face."
Up leapt the keeper and cried a-gee,
"Ho, what a dream! I would have that dream!
Give me that dream!" said he.
"It came and it went," said the ropemaker's son;
"A dream is a dream when it's over and done!"
"You scamp!" cried the keeper, "you trickster and
cheat!

Without purse in your bosom, you drink and you eat;
And now when I ask for the wisp of a thing,
You say you'll not give it! Come cry to the king!"
And he dragged him away for the dream that he had,
To the court of the king.

Then the ropemaker's lad
Stood by the pillars of twisted red
With cap of the debtors across his head,
Till the king came by with his shoes of gold;
(And grey was his face, and his eyes were old.)
Said the wry-faced man from the inn overway,
"The lad's in my debt, and has nothing to pay."
"Not so," said the ropemaker's lad, "I've a dream
That amply repaid him his bowlful of cream."
"So! So!" said the king, "and pray what was the
dream?"

"I dreamed it was neither night nor noon,
And I in a blue and windy place,

On one foot the sun, on one foot the moon,
And stars like dust of the road in my face."
Out laughed the king and cried a-gee,
"Ho, what a dream! I would have that dream!
Give me that dream!" said he.
"It came and it went," said the ropemaker's son;
"A dream is a dream when it's over and done!"
"You dog of the dust!" cried the king a-gee;
"Till you give me your dream, you shall sit in a cage
Down in the black of my dungeon's keep.
Merry dreams to you, lad! 'Tis a place for sleep."
And they dragged him away for the dream that he had,
To the prisons dank.

Then the ropemaker's lad
Slept ill in that place; and at middle night
He saw a man whose face was of light;
And about him the walls were as wax of bees,
And through them beheld he the moon on the trees.
Said the Shining Man (and his lips were gay)
"God sent me to lead you out and away."
'Twas March and mist was on the fields
And all the treetrunks stood in grey.
"And oh," said the lad, as he strode in the gleam,
"Never again will I tell my dream!"
"So! So!" said the angel, "and what was your dream?"
"I dreamed it was neither night nor noon,
And I in a blue and windy place,
On one foot the sun, on one foot the moon,
And stars like dust of the road in my face."
Up started the angel and cried a-gee,
"Ho, what a dream! I would have that dream!
Give me that dream!" said he.
"It came and it went," sobbed the ropemaker's son;
"A dream is a dream when it's over and done!"
"You thankless clod of the earthen clay!
The God that made you shall judge straightway,"
Cried the Shining Man (and his lips were white).

" You shall tell your dream to God in His Height."
And he bore him away for the dream that he had,
To the court of heaven.

Then the ropemaker's lad
Stood by the pillars of crystal and jade
And the heart in his tiny breast was afraid,
For he saw what never a man may see
And stood where the living may not be.
Said the Shining Man, " This wretched lad
I saved from dungeons beneath the earth;
But when I begged for a dream that he had,
He would not give it. So little worth
Did I, your sacred servant, seem!"
" So! So!" said the Mighty, " and what was the dream?"
" I dreamed it was neither night nor noon,
And I in a blue and windy place,
On one foot the sun, on one foot the moon,
And stars like dust of the road in my face."
Up sprang the Mighty and cried a-gee,
" Ho! what a dream! I will make it," said He;
" For king and keeper and father to see!"

And forth from His palace He strode, and soon
He stood at dawn in the paths of space,
On one foot the sun, on one foot the moon,
And stars like dust of the road in His face.

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Rhys Carpenter

POETS

Heralds of joy, they walk the path of sorrow;
Bearers of light, they tread a darkened way;
Of gold bereft, from heaven's wealth they borrow;
They die in night whose souls are full of day.

The Christian Century

Thomas Curtis Clark

BLIND GUIDES

And who are these poor souls who in your name
Malign your spirit with their raucous cries?
They laud their loyalty unto the skies
And hide their hate within your sacred fame.
If these are yours, O Spirit without guile—
These selfish souls who by their narrow creed
Would bind a world, who with a hallowed greed
Would bar from heaven their foes—how reconcile
Their petty notions with those words of grace
Divinely uttered, by the shining sea?
You glimpsed the earth from little Galilee;
You loved all men, although a Jew by race.
Yet these blind guides—your followers, forsooth!—
Would judge the nations by their garbled truth.

The Christian Century

Thomas Curtis Clark

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

From these wild hills that ring with feudal strife,
From this dark land where eyes and souls are blind,
Be it my task to raise, for humankind,
A prophet-king who shall bring grace to life:
Thus to our sires spake wise and kindly Fate;
She brought them joy, and touched their hearts with hope
That men would not forever dumbly grope
In bogs of greed, in sloughs of lust and hate.
Thus came our Prophet, harbinger of peace—
Though who could guess what bloody years must be
Ere hate should yield to his rare charity!—
Or who could know how his strange life should cease!
Yet Fate failed not: she brought a god to earth
In whose meek heart our great new age had birth.

The Christian Century

Thomas Curtis Clark

TO THINK!

To think I once saw grocery shops
With but a casual eye
And fingered figs and apricots
An one who came to buy.

To think I never dreamed of how
Bananas sway in rain
And often looked at oranges
Yet never thought of Spain.

And in those wasted days I saw
No sails above the tea,
For grocery shops were grocery shops—
Not hemispheres to me.

Contemporary Verse

Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

THE PROUD DEAD LADIES

Under the groined firmament of the cathedral,
In the eternal sunset of emblazoned windows
Lie the dead ladies
Who were too proud to rot
Except in the palaces of God.
Their effigies above them are haughty and delicate,
Withdrawn into the secrecy of marble;
Their long fingers rest lightly upon their breasts,
And they close their eyes
Indifferent to the glances upon them.
The Virgin stands with her arms outstretched to every
passerby
But the dead ladies lie at their ease
Too arrogant to stir even to the whispers of their lovers.

Contemporary Verse

Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

HEROES

In time's procession of mortality
That westward files across our ancient earth,
Familiar forms recur—to eyes that see—
Makers of history for hours of dearth.

Old leaders, these, returned in time of need;
A Lafayette, with way that Sidney had;
A Roosevelt, with Great Heart's cloak and creed;
A Jeanne with kin-look to the Syrian Lad.

Not most of these are destined to live long;
Some, nameless, early fell at Agincourt,
Thermopylae and Belleau Wood; their song
Of quest eternal cut untimely short . . .

A certain look betrays each midst the rest—
Again poor earth's immortal, transient guest.

The Lyric

Isabel Fiske Conant

A QUEEN'S LAMENT

What shall I do with my Elaine, Edith, Alys,
Each of them a harp-string of my three-stringed heart
The three-branched lily, growing in my palace,—
My own daughters, princesses that choose a strange
part?

Elaine can weave embroideries, she can write ballads,
There is only one thing in her that I would there were
not,
For she could do whate'er she would, and she is beautiful,
Why need she waste her days in love of Lancelot?

Edith rides the wold to hunt, this early April morning,
Hooded falcon on her wrist and a pledged knight
be-side,
But not a smile on her lips; she decrees the world grown
old,
She asks to what end do we hunt and ride?

Alys of the high-born look; many a lord has wooed her,
But her long golden braids she has severed with a
sword,
She vows to wed no man unless he be base-born,
She looks not maidenly and she speaks any word.

What shall I do with my three young daughters,
So their wild hearts break not in three strange ways!
That my three harp-strings snap not . . . what can a
Queen do,
A mother whose own daughters heed not what she
says?

The world has grown old, there is strange wine in its
chalice,
Youth is an ancient thing, as headstrong as the May,
What shall I do with my Elaine, Edith, Alys? . . .
I who dare not tell them how I walked the same way!

Voices, A Journal of Verse *Isabel Fiske Conant*

HISTORY

If I told you that in this house
with boarded windows, where doors gape stupidly,
where grey wallpaper twists away from the plaster
like the whorls of a dead brain—
If I told you that in this house there lived
Solomon Carney; that he built the fireplace
with a trowel and a hammer and his two hands;

that John and Rebecca died here of smallpox in the
year when the doctor was held at Beulah, twenty
miles away;
or about the last son, Amos, who cleared the back fields
and married in time and was crushed in the first steam
thresher;
and about his children that moved West (O the slow
bleeding of the soil)

If I told you this it would mean as much to you
as an entry in a second-hand Bible—no more.
And yet the Rome of Edward Gibbon,
seven volumes of print, cast in eight point solid with
footnotes, contains
nothing more than this.

The Double Dealer

Malcolm Cowley

BEAUTY

I shall be ever near thee; snow or rain
Serve but to lend new wonders to the light
I hold to lead thee, and my very sight
Makes pleasure flourish at the root of pain.
Youth with its passions, age with its deep desires,
Princes or paupers are to me the same;
Back to the moon I fling the fainting flame,
Snatched from the western hearth of dying fires.

He that keeps faith with me will surely find
My substance in the shadows on the deep,
My spirit in the courage that men keep
Tho all the stars burn out and Heaven goes blind.
When sorrow smites thee, look! my joy is near,
Flashing like sunlight on a falling tear.

The Yale Review

John Cross

CASSANDRA

O Hymen king,
lord, greatest, power, might;
look, for my face is dark,
burnt with your light,
your fire, O Hymen lord.
Is there no man
can take from me
one spark of all this fire?
is there no one left,
Phrygian aye or Greek,
one singer or one bard,
one left to take from me
this bitter power of song,
one but to speak, Hymen,
your praises, lord!

Ah Hymen king,
you it is set me wide
and left me shunned of men:
from me the whole world shivers
as the cold advancing tide
shrinks from the shingle
and the blistering sand:

May I not wed
as you have wed?
may it not break,
beauty, from out my head,
my hands, my feet?
may Love not lie beside me
till his heat burn me to ash?
may he not comfort me, then,
spent of all that fire and heat,
still, ashen white and cool
as the wet laurels,
white, before your feet

step on the mountain slope,
before your fiery hand
lift up the mantle
covering flower and land
as a man lifts, O Hymen,
from his bride,
(cowering with woman's eyes) the veil?
O Hymen lord, be kind.

Rhythmus

H. D.

HELEN

All Greece hates
the still eyes in the white face,
the lustre as of olives
where she stands,
and the white hands.

All Greece reviles
the wan face when she smiles,
hating it deeper still
when it grows wan and white,
remembering past enchantments
and past ills.

Greece sees unmoved,
God's daughter, born of love,
the beauty of cool feet
and slenderest knees,
could love indeed the maid,
only if she were laid,
white ash amid funereal cypresses.

The Bookman

H. D.

THETIS

He had asked for immortal life
In the old days and had grown old.
Now he had aged apace,
He asked for his youth,
And I, Thetis, granted him

Freedom under the sea,
Beauty of fifty nereids,
Sisters of mine.
I one of their least,
Yet great and a goddess,
Granted Peleus

Love under the sea,
Beauty, grace infinite.

So I crept at last—
A crescent, a curve of a wave
(A man would have thought,
Had he watched for his nets
On the beach),
A dolphin, a glistening fish
That burned and caught for its light
The light of the undercrest
Of the lifting tide,
A fish with silver for breast,
With no light but the light

Of the sea it reflects.
Little he would have guessed,
(Had such a one
Watched by his nets),
That a goddess flung from the crest
Of the wave the blue of its own
Bright tress of hair,
The blue of the painted stuff
It wore for dress.

No man would have known save he,
Whose coming I sensed as I strung
My pearl and agate and pearl
To mark the beat and the stress
Of the lilt of my song.

*Who dreams of a son,
Save one,
Childless, having no bright
Face to flatter its own?
Who dreams of a son?*

*Nereids under the sea,
My sisters, fifty and one
(Counting myself),
They dream of a child
Of water and sea,
With hair of the softest,
To lie along the curve
Of fragile tiny bones,
Yet more beautiful each than each,
Hair more bright and long
To rival its own.*

*Nereids under the wave,
Who dreams of a son,
Save I, Thetis, alone?*

*Each would have for a child
A stray self, furtive and wild,
To dive and leap to the wind,
To wheedle and coax
The stray birds bright and bland
Of foreign strands,
To crawl and stretch on the sands.
Each would have for its own
A daughter for child.*

*Who dreams, who sings of a son?
I, Thetis, alone.*

When I had finished my song,
And dropped the last seed-pearl,
And flung the necklet
About my throat
And found it none too bright,
Not bright enough nor pale
Enough, not like the moon that creeps
Beneath the sea,
Between the lift of crest and crest,
Had tried it on
And found it not
Quite fair enough
To fill the night
Of my blue folds of bluest dress
With moon for light,
I cast the beads aside and leapt,
Myself all blue
With no bright gloss
Of pearls for crescent light;
But one alert, all blue and wet,
I flung myself, an arrow's flight,
Straight upward
Through the blue of night
That was my palace wall,
And crept to where I saw the mark
Of feet, a rare foot-fall:

Achilles' sandal on the beach,
Could one mistake?
Perhaps a lover or a nymph,
Lost from the tangled fern and brake
That lines the upper shelf of land,
Perhaps a goddess or a nymph
Might so mistake
Achilles' footprint for the trace

Of a bright god alert to track
The panther where he slinks for thirst
Across the sand. "

Perhaps a goddess or a nymph,
Might think a god had crossed the track
Of weed and drift,
Had broken here this stem of reed,
And turned this sea-shell to the light.

So she must stoop, this goddess girl,
Or nymph, with crest of blossoming wood
About her hair for cap or crown,
Must stoop and kneel and, bending down,
Must kiss the print of such a one.

Not I, the mother, Thetis' self,
I stretched and lay, a river's slim
Dark length,
A rivulet where it leaves the wood,
And meets the sea.
I lay along the burning sand,
A river's blue.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

H. D.

FÊTE

Under a crystal moon the peacock shawls
Revolve and circle. Lanterns of painted silk
Swing above a seller of perfumed dolls.

Girls, whose hair is dressed like sailing swans,
Bear baskets of yellow apples, jars of milk,
Which they exchange for tarnished coins of bronze;

While near at hand, singers with cherry-wreaths
Make music that is cool in throat and mouth,

An echo of the wind that scarcely breathes.
I saw one girl, suddenly growing bold,
Bite her apple and pass it to a youth
Who hid it, as though the yellow fruit were gold.

The New Republic

S. Foster Damon

TO A LADY SITTING IN STARLIGHT

Those stars that drown their light in two dark lakes
Of parted hair, and make your pale brow paler,—
Those stars far from a world that each day wakes
To madder strife with wilder winds that veil her,—
In unimagined distance poised and clear,
Deaf to the bed-cry and the prison call,
Envied of drudge and footsore harvester,—
They are the fiercest toilers of us all.

And you who make men dream of roads that end,—
Of cool, green grass beside a shaded door,—
Of wondrous silence tender as a friend,
And still delights that sweeten the heart's core,—
You toil behind your smile like seas that crave
To beat a world to sand with every wave.

The Bookman

Olive Tilford Dargan

THE INQUISITOR

The hound is at the witch's tree,
The alder crouches white;
The farmer sets his bitches free
To creep along the night.
I hear the wind whine in the bog;

I hear the worms creep in a log,
Turning the wood to meal;
I've heard the rain-crow twice,
I've seen two ghosts at dice
Behind the dead mill-wheel.

There is a candle on the stream
That bows and bobs and does not die;
It is a leaf the moon makes seem
A candle rocking tenderly.

Now if the moon would veil her face,
And not go white and bare,
I'd find me out a warm, dark place
And lay my cold heart there;
Too cold for any care.
A place all earthy sweet and brown,
Where tiny dwellers bore and plough,
And birds at dawn hop softly down.
But she goes white and bare,
And she would come and stare;
I could not die for thinking how
The moon would stare and stare.

Olive Tilford Dargan

The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post

TO WILLIAM BLAKE

*(When an original copy of "Songs of Innocence," etched
and colored by the author, was left overnight on my
pillow)*

Be a god, your spirit cried;
Tread with feet that burn the dew;
Dress with clouds your locks of pride;
Be a child, God said to you.

Then with blood a wild sea-wave,
Then while Death drew near to look,
Firm your fingers grew and gave
Man and me this gentle book.

Dream that burns the dreamer mad
Swept you through and did not sere;
Forth you looked, a little lad;
Sang the songs that all may hear.

Bright you go, with dewy fire
Of your music flowing fleet;
Drifting lower, drifting higher,
With the winds beneath your feet.

And I'll take the way I find
With no thought of footing sore. .
Stones are tender, thorns are kind,
Where your piping goes before.

Contemporary Verse

Olive Tilford Dargan

THE MASTER

For Leonardo, sound, my sonnet string!
Da Vinci; even so late his praise intone,
Who made all art his life, all life his own,
Under the equal gaze of sage and king.
The keys of knowledge 'neath his fingering
Grew bright and tamer; in his smile alone
He gave all devils due, all dogs their bone,
And held a secret like a hidden wing.

Inquisitor at windows of the spheres;
Outrider by the whispering stars enticed;

Gay heart where cavern waters rippled bland;
Spirit unbowed in any court of seers;
Yet could he lift no brush to paint the Christ
But first he stayed the tremble of his hand.

Contemporary Verse

Olive Tilford Dargan

ECCLESIASTICUS

I saw Ecclesiasticus
Shelling a pod of a wind-dried pea,
The little seeds would grow, he said,
If only he planted them prayerfully.

When gardeners had turned the sod
And furrows were divinely moist,
He asked the blessing of the Lord
And vowed the saints on high rejoiced.

When rains dripped sweet and suns beat warm
And little peas with being stirred,
Ecclesiasticus, in the shade,
Wrote emendations on the Word.

The green things grew—with due compost
Gardeners had enriched the soil.
“Behold,” Ecclesiasticus said,
“The harvest of Thy servant’s toil.”

And when the peas were blossoming,
He bade that blooms should counted be.
The priestly census-takers found
There were eighteen thousand and sixty-three.

“God works in many a wondrous way!”
He boomed, hearing the gay results,
And, girding up his bishoply paunch,
Assailed nineteen heretic cults.

When certain little bugs came forth
With irreligious appetite,
Gardeners offered Paris Green,
But he, "We are sinners in his sight!"

To gardeners, scouting for the table,
God gave few peas for their reward.
But, anyway, he had roasted chicken,
And thanked the mercy of the Lord.

The Fugitive

Donald Davidson

JOHN DARROW

John Darrow felt a coolness
Across a streak of sun.
He looked into the jungle;
Shadow there was none—

But a strange woman riding
A tiger's velvet back,
With skin like cinnamon
And eyes bright black.

There came a wrench of branches,
A laugh across the sun.
Darrow stood by dazzled,
Trailing a foolish gun.

When Darrow sprang to follow,
People caught him back,
"You must have much magic
To follow on that track;

"Witches have red lips
That smile for smart men's bones.
Shall Tuan Darrow's be
Among the wasted ones?"

Darrow's pate was addled,
So the campong said.
The Rajah wrote to Bangkok
Tuan Darrow had fled.

Between a dusk and moonrise
Darrow last was seen,
Climbing a barricade
Across a dark ravine.

The campong beat majuba
In fearful unison.
Came a tiger's roaring;
The Darrow man had gone.

And yet no tiger ate him.
He wandered back, men say,
Another dreadful Lazarus
Of calm unspeaking clay.

Where Darrow walks, comes silence,
The hush that strikes men cold,
The curse, the hope, the beauty
That never must be told.

The Fugitive

Donald Davidson

DRUMS AND BRASS

Bring trumpet throats that are big with a gust of moons.
Tumble staccato stars upon silken flurry.
Spangle patrician cheeks with scarlet tunes
That droop and curve from the roof with sinuous fury
We shall answer the stamping pulse of a dusk that is
dead,
Flesh for the ancient bones that are grass overhead.

Now the walls recede with an open murmur.
Bush and darkness and soft grass only are here.
All day long we have heard the drum's rich clamor
And followed the beat and the wish that is half a fear.
We have answered with trembling feet that are swift and
 young,
And shadow is not on the lips, nor dust on the tongue.

And who can mark the weaving of that measure?
Who can uncharm the invisible talisman?
We are children spun and blown of an old pleasure,
And the feet return where the dancing feet began.
In our dream surely the tamarisk boughs were shaken,
Else how could the moons depart and the cold eyes
 waken?

But cleave, O Trumpets, the flesh of this iron shadow!
Pour your moons and stars upon lips and hair!
Bring, O Drums, the stir of an alien meadow
Trode and fragrant under a savage air.
We shall move with the living pulse of a dusk that is
 dead
Till the untold morning be come and the dancers be fled.

The Fugitive

Donald Davidson

DOG-FENNEL

Today burn tree-prunings. Dead branches are cut and
 piled
And the soft-stemmed grass broken and raked to kindle
 them.
Rain beats a little light dust up from the sand.
This is the time when birds come to pick the grass-seed
Exposed, white on the ground sweetened with dead roots
Grown since you marked the scoured furrows with your
 name.

You made prints of your breasts where when you were
lately grown,
But they are beaten out; and all the dog-fennel
Is burned, that stung your eyes with its white bitter dust.
O dead sister, your pride keeps seasons like the birds.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

H. L. Davis

LOSS

She went about accustomed tasks
As quietly as before,
Put roses in the yellow bowl,
New curtains at the dor.

Folding the sheets, she laid some sprigs
Of lavender inside,
But in her room . . . an empty room . . .
She had no pride.

The Lyric

Julia Johnson Davis

SHE SEWS FINE LINEN

She sews fine linen
With trembling fingers,
Thin, withered hands
Where no bloom lingers.

The sun glints on
A worn gold ring,—
Granddaughter marries
Her man this spring.

They go to the church
On an April day,
That other April,—
How far away!

The Lyric

Julia Johnson Davis

THE BALLAD OF ADAM'S FIRST

Some Gypsies are like her,
Wild, dark, free!
Beads on her middle jimp
For girdle wore she.

That brown woman Lilith,
For dinner one day,
Poaching in Paradise,
Found Adam at play.

"You're some like the Father,
And some like the Snake,
Some like a sweet rarity
God's made for my sake.

"God's made me a rarity,
The very first man!
I'll be a true leman
As long as I can!"

In a mud loblolly,
Barefooted, he played—
Adam, that builded
The first bower made.

Beads on her middle jimp,
Hell-black hair—
Her beads and her beauty
Were raiment rare!

The Nation

Leland Davis

A GHETTO CATCH

In Forsyth Street the peddlers sell you peaches for a
penny.
They're big and rich and ripe and cheap; but cheaper
far than any
Is Beauty! Oh! it's cheap as cheap, it takes a glance to
buy it!—
And if you doubt it come with me to Forsyth Street and
try it!
Oh, come, come and try it!
It's cheaper there than any—
In Forsyth Street where peddlers sell you peaches for a
penny!

Then let us stand by Litowicz who hawks a miscellany
Of cheapest wares, of plums and pears and peaches for
a penny!
For there the Jewish maidens go to spend their money
gaily;
And Judah goes at noon, she does, and Judah goes there
daily.
Oh, Judah goes there daily!
It's cheaper there than any—
In Forsyth Street where peddlers sell you peaches for a
penny!

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Leland Davis

TRAVELLER'S DITTY

Come day, go day,
There's sorrow at the end of it.
Turn road, wind road,
There's mystery in the bend of it.
Oh, all the winds of all the worlds

That lose themselves in starry spaces
Can never blow the secret off
That stares at us in common faces.

Life long, life short,
There's love to meet in tears or laughter.
Die soon, die late,
There's Grandsir Death to walk with, after.
And be you great or be you small,
There's no way out but going through it.
Oh, curious fate that makes us live,
But will not teach us how to do it!

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Miriam Allen deFord

THE RIDING OF PEACEFUL HENRY

I am the son of the wind and the plain,
Long and lean and tawny of hide.
Steer and stallion have known my will.
One horse there was that I did not ride.

Spring in the country of the sky
And the great shan khive, the Indian feast,
Games and races and feats of strength—
The bucks came herding from west and east.
Booths and trinkets, glitter and dust,
Crowds who jostled their way along,
In from the ranches, in from the range,
A shouting, hilarious, holiday throng;
Every man of them brought his girl
And I brought mine, brown, wilful Sue—
Eyes as deep as the midnight sky,
Hair like clouds when the sun shines through,
Lips like the scarlet pomgranate flower,

Never a range of them all
But envied and stared and pressed us close
Little cattle that crowd at the evening call.

For she was queen of the Ninety Mile
And I was proud as a crested hill.
I meant to dazzle her eyes and heart,
And tame her wilfulness to my will
We followed the lure of the glittering booths,
I gave her all of my pay to spend
Like a comet's trail on a windy night
We swept the shan khive from end to end.

The fun grew furious and fast.
Now they were bringing the horses out.
And up from the crowded, clamorous place,
Beating the heights, rolled shout on shout.
Out came the horses, twenty or more,
Nostrils aquiver—eager to run.
Lean and hardy and nimble-hoofed—
But the clamor and shouting were all for one,
There like a star in the midst he stood,
Black as the night, with his lines of wonder,
Mighty shoulders, sinews of steel,
Proud neck lifted and arched with thunder.
Peaceful Henry was what they called him.
Him—this marvel of grace and fire,
No man had ridden, no man could ride him.
Buck or rangeman, son or sire.
Every year from the range they brought him
With a bag of gold to his saddle tied,
Much good gold for the one who'd win it,
But no man rode him, no man could ride.

"Peaceful Henry" they hailed him madly.
"Here's your horse, boys, come and try.
Five thousand cash for a trip to heaven,
Five thousand gold for a chance to die."

Brown Sue's eyes went aflame with light.
Her lips sought mine, for the world to see,
"Ride him!" she said, "for this kiss—and win
The gold—and Peaceful Henry—and me!"
The fire of her eyes scorched through my veins,
I went clear mad with her sudden kiss—
Moon-dazed and mad with the glorious stake.
It was life to win, it was death to miss—
I seized the saddle, amid their shouts,
The bit, the bridle—I cinched him fast—
He whirled, he struggled, he lashed, he reared—
Missed by a foot—I was up at last!

I clawed and clung like a demon rider.
Steer and stallion had known my will.
I gripped his ribs with knees of iron,
Gripped him tighter and tighter still.
Here I was astride of a comet,
The earth was turned to thunder and flame.
I cursed my folly, I cursed the Wonder
And knew his wildness too great to tame.
Then, at the worst, while my straining heart
Was bursting my ribs—I felt it come.
The sudden slack of his mighty muscles,
His proud neck drooping—it struck me dumb.
He was mine! I had conquered him—mine to ride—
The marvel, with limbs of steel and fire!
From the grace of his head to the flow of his tail
He was mine to ride at my heart's desire!

Mine—and the girl—and the gold—then why
Should my fool throat ache and my eyes grow dim,
And the beat of my madly racing heart
Turn heavy and sick at the thought of him?
Proud and tameless one, there he faltered.
His free born breath was a sobbing wheeze,
Nothing so sad as his drooping shoulders
And the sag of his muscles beneath my knees.

Break him—the bold and beautiful,
Shod with freedom across the range;
Break him—I knew how a heart can sicken,
Strain at life's halter, droop and change.
Hobbled and staked and bitted and bridled,
All that was flame in him turned to clay.
Once, not twice does God make perfection
That men may break it and throw it away.

* * * * *

No one guessed but the Wonder and I.
Just for a second my knees went slack.
—The stars shot downward and—well, that's all—
I opened my eyes in the grass on my back.

The girl? She went with a better man—
The gold? It's waiting each year to be won.
Peaceful Henry? He gallops the heights
Where they reach the straightest up to the sun.
And I am the son of the wind and the plain,
Long and lean and tawny of hide.
Steer and stallion have known my will,
One horse there was that I did not ride.

The Lyric West

Grace Atherton Dennen

COLLOQUE METAPHYSIQUE

One said:

The mountains comfort me,
bulking their storm-heaped question against the sky.
All things are sentient: cities and vain tides
cry with my human cry:
Whose chaos was our womb?
What is this dark smell of oblivion?—
The foam, a moment stable in my hand,
the glass-eyed fish, creatures that crawl and fly,
and the brute pavement,
these too comfort me,
these too abide the hopeless, hammering Why?

And one said:

No,

Your question dangles like a tongueless bell.
Does purpose, then, hold in men's lives so well
that there must be some purpose in an earth
which litters tragedy with every birth?
Your only ladder is your reason,—
climb!

But it must lean against a wall as high
as the impenetrable sky,
whose thickness is all that we know of time.

The third one said:

You seem an alien, being comforted
by the dumb mountains and the rootless sea.
Not all the lovers who on unquiet beds have sucked
 their bitter joy
can comfort me
because my pain is colored like their own.
As pigs who huddle in a sty
are warmed by their familiar stench,
all those who breathe and suffer and must die
may let a cemetery satisfy
their instinct for a home. This self-same earth
is plough-land and worm's vomit and man's trench.

And you

who will not watch that bell in the dumb air
of a world that may have neither pause nor end,—
I know you borrowed patience from despair
till you have some to lend.
Stand on the ladder's topmost rung and find
a street where blind men grope to see the blind,
trace traffic on a lighted drawbridge, thrown
from the unknown across to the unknown.
There is no peace, there is no comfort here,
But a thin bulwark of theatres and wars
thrown up between our terror and the stars.
When we seem safe, we are still afraid of fear.

Talk is a windy thing that clears
the fog above these yeasty years,
but we shall seldom talk of this again;
for let the winds, the winnowers, blow
our mists away, we needs must go
on darker waters, then.

Babette Deutsch

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

APROCRYPHA

When John the Baptist was so young
That he had not yet learned to speak
A syllable of his native tongue,
The voice must have been shrill and weak
Wherewith his mother's heart was wrung.

When Jesus' fists uncurled to clutch
The shavings in his father's beard,
Before he learned to like to touch
The screws and nails his mother feared,
Small wandering hands had hurt her much.

When Judas was so frail a child
He sucked and slept, and little more,—
His mother, patient still, beguiled
The baby she must needs adore.
He shaped a kiss: all day she smiled.

The New Republic

Babette Deutsch

AVATARS

Yet I have loved these walls—
grave with spaced etchings,
darkened by their books,
like stones that mellowing mosses climb—
have loved the furniture
cherished of time:
firm contours and old colours, with the flare
of russet bittersweet in a green bowl
and the black Persian shawl of my great-grandmother
flung, like her gracious shadow, on this chair.
Yes, I have loved
soft rugs, and softer flowers,
the silver and the cedarwood, the purple, the fine linen
that is ours.
I have loved things
more intimately known than men and women,
things that, beyond the feeble flesh, endure,
aged and fine, familiar and secure.
Yes, I have loved . . .
And now I stand reproved
by you, who want
for this bodily tenement
as temporal a house as some brief tent—
you, whose sole cedar grows on Lebanon,
shaking its awful banners like a paeon,
you, whose sole purple is the dawn adored
above the desert,
you, whose sole linen
is the weave abhorred
that was the loin-cloth of the Galilean.

The Dial

Babette Deutsch

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

BEING SOME EXERCITATIONS ON THE CIRCULATION
OF THE BLOOD

Newly Digested into Sonnets Anatomizing Phancies
and Fevers

A true and full copy

Many expressions therein meerly Tropicall.

—Sir Thos. Browne, *Rel. Med.*

I

In other ages men spoke other ways,
And yet I think their meaning was the same:
I bless old poets for many a curious phrase;
In their dead words my living thoughts I claim.
What of their anguish, then? The identic flame
That charred their hearts is now my private blaze:
Like them I hide the ember in my wame
And cool it by bequest to future days.
Though I'm not proud, great masters I have had
(I mention Herrick, Herbert, Marvell, Donne)
Who taught me arrows are bright when targets rot:
What otherwise would make me sad or mad
I'll share with dear posterity or none;
Man's own unsavories disgust him not.

II

What have I had of you? One pitiful book
Wherein, though fading fast, I disengage
A faint exhale of you. My reason shook
To find that wraith of sweetness on each page.
Yes, my poor darling, with a kind of rage
Upon these happy curlicues I look
Which caught in one long night such heritage,
And had from you so much more than I took.

And yet the book I loved, you loved it, too:
And so herein I take some soft console;
Your pencil marked it, and your mind was moved.
These leaves impart some quiddity of you;
Knowing your mind, perhaps I'll know the whole;
Women are virgins till their minds are loved.

III

Aye, since I have you not, you are perfection,
Unblemished wonder and most dear surprise;
I also, spared too intimate complexion,
May seem unduly tender, puissant, wise.
But why these shadows underneath your eyes?
Poor soul, have I been clumsy in dissection
Of such frail hearts and nerves? Your wisdom cries
That passion suffers not such keen inspection.
Could I erase the carnal from my veins,
I would not; flesh is, deeply understood,
Irrelevant, but imperative, undefiled.
Yes, if occasion chanced, after such pains,
You'd come into my arms (I know you would)
Bright and unshamed, unquestioning as a child.

IV

Whatever we may do, we shall repent,
Is the prudential judgment. Ah, sweet fool,
Our casualty was so excellent,
Could we not rupture the accustomed rule?
We'll send our too hot hearts to daily school,
Drill them to parse the intolerable event
Softly, softly! If rapture slackens, you'll
Be unaware just when and how it went.
For this, which was so pure and natural,
Imposes tenderness and high regard:
Since no man has known beauty more than I,
So must I serve her stricter than the thrall
Of sense; and pay her, when it seems too hard,
The honorable tribute of a sigh.

V

The sonnet, by its artful dignity,
 Lifts one to moods too grave to be quite true;
 These sentiments, perhaps, have flown too high
 To tell the actual mirth of me and you.
 For such astounding merriments we knew,
 Such reckless gust and kinship, you and I,
 Our happy hazard let no man construe
 As something written on a darkened sky.
 Sonnets are heavy fuel for quick flame:
 To tell how quaint you are, or blithe or sad,
 Clear, honest, rash, as quick as April wind,
 Needs a more free, more volatile exclaim.
 But, smiling at these laughters we have had,
 I am less pricked by sins we never sinned.

VI

But lucky, lucky you? Since I can't take you,
 You are beyond the speck of all decay;
 Gross disillusion now can never break you,
 Nor weariness, fruition, nor dismay.
 For in my hungry wonder I shall say
 Such words of you, not even Time can shake you;
 And you, however wistful, must be gay—
 Made by these lines, oblivion can't unmake you!
 Because *I* cannot have you, all men shall;
 In general currency gold-coined and set,
 A wakefulness for those who think about you.
 But ere you don this incorruptible
 Just wait a minute; for I haven't yet
Quite made up my mind to do without you.

VII

Writing these precedent, from a fiery whirl
 Of thought my lines came forth exact and sure;
 Postscriptively reviewing them, poor churl,
 Part arrogant they seem, and part obscure.

But shall I file and smoothen? I abjure!
Such honest edges let none pare and knurl,
And mayhap find them (thought beyond endure!)
Shamed by the beauty of some chance-met girl.
In poetry there is one test of art—
With whispering stealth, and keeping delicate time,
It creeps into your mind: you find it there.
You are my poem, then; for in my heart,
Lovelier than a sonnet, you made rhyme,
And I had memorized you, unaware.

The Century Magazine

Humphrey Dillerville

THESE BONES GONNA RISE AGAIN

Ho, pines, black pines, walk 'round, walk 'round,
Ho, moon, lift up your head,
For I'm gonna sing to the young good ground
What the chanting winds have said.

Ho, Glades, green Glades, lie down, lie down.
Ho, clouds, lift up your height,
For I'm gonna sing to the lusty town
What I felt in the big dark night.

Oh, white bones gleam on the old, torn soil
Where the chanting winds have come,
And poor folks' eyes are red with toil,
And poor folks' hearts are numb.

We've got no bones upon our hearts,
But only the first spring rain
I'm telling you straight, sure as green grass starts,
Those bones gonna rise again.

Ho, pines, black pines, ring 'round, ring 'round.
Those bones gonna jump with glee.
The bones of dreams that the winds have found
Deep down in the earth and the sea.

As I was walking at ten o'clock
On Flagler street by the park,
I heard the palm trees clap and knock
And I felt this sing like a spark.

Oh, I felt that the bones that they piled in heaps
Had felt the touch of the rain,
And I know as sure as the slow tide creeps,
These bones gonna rise again.

And I said to myself on Flagler street,
As the wind sang high, sang high,
"There's guys I know I'd like to beat
These lads with the fish cold eye."

I'd take the stupid hearts they had
And I'd shout them this refrain,
"Oh, whadda you care if it does sound mad?
These bones gonna rise again."

They rise, old bones, they'll rise some more;
They'll rise and move and run.
The old dead dreams that have died before,
They'll rise in this shouting sun.

We'll make them rise, we'll make them rise,
We'll make those old dreams plain.
We'll see what we are with new washed eyes.
Those bones gonna rise again.

I'll tell the world that the things I say
Are straight and I'm telling you,

To them that look there will be a way.
As true as the earth is true.

To them that have the hearts to dare,
To them with an honest brain,
The bones of the old dreams, wise and rare,
Those bones gonna rise again.

Ho, all you pines, ring round, ring round,
Ho, sun, raise up your head.
For I'm shouting here for this young great ground
What the chanting winds have said.

Ho' 'Glades, great 'Glades, lie down, lie down,
Ho, clouds, lift up your height.
For I'm telling the world and this lusty town
That the old lost dreams were right.

The Miami Herald Marjorie Stoneman Douglass

YOU TOO?

You, too, John Harvard? . . . Will you add your
name

To the long, crimson chronicle of shame,
You who forsook dear Stratford's hallowed sod
To seek new shrines where each might serve his God
In equal freedom? Do you turn at last
Re-entering black horrors of the past?
Pontius' cross and Torquemada's fire,
The scorpion-scourge of Babylon and Tyre,
Bondage to Pharaoh, blows from Russian knout,
The yellow hat of Arragon, sneer and shout,
Exile, proscription, hatred,—ghosts of sin
You call to life with this that you begin.

We have grown old in sorrow; suffering
To us is no untried and dreaded thing.
If you repeat what we have heard before,
And, like the rest, bar the half-opened door,
We'll take our staff in an accustomed hand
And wear old shoes to many a stranger land.
Sadly, with never a curse nor uttered pang,
We'll chant the dirges Jeremiah sang.
Our sole reply to this mad thing you do
Will be a weary, futile sigh: "You, too?"

We had a vision of a Western land,
Full of your spirit, by the setting sun,
New, free, where every man might boldly stand
Upon devotion given, struggles won.
That vision lured us over watery ways,
Consoled black nights, sustained through evil days,
And picked us up and set us down again
Where we might live, toil, study, love like men.
We've breathed the air of freedom, heads erect.
With roots deep in our country's soil, we swear
Wherever she may need us and expect
Our dearest service, she shall find us there.

We have lived by that vision; say not now
That it was but a pale and fleeting dream,
And truth a nightmare, that you merely seem
Princes of justice, men of thoughtful brow,
That you are small men even as others are.
We'd not have hoped so dearly, come so far
To seek old hatreds though the land be new.
Are you, then, of their company, you too?

Where are they now who spurned the folk of God?
Rome sleeps beneath her seven ruined hills.
The desert shrouds the tombs of Egypt, fills
The palaces where Greek and Persian trod.
We raise no sword; we threaten with no rod.

We bow and pass from the oppressor's eye;
Yet Justice, in some hidden way, from high
Unto the victim levels him who kills.
Wrath eats her own heart; envy turns man blind;
Scorn plucks the pinions from the soaring mind
And leaves it strengthless. . . . Pride has brought
Spain low.

Kaiser and Tzar, who hated us, are down.
When we flee forth, the lustre leaves the crown,
Eyes fail, life's pulse wanes, tremulous and slow.

What all have tried, you may attempt anew,
But will you choose their destiny, you too?

The American Hebrew

Julian M. Drachman

I LOOK INTO THE STARS

Stars have ways I do not know,
Enormity that checks my thought,
Yet on the loom of their fine glow
The fabric of my dreams is wrought.

I look into the stars and one
After one, convictions die,
While more than I have lost is spun
Delicately across the sky.

I look into the stars, and all
The fuming purposes life gives
Pass, like mists of evening fall,
And all life never has been, lives.

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Jane Draper

THE BATTLE-FIELDS

You never saw the Summer dance and sing
And wreath her steps with laughter, toss her larks,
And strew her crimson poppies, and make rise
Across the meadows in her train a cry
Of happy colors—O you never knew
How birds can make a business of their singing,
How the golden music can rain down
From sunny heaven like a hail-storm all
Day long—you never saw the naked life
Of Summer, till you saw her in her wrath
And gladness, young-eyed, golden-irised, loud
And wild and lovely-drunken, running, prancing,
Clambering across these fields of death.

Old pits and craters where the solid earth
Rocked up and smoked like water, are the beds
Of blowing lillies; huge dull-yellowing piles
Of steel, the dead-ends of the work of death,
Are choirs for thrushes and gay trellises
For rose and morning-glory; and you see
The tissue petals trailing down the holes
Men huddled in to die like driven rats.

You see black crazy strings of barbed-wire fences
Legging down the hillside like old men
Amuck, tripped up and clambered on and loved
Down into earth by mountains of wild-grape
And ivy. And you see old obscene tanks,
Gigantic bugs without antennae, bugs
Named Lottie, and named Liesel, cracked and blasted,
Pouring out their iron guts among
The daisies, and you see the daisies laugh;
And long-tailed pies that fly like aeroplanes
Float from their turrets, gentle in the blue.
Whole cities were sowed in this earth like seed.
The wealth and eagerness of all mankind

Was here, like mountain thunder, coursing through
These ghostly paths, that hie so privately
Beneath the glossy crowds of bee-loved clover.
They were here for murder, death-determined.
But the shepherd trails his willing sheep
To crop that clover; and the clicking hoe
And sliding shovel talk as surely forth
As crickets when a summer storm is past.

These villages, close-nesting like the hives
Of bees, were crushed to blood and powder by
The speeding hoof of war. Their temples fallen
And their homes a pit for gravel, they,
The many neighbors, are a lonely few
Lost pioneers. But they have pitched their tents
And tacked their paper shanties in the desert,
And the hens are clucking, and the beans
Are blossoming with white and brick-red blossoms,
And the vine, the purple clematis,
Is royal at the door. On holidays
They lay their tools down, and with sunny wine
From the old cellar-pits, and kindling mirth
From depths incredible, they eat their bread
In laughter, they fling jokes at the old war,
And pour soup in the bugle, and sing loud,
And pound the drum, and call out all the girls,
And march, and dance, and fill the darkened streets
With love and music till the moon goes out.

In all death's garden but one plot is dead,
One cold bleak acre swept-up for our tears,
The turf, the pebbles, regular and still—
The tired white little soldiers marking time!
But they are feeble, and their watch is brief.
Today remembering a name, tomorrow
They will mourn the death of memory;
Another morrow they are gone; time's wind
Has blown the sweet-briar roses over them.

Earth does not mind the madness of her children—
She has room. From one gaunt womb she could
Pour back those cities, and fill all these fields
With men and women aching at their toil,
And droll-faced children trudging with a pail
To greet them. This raw miracle of life
Is ruthless, reckless, sure. Plunge in your hands
To fashion it; be ruthless, reckless, sure.
Fear is the only danger. And the death
Of dreams dreamed weakly is the only death
Of man—the prayers sighed outward from the earth,
The songs that feed the poet with his wish,
Beatitudes tramped under armies, thoughts
Too mother-tender or too childly wise
To stand out in the weather of the world,
And deeds untimely kind, and deed-like words
Of love's apostles, who would pilgrim down
The black volcanic valley of all time
With hymns and waving palms, their sweet white banners
Lost and perishing, like breath of brooks,
Like strings of thin mist when the mountains burn.
In them man's spirit in its power dies.
The rest is nature's life—and she will live,
And laugh on dancing to the doomless future,
Slave to no thought softer than her own.

The Liberator

Max Eastman

BEGINNINGS

Dawns are always wonder-dawns
Of perfect untouched hours;
Buds are perfect promises
Of unseen perfect flowers.

Youth is life unlimited,
Not yet defined and small—
Not yet poured out in queer-shaped jugs
That cannot hold it all.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Mary Allen Edge*

SONG OF THE WAITING LAND

I

East wind, blowing,
Blow seed to me;
Here I lie, broad to the sky,
Fain to the rain,
Fallow, fallow from sea to sea.
Come to my sowing, shadowy Sower,
Seed, seed, O east-wind, blowing!

Out to the horizons my jocund prairies run;
Etched in ebony and silver,
My sierras in the moonlight
Lift above the valleys that cup the morning sun;
Splendidly my rivers flow,
Tall and dark my forests grow.

I am that Beauty who wakes
When the pre-destined breaks
Through the thorn thicket and takes
Strongly his own;
The land of heart's desire,
Who wins me frost and fire
And the death of his desire
Must face alone.
Here I lie, broad to the sky;
When shall the seed be sown?

Hard and brown it must be husked,
In winter it must be set.
Cold must bite its yearning root,
Storm must tear its springing shoot;
And it must bear, O shadowy Sower,
For I must have, O wind,
Old loves and beauties,
Ancient duties,
Faiths and hopes and memories
From the treasures of mankind.
Frankincense and beaten gold,
These the seed must hold;
Cinnamon and nard,
These the seed must guard;
Fleet foot, strong hand, white wing,
These from the seed must spring.
Then, O Sower, O wind, O star,
What a bourgeoning!

II

"Hark!" said John Robinson, "Hark"
"A call in the dark!"

Only the sea-wind's roar . .
Off shore.

"A star in the west! A star
To guide us far!"

Only familiar Hesperus
Looks down at us.

The Sower, the Sower went forth to sow.
The ship is ready, the people must go;
The people kneel on the friendly shore
And weep for the homes they'll see no more.
Sped by the wind,
The Mayflower fled on the track designed.
And the Sower, the Sower went forth to sow.
In a wintry bay of the waiting land

Came to anchor the sorry band;
In a frozen earth the seed lay down,
Wrapped in its coat of bitter brown.
Is *this* the seed to thrust and break
Through ice and flame!
It dies, O Sower, it cannot wake,
It dies in shame.

III

Hark; a song in the dark!
A vision, O Sower, the western star
Pricked in the night where the Milky Way
Skeins across the blue-black flower,
And the east-wind blew in my eyes
Dust of worlds to make me wise.
The seed was small and brown,
In the frost the seed lay down;
The husk was hard, O Shadowy Sower,—
Gorgeous spread the silken flower.

Tall as pines from the mountain side,
I saw men stride through the wilderness,
And my forests fell to the axe's ring.
My great, free rivers they broke
To the yoke of their mills;
They subdued the wild hills
To pasture; they conquered the plain to grain.
Strongly they broke, sternly they spoke:
Freedom and holiness, there in the wilderness,
Wrested from hardship and pain.

On swept the pine-like men,
Led by the western star;
Over the mountains strode,
Over the deserts rode,
Winged far and tireless—
Earth for their taking,

Heaven for their making.

Oh the cities that bloomed on the prairies!

Oh the towers that rose by the sea!

Oh the bridges that leaped o'er the waters,

And the bright threads of lightning for the spirit swung
free!

"Freedom and power and pleasure," they cried,

"Freedom and power and pride!"

The pastured hills they drilled for treasure,

Palaces reared for pride;

Shops they set to bargain in pleasure;

They sold their peace, they sold their leisure,

And bought them feathers and finger rings

And a stew of red lentils beside.

"Freedom and power and self!" they cried.

"And self!" they cried.

This I saw in my starry dream,

And then,

Over those jubilant men

Faintness and weariness came.

They slept, and I saw giants bind them

Thrice three times, with hands behind them,

Round and round, while they slept sound,

With webs of silk and gems;

Silver pins caught them in;

Braided ropes of steel and gold,

Padded soft with fold on fold

Of brodered shroud,

Held them bound.

So they lay for a time and a time.

Then, on a day, they woke with a shout;

Stern again, hard, they broke with a shout

The gemmy web, the accursed strands

Of gold and steel they burst;

Hands austere and strong

Rent the brodered shroud;

Loud they shouted a song:
"Holiness, freedom and love!
Holiness, freedom and love!"

This is the song in the dark.
Fainter it grows in the dark, O Sower,
The vision fades that the star showed me.
Yet, hark!
"Holiness, freedom and love—
Holiness, freedom and love!"
And I lie fallow from sea to sea,
Dreaming the dream the star showed me.

The Lyric West

Ellen Coit Elliott

ROUNDHEAD AND CAVALIER

Old Noll looked down from the wall, and spoke to me:
"Foul papish ways your time takes on, Grandson.
Yourself is froward and stiff-necked, but charity
Is in you and your years are few. Let run
All who would read: The Beast, his sign is on
Your Sodom, and royal Tyrian scarlet decks
The harlotry of all your Babylon.
Get you a rod and bend their necks,
And bow their knees or flay their backs."

But I looked up at Noll, and yawned and rose.
"Grandpa," I said,
"The mountain is that molehill on your nose."
His wart went red.

The Fugitive

William Yandell Elliott

HILL-BORN

Back to this mould, this matrix whence I came,
I come again. — Like solder where it spills,
My being hardened in among these hills
When God took off my metal from the flame
And poured me out like silver: presently,
My outline fixed forever, I was I,
Stamped by this rocky corner like a die,
Shaped by these five hills and this edge of sea.

Oh, strange how hills and man's heart interlock
Inveterately — how rock can bestow
Its contour on his spirit quick within!
Yet so it is: hill-men have always been
Like nuggets fashioned by their chinks, or snow
Packed in the star-like crevice of a rock.

Abbie Huston Evans

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

THE SERVANT OF THE PROPHET

I never read the story but I wonder
About that young man in the Book of Kings,
The servant of the prophet, who is nameless.
—You know the story: how the host of Syria
Compassed the city in the dead of night,
And how the young man cried,—“Alas, my master,
How shall we do?”—“Open his eyes, Lord!” cried
The man of God.

*“And lo, the side of the mountain
Was full of horses and chariots of fire
About Elisha.”*

—What had dropped away?
Did other things look different as the hill?
And did he, I have wondered, ever after,
Look with a beating heart on a bare field,
Remembering what an empty ridge had held?

I ought to know: for I myself have seen
The flaming chariots blazing through the pine
And scrub oak; not in chariot form, perhaps,
Because it wasn't chariots that I needed
To save me at the time; but I have seen
For an instant, reinforcement, just at hand!
And then the scrub oak shutting in again,
And the hot sunshine beating on the pine.

Yet, ten to one, the young man did forget,
Or like as not explained it all away;
Yet sometimes, in broad daylight,—“*What was that!*”

Abbie Huston Evans

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

SERENADE AT NOONDAY

I do not love you, no, nor all your beauty,
Nor have I fear of your so delicate magics:
I only love the silence that around you
Makes a low twilight.

Yet I desire that thunderous storms of passion
For all I am should surge and clamor through you—
Scattering your follies and your delicate secrets—
Shaking your twilight.

That like a temple-bell across the darkness
I should forever echo in your spirit,
With tones of legend and of high disaster
Haunting your silence.

Rhythmus

Arthur Davison Ficke

HER HANDS

My hands were loved of many, when I was young—
Not for the beauty of the flesh alone—
But, like a harp whose quivering strings had sung
A music that at last became its own,
Their slenderness was eloquent of blood
Seeking a joy not ever manifest.
My lips and eyes never betrayed my mood
As they did. And my lovers from my breast
Sometimes have turned to kiss these hands again
That were to me a perfidy and no prize.
Is happiness so small a thing—? and pain
So great a splendor to a lover's eyes?—
Could they not love my joyousness, but only
My hands—that are so terrible, so lonely?

Arthur Davison Ficke

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

PORTRAIT OF A STRANGER

She was so young, it seemed that Spring had turned
Earthward to make her before brooks were clear
Of their last ice,—before first blades appear
Of grass, and not one April flower had burned
Its little light under the pale blue sky.
She was so young, I knew she could not know
Anything more than that the wind can blow
Dark violet-blooms to sway most delicately.
But one calm evening, when a quiet star
Was great and luminous above the west,
We talked of what is good and bad and best,
And how the nearest things are the most far,
And how the things-that-are-not chiefly are
I think, now, Spring's old self lives in her breast.

Arthur Davison Ficke

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

MARCIA

Marcia! . . . Across the glassy twilit pool
I heard your following playmates call your name.
The pale mists parted, and I saw your cool
Delicate figure poise, and like a flame
Shoot out to the dark water, and emerge
Dripping, silent, and smiling, where I stood.
You turned again and leaping from the verge
Swam toward the darkness, leaving me to brood
All evening on your slender arms and hands,
Your shadowy breast, your swiftly flushing face
Some light still glimmers on these somber lands
Where beauty has one moment left its trace
Marcia! someday your lover shall possess
More of you—but no more of loveliness.

Arthur Davison Ficke

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

RUTH

Your pale Egyptian eyelids used to stir
Faintly with laughter when I brought a jest.
You were mysterious as a sepulchre
To my young eyes; and that perhaps was best:
For a dim secret, none too good to know,
Must even then have had its dwelling-place
In your still bosom. I could come and go
Yet never read the silence of your face.
Then on a day the spirit in that tomb
Grew faint, and madness curtained up your eyes
With film on film of desolated gloom
Through which the soul I knew gave no replies—
Until that dawn of strange November rain
When you lay dead, and were yourself again.

Arthur Davison Ficke

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

DAPHNE

They told her she had hair the color
Of a nightingale.
They told her that her eyes were candles
Lit beneath a veil.

They praised her feet like narrow doves
Mated on the floor,
Saying there were never feet
Like her feet before.

They praised her shining voice that rang
Like stars dropped in a glass.
"Sing to thy little yellow shell!"
And so the night would pass.

But when they came too near to her
And touched her with the hand,
She drew her hair across her eyes.
She could not understand.

And when they said a thing to her
That she had never heard,
Her heart plunged into silence there
Like a hunted bird.

She caught her violet mantle close,
The Tyrian upon the white.
She quivered like a little twig.
She stepped into the night.

They called her name within the dark,
They searched beneath the sun,
But there was not a broken flower
To show where she had run.

Everything was very still,
Far too still, they said.
So they turned and went away,
Unaccompanied.

Nothing moved where they had sought,
Nothing sang or wept.
Beneath a tree that had no name,
Silence turned and slept.

The Yale Review

Hildegarde Flanner

ST. AUGUSTINE

*(Being old, and remembering the pears he stole, when he
was a boy in Africa.)*

I would not remember now, Saviour
How I sinned,
I would not remember now, Saviour,
But how my yellow ankles sang
Running in the wind;

How my laughter, like a flag,
Floated out and hung
In the orchard where I ran—
(Shepherd, I was young).

Fair the pears we stole, Lord.
I have set it all
In a book confessing
Sin and sinner's fall.

Now I am an old man,
Waiting, Lord, until
I shall see my last star
Beckon and grow still.

And I would remember,
Not the days I erred,
Not the nights I wandered from
The shining of your word,

But I would remember
What it was to be
A boy alive in Africa,
Beneath a silver tree!

The Double Dealer

Hildegarde Flanner

DIALOGUE

He. If I should touch you now—

She. Flame would follow your hands,
Flame upon hair and brow
Curling in little strands.
My body is light with love
As a little sun-drunk tree.
My body is pierced through—

He. With me—with me!

She. Say over again, again,
Anything wild and sweet.

He. Shall we make magic names,
Queer, to repeat?

She. Crumple this moment up,
Toss it against a star!

He. You are within my arms!

She. Yet I know not where we are!

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse Florence Kiper Frank

HILLS

My earliest memories are of hills,
With tall straight trees,
And large grey stones,
And winding rippling streams.
I love hills as men love women.
As the melody of old songs
Brings back the vision of youth and love,
So the blue smoke of cities
Brings back my hills.
You cannot understand
Why I do not love your lowland country
With its wide stretches of plains.
Ah! I am starved for beauty
In the midst of rich acres—
Let me go back to my hills
Where the trees
Like fingers of prophets
Point to God.
Let me go back to my hills
Where the fairies dance
With the fireflies near the rippling streams,
I played with them long ago.
You do not believe in fairies?
Ah! but I know.
Take me back to my hills
Where the giants come
From behind the rocks
With their packs of gold
And put it in one
Flaming stream into the western sky.
I can not live in your gray, monotonous country;
Take me back to my hills
Or else let me dream—then die!

Scottie McKenzie Frasier

American Poetry Magazine

TWO MARRIED

THE HEIGHTS

Do you remember how we came that day,
Breathless with love, unto a hill and stood,
My lips athirst to drink the wine of play,
Before I must fulfill my womanhood?
Your hand on mine was sudden secret fire,
It promised wonder, fear and ecstasy;
Our dreams were high and white as stars, yea higher—
They were the hope of things we shall not see.

Do you recall how, even going down,
Our spirits seemed to soar? The dusk that came
And hung a cold gray silence on the town,
For us was leaping glory and a flame.
You drew me close, your hands caressed my head;
And "All our days shall be as this," you said.

DESCENT

Sometimes that promised glory haunts my sleep,
Who all day long in dull monotony
Traverse with you the common days and keep
The steady pace your footsteps set for me.
Above the deadly level of our lives,
Somewhere, I know, are other heights to climb;
But all the little tasks of husbands, wives,
Forbid the quest—we no more have the time.

I fear, I fear sometimes when nights are still,
That something in my heart will rise and break.
I dare not look too long upon a hill,
Or think on beauty, sleeping or awake—
Lest you should find me some tempestuous June,
Crying my mad white hunger to the moon.

FLIGHT

All night between my dreams the thought of you
Was daybreak falling from a green-gold tree,
Was beauty mirrored in a drop of dew.

It woke an old, old urge; it troubled me.
Somewhile before the dawn I left your bed,
Nor bound the soft confusion of my hair,
More still than silence from your side I fled—
You, dreaming of a desk, an easy chair.

The world was waking wonder where I ran,
Gray pools of shadow leapt beneath my feet;
And at the dawn's edge, where the woods began,
I found you waiting, eager and most sweet—
Your laughter sunlight, and the wind your kiss.
Long in the woods I drank remembered bliss.

CERTAINTIES

My heart is young—the breath of blowing trees
Is more than all the wisdom I have known.
How shall I hedge myself with certainties:
A dinner gong, the mail, a telephone?
How shall I move among these common things
And decently observe my household rites,
When love is calling, calling for its wings,
When all my heart is thirsting for the heights?

When we are dust, these daily tasks will move
As well without us. Dear, how soon, how soon
We have forgotten what it is to love!
The moon, that was high hope, is just the moon,
The stars are stars; no wonder stirs a tree.
And life itself is one more certainty.

Contemporary Verse

Helen Frazee-Bower

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

The little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely dark and deep.
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

The New Republic

Robert Frost

FOG

The fog is white sleep that gropes in from the sea
With sensitive, sinuous fingers and we
Are muffled with sleep we can see.

It gives us a dream with our eyes open wide,
With houses that waver, and men at our side
Who tower and dwindle and glide.

These are soft slurs of light, and gaunt, claw-fingered
trees,
And choked sounds from nowhere that puzzle and tease,
And a slow, fumbling, visible breeze.

There are flashes of vision that cloud, like a glass
With a close breath upon it; and curtains that pass
And leave dream-stuff a-wink on the grass.

From above, it is sea-spirit, writhing about
Like a torment of sleep in a nightmare of doubt,
With black serpents that weave in and out.

It is cool, like a ghost; and it idles along
Like some musical ghost who is humming a song
In a hot, fretful, garrulous throng.

The fog is a yawn from a sleepy old sea,
With a wandering tune in a lullaby key
From warm wind with a wave on its knee.

Contemporary Verse

Rex George Fuller

THE PLOWMAN

Brown stubble turning across the bright share,
Black earth laid down with a straight steady care,
Blue sky above, and soft eloquent air
 Braced with a foretaste of winter,—and sleep.

Slither of wheel and soft jingle of chain,
Swing at the furrow's end, plod on again;
Down the horizon, a hint of fall rain
 Counsels no haste; there is none, when you creep.

Pensive I sit on the low sulky seat,
Turning the stubble of harvested wheat,
Tuning my thoughts to the slow muffled beat
 That the feet of the great patient plow-horses keep.

What have I given, or gained, when I've done,—
(Finished, or not, by the grace of the sun),
Crossing a mile for a few furrows won?

Peace, perhaps? Patience? Cool stillness? Calm sleep?

Yes, some of these; and the field, too, is plowed.
Fallow it lies, under lowering cloud.
So I pass on. But for Spring I am proud,—
Someone will sow it, for someone to reap.

Contemporary Verse

Rex George Fuller

MADMAN

He said he was afraid
To sleep in a room
Where mirrors held
The empty moon.

The wind he said
Came up his stair
With three stars tangled
In her hair;

That monstrous
Caravans went by
In the black desert
Of his sky.

But she that yearlong
There had lain;
Coignes of shadow
In his brain.

The Double Dealer

Marian Nevin Funk

SOUL AT PLAY

I like to walk with stately thoughts
Along a bordered path,
Watching the pageant of my mood
In sunset's aftermath.

I like to go with melody
And braid a simple song,
A song that's but a heart-width wide
And but a dream-length long.

I like to hurry with the rain
Over an April hill,
Feeling the drowsy dead arouse
And quicken at our will.

I like to lay me down at night
And think upon these things,
Before my spirit mounts a dream
For wider journeyings.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse Louise Ayres Garnett

YOUNG LOVELINESS

Her delicate form scarce dimples in the bed
Where she all night has lain.
She is as frail and fragrant as a flower
After an April rain.

I wish I had not pictured her a flower—
A flower is but a sigh
Of wonderment at beauty that so soon
Expend itself to die.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse Louise Ayres Garnett

SEEKIN'

Seekin', Massa Jesus,
Seekin' fer ter fin' you,
Seekin' whar de hilltop's
Leanin' on de blue;
Seekin' in de valley
Whar de co'n am tosslin',
Hopin' fer ter see you
Walkin' in de dew.
Seekin', Massa Jesus,
Seekin' fer ter fin' you,
Seekin' in de nighttime,
Lighttime, too.

Seekin' in de riber
Whar de wabes am flowin',
Flowin' wid a music
All deir mighty own;
Seekin' in de whirlwin'
Sweepin' down f'om Jedgment;
Seekin' in de grabeya'd
Unnerneaf de stone.
Seekin', Massa Jesus,
Seekin' fer ter fin' you,
Seekin' in de nighttime,
Ligttime, too.

I'll know you, Massa Jesus,
W'en at las' I fin's you,
Know you by yer countenance
Reachin' thoo de gloam,
By yer trick o' lookin'
Lak ez ef you'd fotched me,
Fotched me back ter Heab'n
Whar I has a home.

*Seekin', Massa Jesus,
Seekin' fer ter fin' you,
Seekin' in de nighttime,
Ligttime, too.*

Contemporary Verse

Louise Ayres Garnett

THE SPIRIT OF TRANSPORTATION

I

Time, and the Wheel, and the Infinite Sphere,
What is the problem the gods have set?
How shall man master it, now and here?
Conquering Time and Space—and yet
 Holding dominion
 Over his mind;
 Riding the wind
 On steel pinion
While keeping his eye fixed hard on the earth,
His by promise, and right, and birth?

FOR, RISE AS THEY MAY, AND, WHATEVER THE
ODDS,
MEN ARE BUT MEN, AND THE GODS ARE THE GODS.

This is the problem: To lift,
 By the gift
 Of his vision,
 His weight from the earth
In the face of divine derision;
And to fix, as with pinion and gears,
All he wrests from the gods through the years;
 Building him up a machine,
 Against infinite odds,
To annihilate Time, dwarf the Sphere,
Turn the Wheel of the gods,

And so steer
His own fortune. That's all the years mean.
What's it worth?

WELL, MAN STARTED BY HITCIING HIS DOG ON A
TETHER;
NOW, HIS MOTOR SPINS BY—AND THEY'RE SITTING
TOGETHER.

II

Is that all?
That a man may whirl by
With his dog?
Or fly
To the sun through the fog?
Or may cable inanities,
Footless humanities,
Under the seas,
Or by wire?

Or, yet higher and higher, may flash through the air
His poor empty laughter—sad lees of the wine
Of divine joy! O, boy of mine, box your radio set!
Hark, the bird's song that shames our endeavor
Forever.

And yet . . . hope that builds on despair . . .

YOUR WELL-FED CITIZEN OF ANY COUNTRY TOWN
TURNS OFF HIS MAZDA WITH A BOASTFUL ZIP
GOD'S IMAGE!

AH! BUT SEE A LINCOLN FROWN
PONDERING GOD'S JUSTICE WITH A TALLOW DIP!

Speed is not all.
Before the nations fall,
High on some hill, against a quiet sky,
Top-point of all our human building,
The Arc of Truth will stand.
Then some last soul, swift upward fanned,
(To what celestial plane?)

Contemptuous, will knock the gilding
From our temple's gawdy fane.

Speed is not all.
Before the nations fall,
Far in some quiet land,
A race, not forging bonds to bind sad duty,
Quick will thrill,
Less at their monstrous engines hurtling by,
More in the simple love of simple Beauty.

Thus living, is to emulate the gods.
Yet, speed is Beauty—of a kind;
The present rage
Is but the contribution of an age,
Not blind,
But gaining lap on lap while Chronos nods

SPEED IS NOT BEAUTY—NOT PER SE—BUT MARK
THE GAIN ON TIME, BEFORE YOU CURSE THE
MOTOR CYCLE'S SPARK.

III

And, O, the sweet fine beauty of the long-lined car!
The sweet soft glist'ning feline grace as she slips past!
Swift as a bird, brave as a ship! How far
She draws our wonder, and she comes—how fast!

The joy, the grace,
The wonder of the pace,
The thunder everyplace,
And the race of our nerves!
The trucks and the stages,
The wonder of the ages,
On the curves, in the square,
The tumult on the air, everywhere!

Then the strong pull—away! and the shifting gears,
The long pull up, up, up to the city's rim,
The dip, and the flight, as the swallows skim,
And the thoughts of home, and the sounds of night,

And the motor's purr in the evening light,
The swinging stars, and the scattering hills,
The urge of the engine's forty wills,
Brave for the burden of every load,
On to the end of the longest road;
Home! We have conquered something here;
Or, away! The motor is off like a deer.
This is no toy, or thing of chance;
This is a stage in the big advance.

IV

MARK THE STEADY POWER AS THEY SCALE THE
FALLS,
A LINE OF TRUCKS ALONG THE CAÑON WALLS!

Foot of the elephant, the camel's hide,
The horse's heart, the burro's nerves:
The ancient pack train, vastly glorified,
Served in one truck, that every purpose serves.

Sweep all the rest away
As but tokens of glory;
Pack the needs of today
On the truck and the lorry.

You question? We stand to take issue at last:
We will move to the future with this from the past.
Leviathan!

Who then hath drawn him from the sea?
Or who hath tamed him, if not we?
His fearful neezings have been drawn like fangs,
His trail of fire, and his nostril's smoke.
On the iron rail, at his highest speed,
The will of man he has learned to heed;
And now the monster climbs and hangs
On the edge of a cliff, or plunges
With a few good-natured grunts and lunges
Into a sandwash and out again,
Over the roads to the haunts of men;

Lumbering by, like a clumsy colt,
Strong, and willing, and thoroly broke,
Swift to serve, and slow to bolt.

THIS IS THE CONQUEROR OF TIME, THIS FORCE,
THIS FINE BIG FRIENDLY HONEST HORSE.

The ancients built the pyramids,
 And did they master Time?
There is a proud, sublime defiance in their pile;
 The Sphinx with veiled lids
Scoffs at Time's endeavor, and, as if forever,
 Scoffs; and wears a smile;
And has, from history's dawn.
 Time moves, relentless, on!

*Space, and Time, and the Steering Gears,
 The Wheel of the gods' machine;
To grasp the Wheel and pass the Years,
And compass Space from this Vale of Tears—
That is the problem; and something yet
Here is the problem the gods have set—
 To establish Justice on the earth,
 To claim the right to Beauty, ours by birth.*

V

How then can we go lumb'ring in a truck
 To glory?
Or, wheeling in a plane, not run amuck
 Among the planets hoary?
The truck that carries the material food
 Of all the world
Whirl'd in a day from land to land,
Has already spanned the hour
From past to future time, with an untold
 treasure,
And brought a dower
Of leisure

Thus Time is mastered, and no other way.
So, too, Space will be bridged by thought,
Flashed, it may be to Mars,
And relayed to the furthest stars:
Let it be a true thought, lived in our lives, well.

Otherwise, an Old Wives' Tale,
Of some ailment or some swelling
Would be as well worth telling.

*Lo! the thing
That I sing
Is not this, seen across the Abyss;
Not the beast, nor the load, nor the spur, nor
the goad,
But the House at the End of the Road.*

VI

Hold the thought,
Dearly bought,
That the Chief End of Man is not glory, but Justice;
God's Justice on earth will give birth to new visions of
Beauty.

The mirage
Of our day holds the well where our daughters will
draw.

That's the law
Of the Spirit. We build the far dream,
And the thought *may* be snared by a faraway star:
But it *must* be dared here, where we are.
So the dream of the elephant rider was caught
And we've built his mirage
A garage
At the back of the lot.

WITH THE LITTLE GREY MOUSE TO CARRY HIS
LOAD,
MAN SEEKS FOR THE HOUSE AT THE END OF THE
ROAD.

See the pack
On the pachyderm's back:
Just a bale and a jar,
And you see what they are—
Not a carpet of magic,
The tragic,
Brief span of a life with its lesson;
Best learn it—
And the little rag rug of God's mercy,
Dare spurn it—
But dream, dream and build, till the plan of man's
Justice
Is flashed
Unabashed
In the face of the gods
And the God of all gods
Laughs with joy that his plan is fulfilled.

NOT TIME NOR SPACE CONTAINS THE FINAL GOAL
BUT SOMETHING WRESTED FROM THE GODS TO
FEED THE SOUL.

VII

Remains the wheel. What is it? Where?
It turns,
And worldly fortunes rise and fall,
The sea churns to foam,
And home the ship veers.
Who steers?
Some power moves our lodestar from its place,
Or swings the ship.
Some lever turns the nations.
Grasp that lever at a crisis,
And the magic power of Isis
Will create you sons, a legion,
Swarming out of every region,
Lifting hands both strong and clean
To learn to run the old machine.

*Feel the thrill
As your will
Takes the wheel;
The world
Whirl'd aimless, now turns from afar
Toward its destined star.*

What new comfort is this,
What bliss,
What enrichment of life,
Just to know that the strife
Is not world against world,
Not one nation hurl'd 'gainst another,
Brother against brother,
But the world against Fate,
And a union of all the wide lands,
Soon or late,
With the Wheel in our hands!

Is the Wheel a mechanical thing?
A bolt, a pin, a ring,
A work of gears and pinions?
The world's dominions
Are material things. Who sings
The Spirit?
The promise is that man shall have the earth.
Aha! There is another Man. Never fear it.

To grasp the Wheel is but to share
A new birth,
And dare to realize there is a food
For babes who first begin to seek their highest spirit's
good.

VIII

Feel then
The thrill again!
Grasp the Great Wheel, men,

All!

All must steer, though the ship veer
Perilously near to the rocks;
Though the stars fall,
All,
All must sight
The lodestar through the night,
And stand the ship's shocks.

**WORDS, WORDS! BECAUSE THE SOUL IS SICK;
BECAUSE THERE IS NO SOUL, WORDS! WORDS
MORE THICK.**

So?

Throw the stick over!

Leap to the air.

In that first moment, leaving earth behind,
More than in the babel of a thousand poets,
Or ten thousand wise men's fare,
Is the soul fed. Something intangible,
Drawn from the ether, starts the soul breathing.
Be not content to stand and contemplate the plane's wide
soaring;
Pile in, and take the heights, and learn to love the en-
gine's roaring.
Go!

IX

Here, now, at last!

The first blast of the air in your face

Explains all.

If you fall

Through some flaw in the rods,

Call! The gods

Will not hear in their grace nor be moved by your fear.

You must steer, and control the thing, body and soul.

The law

Is as simple as Justice—and stern:

We must learn to command.

Land

Where you will on the earth,

The worth

Of a life there is measured by flights to the heights,

By the conquest of fear, by the boldness and vision

That flee at the gods' derision,

And mount

To the very fount of life,

Fighting for breath

To jeer at Death;

Brave

To return to the earth,

To the beauty of life, and its mirth,

Or to sink to the grave.

Sing, then, with the stars,

As you fly your planes higher. Leap from the ground,

Leave the church for the steeple;

Make a joyous sound; let it swell to the bars

Of high heaven;

And leaven

Your spiritual mirth with the smells of the earth;

Inhale the mad mood of a conquering people.

Take joy in the dust of our race against Time,

In the smells of the oils, and the rubber, and brake-
bands;

Demand that Life give you your portion of joy!

Afar,

See the gleams

Of our lodestar. At last,

*From the past we are shaking our shackles and taking
The Wheel in our hands.*

FOR WE KNOW THAT THE POWER IS BUT THE
DESIRE:

THE WINGS ARE WITHIN US ON WHICH WE MOUNT
HIGHER.

X

Sing the lands of our dreams. Make them
real.

We can feel this strong passion for life

And not lose in the strife

All we live for and strive for.

The goal, sing!

And harp not of rest,

Nor the breath from the isles of the blest

And the haunts of the soul,

And of Death.

If out across Numidia I could make my way
By camel caravan to some cool spring, by night
Beneath the stars, I think I might find voice

To say:

"Thank all the stars that sing and fight

That I have had my choice,

And live

When I can give

All that I love of Justice,

All that I sense of Beauty,

To an age that prates not Duty,

But in the gear

Of an engineer

Drives where the dust is

And swallows the grime

In the race against Time."

XI

Our life is not this fretful hour alone;
Wild, harried days without tranquility;
Cranking gas engines, fighting with the phone,
And marveling at the strange perversity
Of things inanimate. Somewhere,

Not one, but all,

Will rise to see the emptiness of life like this,
 And, yet, to call,
Thrice blessed this high-tension air
In which, as in a bell-jar, we are caged;
And not because the laboratory test
 Has any merit;
Then were our natures void, outraged,
 Life a jest,
And we sad fools to bear it.

 Yet so
 Will go
The world, till, hurl'd to eternity,
We'll see more clear, that every atom of the universe
 Has some self-power, some will;
 Call it inertia, or dynamic force,
 Or call it stubbornness, or high intent,
Sweat to circumvent it, curse, or fight until
 As a matter of course, seen near,
It resolves itself into something clear,
 A spiritual problem, something new,
 And I, and you
Lay hold again, with the sense to know
We can work the problem and live as we go.

XII

But, if the spirit could take hold anew,
 Here, now!
If I and you
Could, by some magic of our common sense
Bring all to bear on life!
Work the old engine with some super-power!
 Well, these are strange days:
 Tense
With a zest we dissipate in strife.
Is there one living at this hour
Has not felt thrill his inner man,

When, in control of some machine,
His mind hard working on some darling plan,
Upon the gradient of a stubborn hill
He put his foot upon the feed
And felt the world fall servient to his will?
Leapt to the summit, gazed upon the scene
Before, below him, filling some dim need?
That is the Spirit's stirring to new birth.

The earth
Is trembling in expectancy. Old laws
Are solving and dissolving. Something new
Is seeking utterance. If the cause
Must have results, results must have reactions.
Grip your mind. Accept the token
Of your own experiences; with no word spoken,
Making of the old no old exactions,
Bring the new to view.

The Nation's Business

Roy George

(\$1000 Clarke Equipment Company Transportation
Prize Poem.)

ESCAPE

Oh! let me go where no children are!
Some where, is there a lonely star
Where I could see no children at all—
Never be near one, or hear him call?

To such a place I must go, must go,
Away from this hunger which tears me so;
I would escape from each little lad
So like the child that I never had.

Somewhere, oh, somewhere! one lonely star:
Help me to go where no children are!

Contemporary Verse

Caroline Giltinan

THE GARDEN

What makes a garden?
Flowers, grass and trees,
Odour, grace and colour:
Lovely gifts like these.

What makes a garden
And why do gardens grow?
Love lives in gardens—
God and lovers know!

The Lyric

Caroline Giltinan

CONSECRATION

God! I ask one miracle:
A baby's nestling head.
I, the chalice; Love the wine—
Will You give the bread?

Contemporary Verse

Caroline Giltinan

CURVES

Of every gesture Beauty makes
I know that I can find,
A curve is like a song unheard
But singing to the mind.

What Beauty utters in her curves,
I always like to mark
In veering of a bird in flight
Or in a fountain's arc.

The haunting crescent of the moon
Arches into a hymn;
The rainbow gestures eloquent
With music of its rim.

But yet, of all the singing curves,
Most lyrical belong
To symmetries of girls that coin
The silence into song!

The Liberator

Louis Ginsberg

TRANCE

Where the East Indian sits
In cataleptic trance
The twisting hours go
Like cobras in a dance.

They shake their swollen heads
From side to side;
He sits indifferent
To time and tide.

The sun gleams coldly down
Upon the eyes
That, blank and sightless, stare
Through years and skies.

The crumbling stars drift down;
The mountains fret away;
Iron and bronze and gold
Turn brittle and decay.

Day holds the Night in fee
Till Night obliterate
Colour and scent and sound
And mortal state.

And Mystery begets
A shining place of peace,
A vague unruffled pool
Where ripples cease.

The twisting hours go
Like cobras in a dance
Where the East Indian sits
In cataleptic trance.

The Freeman

Herbert S. Gorman

LÈSE-MAJESTÉ

The idle chatter, rising like a fountain
In slender gushes, sinks in silver mist
Upon white shoulders. Higgins, from his mountain
Of watchful inattention, seems to list.

Colossus of wise butlers, for a minute
He sways in clouds of conversation, turns
His face against small flocks of words, and in it
I catch a lightning flash that twists and burns.

Now imperturbable he sees the lady
Depart in warm chinchilla, thinks of her
As something set apart and is afraid he
Might comprehend her motor's feline purr.

The Outlook

Herbert S. Gorman

THE POET

When I look back across the waste of years
And see how little they have left behind
Whose mighty towers, built with sweat and tears,
Are vanished as completely as the wind;
When I consider what fair years they spent
In frantic striving for a useless end,
And how, defeated in success, they went,
Leaving their sons still eager to contend,—
I say, poor lives, thus cast on empty ways!
They sought the iron crown, the place of power;
They forfeited long garlands of sweet days
To wear the diadem a little hour—
While I, at whom their grim lips curled, live on
And will be young when their last dust is gone!

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Anita Grannis

OVERTURE

A plague of stars was overhead,
Of small, insectous ones,
And many little milk-sop moons,
And microscopic suns.

An iron owl with lantern eye
Above the wood's dark rust
Saw cart-wheels turning in the sky,
Admired the pretty dust,

And made a moan and dubbed it song,
Then listened to the sound:
It was a hurt a meter long
And bleeding as a wound.

While lustrous lay the earth below
With silver going cheap
There wasn't anyone to know—
(The greedy were asleep!)

But from the coppice to the left
A satyr or its brother
Leaped lightly, showed its foot was cleft,
And beckoned to another.

With faces green as gas and look
As comic as your own
They clambered out of every nook
Among the frosted stone,

And from metallic flowers, stiff,
Dew-smelling and night-dim,
The fairies rose and stretched as if
To ease the aching limb.

While moonbeams pelted down like rain
The pitter-patter feet
Came ringing bells across the plain
Or hopping from retreat.

On mushroom seats of splashing gold,
Of pearl or ivory,
They filed to place as they were told
Proudly and funnily.

Then was a pompous pixie heard,
Gray with a gargoyle grin,
And, tinkle-tinkle, fell his word,
"I think we may begin"

Voices, A Journal of Verse Amanda Benjamin Hall

A WOMAN OF WORDS

One sweet of hands, one starred for grace,
Should leave the heavy word alone,
Should cease to cut and carve and trace,
End the combat with a stone!

The austere sentence that you drill
Until the granite dust hangs blue,
Etched by your instrument of will
Is bitten not so deep as you.

Lettered for time, in marble told,
Your speech stands chiseled and concise;
Its surfaces are dazzling cold,
Swept clean of dust as ice.

Now hollow as a cup your cheek
In alabaster gleams—
You gave your blood that you might speak
And cut the throat of dreams . . .

The silence softer women bring
Betrays the velvet smile of scorn;
They know a softer, stranger thing—
That there are children to be borne . . .

Contemporary Verse

Amanda Benjamin Hall

VALSE TRISTE

This night, compounded of all nights,
This darkness dimpling into lights
Through fretwork of a million leaves
The sun at day recorded green,
Presents its stage, the practised scene
Of revelry. Here dripping eaves

Of stately senior elms beget
Through their tall stems the lift and feel
Of swooning waltz or pulsing reel,
Of minuet . . .
The absent are the damned. No stigma
Attaches to the bland enigma
Of headless hearts or mindless feet . . .
Now slippers, arrow-tipped and sweet,
Wear more than their own satin's glow,
Advance in saintly moons as though,
Hallowed for dancing, they are all
That bring their lustre to the ball . . .

Beneath the lanterns groomsmen wait,
The silly turnouts crowd the gate
Where china coach and giddy span
Convey but footgear and a fan,
With tinkling laughter. Horses hoofs
Like raindrops on resounding roofs,
Awake the garden grass, the creeper
With tendrils tuned or flowery sleeper
Pale-capped with fragrance on its head,
Cool in some dim, dew-sheeted bed . . .
"What means this strange, ill-timed commotion
Profaning all the priestly air?"

A faceless man stands at the door,
Gold braid and buttons, scarcely more,
Inferring ladies up the stair
In gorgeous pantomime. Each shoe
Flirtatiously accepts its cue—
The ball room opens like an ocean . . .
And now at last with anxious blur
Of sounds, the instruments confer
In maudlin doubt. Beset by fears,
The cello tries a tragic note,
Fails foolishly and clears its throat
Of tears . . .

A flute flares out. Remaining hid,
Gymnastic as a katydid,
The poignant violin is heard
In twitterings. So sings a bird
Before the pledge of daylight comes . . .
A pause, an argument of drums,
Then quickened by some magic yeast,
Speaking five languages at least,
With all that it can beg or borrow
Of Life, the music sounds. The straight,
Exclamatory figures mate
Like beauty to the breast of sorrow . . .
How often on a polished sea
Have others, drowned in ecstasy,
With such a pomp and circumstance
Died and been buried in the dance—
How old the youngest waltz must be!
Oh, partners of amazing grace,
As shallow as their light embrace
Like mist steal in to join the measure.
Frail rioters, enchanted twain,
With pale, transparent, drowsy heads,
Like children creeping from their beds
Intent on some forbidden pleasure,
They seek the well-loved floor again,
Unseen, unbidden, whirl them round
With silvered feet that make no sound,
And sail the room like phantom ships
With muted laughter on their lips . . .

Morose intrusion into bliss . . .
Can dead men share a night like this?
With or without a mortal soul,
A fly swims in the claret bowl,
Then leggily he seeks the casement,
Thinking perhaps in his abasement
To be unhinged for dancing now.
The nightingale is on the bough,

And, plagued to melancholy soon,
Will lift his tremors artfully,
Mistaking for the risen moon
A bald head on a balcony.

And for what sight would any barter
The glimpse of some sweet lady's garter
Adjusted shyly. Lovers walk
Along the terrace, laced in talk,
Festooning balustrade and hedges
With cobwebs of preposterous pledges!

Deep in the garden wall-flowers sit
Wishing that they might waltz a bit
As do the lily and the rose.
The shadows sway and intertwine
And on the lake the ripple goes
Elusive in its lost design.
And these shall dance, ever refreshed
When Time, the grim host, shall have threshed
Joy out of youth, replenishing
His tunes and toys. And these shall wing
Light waltzes down a festive floor
To strains out of the living loam
The dawn has seen the dancers home,
When like poor ghosts before the sun
The fiddles and the fiddlers done
After the last encore. . . .

Voices, A Journal of Verse Amanda Benjamin Hall

MARY

Twice Martha called remindingly, then torn
'Twixt duty and decorum ceased to try;
Outside the bird-notes failed as they were born—
The silences hung heavy in the sky.

But there were two who watched the shadows run,
Gravely, the twilight spilling from a tree
Beside the door-step. Jesus caught the sun
And held it on the mountain of His knee,

While Mary drew the shadows down to her,
Extinguishing in them a look too bright,
Content that He should find her face a blur,
Her humbleness a valley to His height.

Her stillness cupped His speech. Now far behind
His thought had left a foot-path for her own,
And she could take the journey of His mind
When His own journey left her there alone . . .

Wisely He spoke. She leaned upon His word
Her weight of trust, all soul to what He said
Save when a heart-beat broke that had not heard
And filled her with soft agony instead,

And she remembered yesterday, the irk
Of her routine with Martha. Even now
She knew the troubled peace of those who shirk
Yet yearned to touch the lilies of His brow,

Or that small, cruel mark upon each hand,
So faint it seemed the ghost of wounds to come.
She saw and strangely seemed to understand;
So many fears cried out that she was dumb,

Wondering if she bent to kiss the scar
Would He rebuke her. In the vivid track
Of blue above the trees she saw a star—
Her unbound hair fell weeping down her back.

"Master," she sighed, "my sister will be wroth . . ."
He said, "Yet time will teach her. . . ." At His feet
Her fingers touched the terror of His cloth;
The children's cries swept music down the street . . .

"And soon I shall be gone. . . ." A sadder veil
Of night now meshed the fig and prickly pear;
She saw the scattered olive branches pale,
The cactus dimly splintering the air,

And waited, silence asking even more,
Until the drenching darkness fell like rain.
Martha was conscience standing at the door—
. . . "Mary," . . . she called again. . . .

Contemporary Verse

Amanda Benjamin Hall

WORDS FOR WEeping

If in your mind are hanging colors
Drenched with waters of a sleep
That might have woven living patterns,
Why not weep, why not weep?

If through your breast a heat is blowing
Like wind across a desert place,
Why not lift up pointed fingers
And lay them tightly on your face?

If sunlight is a sworded pleasure
At your throat, and if the blue
Of distance makes a cry of you,
Or if the night is but a darkness,
Why not weep a tear or two?

The New Republic

Hazel Hall

EPHEMERA

There is a woman who makes my eye
A place of shadows, as now and then
I see her dimly going by,
And faintly coming back again.

She moves as many others move;
There is no utterance in her tread
To tempt an echo, nor to prove
What other footsteps have not said.

As often as she comes and goes
She is forgotten, as now and then
The wind is forgotten until it blows
A blur of dust down the street again.

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

Hazel Hall

FOOTFALLS

I

Life, be my pillow.
Forget, forget, forget
If I once asked for wandering
With never a thought of cold or wet.
Forget, forget, forget, forget
If I once asked for roads that fled
Before resisting tread.
Be nothing for my feet, life;
Be something under my head . . .

II

Motion, motion;
Life is meaningless
Save in its motion.

I will move, blind; I will feel nothingness,
So that, itinerant, I may unwind
Meanings coiled in my feet. And though there be
Only the meaning of futility,
Yet, moving, I shall find
All that is ever found:
Motion, and echoed motion,
Sound . . .

III

The tip of a fir,
And it is colored green,
Over a shiny roof is seen.
And who needs more, even if there were
Something more than the tip of a fir?
And who would think, even if they could,
Of roots and trunks that have stood, have stood
Through—but who would care how many springs—
Even if there were such things?
The feathery green
Tip of a fir
Is seen,
Seen . . .

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

Hazel Hall

HERE COMES THE THIEF

Here comes the thief
Men nickname Time,
Oh, hide you, leaf,
And hide you, rhyme.
Leaf, he would take you
And leave you rust.
Rhyme, he would flake you
With spotted dust.

Scurry to cover,
Delicate maid
And serious lover.
Girl, bind the braid
Of your burning hair;
He has an eye
For the lusciously fair
Who passes by.
O lover, hide—
Who comes to plunder
Has the crafty stride
Of unheard thunder.
Quick—lest he snatch,
In his grave need,
And sift and match
Then sow like seed
Your love's sweet grief
On the backward air,
With the rhyme and the leaf
And the maiden's hair.

The New Republic

Hazel Hall

MAKER OF SONGS

Take strands of speech, faded and broken;
Tear them to pieces, word from word,
Then take the ravelled shreds and dye them
With meanings that were never heard.

Place them across the loom. Let wind-shapes
And sunlight come in at the door,
Or let the radiance of raining
Move in silver on the floor.

And sit you quiet in the shadow
Before the subtly idle strands.

Silence, a cloak, will weigh your shoulder;
Silence, a sorrow, fill your hands.

Yet there shall come the stirring . . . Weaver,
Weave well and not with words alone;
Weave through the pattern every fragment
Of glittered breath that you have known.

The New Republic

Hazel Hall

THE SEA

Poets have talked too much about the sea.
Let who would speak of water tell of ways
A river follows, be concerned with haze
Of a dark lake where soon the dawn will be.
Let them, for beauty's aching sake, beware,
Who stand upon the sands in rich amaze,
Of shaping with the mouth a worded phrase,
Lest their thin breath should stain intrinsic air.

If they must cry the sea, the sea, what of
The silence that is beauty's very heart?
What magic will the word hold for tomorrow?
They will have sons who might have known the smart
Of sea song in their blood like joy, like sorrow,
And breathed the better for the secret love.

The New Republic

Hazel Hall

BROTHER RUGINO

They loved him more to know that he was mad,
And called him "Aged Brother of the Birds"
After the fitful manner that he had
And his odd way of twittering his words.

He was so old they half believed his age
Gave him a mystic wisdom from the rest,
And thought him priest of some strange heritage
And, like the cloister rose-trees, held him blessed;
But mad he was; he feared they tried to seize
His share of food, and starve him, so he stored
Olives and grapes and apricots and cheese
In the small drawer beneath his place at board,

And while the flying notion was forgot
A brother bore the hidden bits away
After the drawer was full, and come to rot,
Yet he would start to hoard again next day.

The brothers saw him often laboring late
In the back courtyard where the wash-tubs stood,
Bruising his fingers on a scrubbing-grate
To cleanse his brown robe and its heavy hood;

One evening after sundown when the bell
Had chimed the final summons into prayer
A brother found him still beside the well,
Washing his garment with impassioned care,

And said, "Rugino, wilt thou not come in?
The chapel fills; now should thy labors wait,
The sun is gone, and thou wilt sleep in sin
To leave thy prayers unsaid, and time is late;

"This is the third day I have passed thee here
Scrubbing thy garments at a time for song;
See—thy hands bleed—such work holds little cheer—
How long wilt wash thy brown robe? pray, how long?"

"How long?" Rugino answered him, "Amen!—
Till it is white"—and dipped the robe again.

The Nation

Ann Hamilton

INSCRIPTION

It is not hard to tell of a rose
That in another's garden grows,

Or the green shadow of a tree
That has cooled others, but not me,

Or the star-radiance of a sky
That heaven possesses, but not I;

The rose is a scent, the tree a shade,
The sky a temple God has made,

But you are mine—a flame that endures
To warm my soul as it warms yours—

How can I praise it when its light
Is the fierce pen with which I write?

Back to the rose. I cannot see
When sunlight is so close to me.

The Nation

Ann Hamilton

CHANSON D'OR

I shall have a gold room
When I am a queen,
With a poppy-perfume
And a jewelled screen;

You may come and see me
Any time you will
If you wear a green coat
And a gold frill;

I shall keep a black slave
Hidden in the wall,
Waiting to admit you
When you come to call,

And if you displease me
So that I am bored,
I will have him kill you
With a gold sword.

The Double Dealer

Ann Hamilton

CHANSON NOIR

When I am an old woman
Look at me and sing
How once I wore a magic gown
And a charmed ring,
And how I found a moon-flower
Once in the spring.

When I am an old woman
Look at me and say
That one lover held me
Through April and May,
And what was in my soul
When I sent him away?

When I am an old woman
Look at me and know
Why dream-petals waver
When ghost-winds blow,
And why old comets
Are slow.

The Double Dealer

Ann Hamilton

THE THEFT

I had forgotten what it was to wake
With days for spending, days like minted gold
Wherewith to buy back beauty known in youth.
I had forgotten how the flowers break
Wide open while the dim dawn still is cold
And lonely from night's passing, Time has sold
My credulous senses many a counterfeit,
But now I know the feigned thing from the truth
And make swift purchase though the buying's late.
Look! Here's a minted hour with a date
Dawn cut there with her last star's pointed spear,
It buys the thing that makes awakening dear
And rising beautiful. It buys the chair
Before the mirror (like a tilted lake)
In just the place I like to brush my hair
And listen to the wrens beneath the eaves,
And watch the warm breeze loitering to shake
The apple-blossoms downward through the leaves.
It buys the household stir which soon ensues;
The kitchen noises and the breakfast smell;
The cheerful sound of children in the tub,
Calling to me for towels or for shoes
Forgotten or mislaid! I cannot tell
The joy I have in linen on the shelves
This early hour, so smugly piled in twelves
Seeming to *wait* to wipe, to *yearn* to rub!

Old wandering Time, your wallet I purloin
And spend this hour as though it were a coin!

Contemporary Verse

Amory Hare

THE LITTLE THEATRE

They coaxed him from his barren lonely claim
And taught him how to stride across the stage,
And how to whisper love, and how to rage,
And how to smile in treachery's cold game.
He felt the mounting glory of his fame
When in the simple eyes beyond the beam
Of lanterns he could see the answering gleam
Of that which in his soul was living flame.

Now though the hail has stripped his acres bare
He watches but the gold of Rosalind's hair.
The prairie can be withered by the drouth
He only yearns for Juliet's young mouth;
And while the blizzard hammers at his door
He's locked with life and fate at Elsinore.

Scribner's Magazine

Gwendolen Haste

"I WALKED OUT ONCE BY MOONLIGHT"

I walked out once by moonlight;
I wandered wide and far
And saw a little village church
Beneath a great white star.

The village lamps were gleaming,
The tables all were red
For feast in homely houses
Where dinner cloths were spread.

A child stood by a gate post.
She tossed dry leaves at me.
"What is this town you live in?"
"It's Lodi, sir," said she.

"A little town?" "Ten houses.
Next year there may be more.
We have an organ in our church
And gas lights in our store."

"And stars. Don't leave the stars out."
"Stars aren't so much to see."
"Yours are so drunk with silence
That they creep into me."

"You're a strange man. You're not a ghost?"
"No, dear, no ghost, but I've
Two eyes where stars come all night long
Like bees into a hive;

And some day when the skies are dark
And the sun is black all day,
My head will let the stars fly out
To chase the dark away;

Let them run out like bees, my dear,
And fill the skies with light."
"Don't tell me that you're not a ghost!"
"Must you run, dear? Good night."

Contemporary Verse

Roy Helton

THE STRANGER

I hedge rebellious grasses in,
But when shall ownership begin?

The spider spins her silver bars
Between me and the cosmos' stars,

And ere I waken is astir
To write revolt in gossamer!

With beady and foreboding eye
The turtle peers as I go by:

The shell that shuts him in is stout—
Stronger the code that shuts me out!

What dauntless and primeval stock
Makes yonder stone its council-rock?

What old- indomitable breed
Takes this low bush for Runnymede?

Races whose titles run from God
Dispute my warrant to the sod!

I am Intrusion! I am Danger!
Familiar, but for aye—the Stranger!

McClure's Magazine

Daniel Henderson

THE MOUNTAIN TOWN

These are the days when I can love the town;
Now, when the year is clean and new and sweet.
When the great mountain schooners rumble down,
White-crested, and slow-moving, fleet on fleet,
Leading a spotted heifer, or a steer,
A rangy mule or two, a pair of hounds;
To barter for a flowered calico,
A ribbon for the red-cheeked daughter's hair,
And black tobacco for the coming year.
Now there is laughter in the open square,
Complaint of brakes, and cracking of the whips,
Loud banter while the old horse-trader's mare
Is auctioned—old songs vie with older quips.
The girls go flocking up and down the street,
A startled wonder in their hill-blue eyes,

Amazement and delight upon their lips.
Men, seeming much too large for crowding walls,
Stride down the street, and answer with a hail
The greetings of acquaintances they meet.
Boys strut the pavement in new overalls,
And trade unendingly in dogs and guns;
While wagon-hoods frame wan, madonna faces
That quiver into eager fleeting smiles,
And there is talk of undiscovered places
Above the soaring laurel-bordered miles.
Soon aflame azaleas on the mountain-side
Will smolder out and die; the laurel tide
Will sway and hesitate at summer's touch.
Then they will pass, these people that I know,
And understand a little, and love much.

(MacDowell Colony, Peterborough, New Hampshire.)

The Outlook

DuBose Heyward

THE ACQUIRED ART

I will forget that I have loved him.
What is loving, anyway,
But a different kind of breathing,
Of feeling things you cannot say?

When I move I will be careful
How I breathe, and when I sit
I will not clasp my hands together,
But I will read a book or knit.

I will not look out at the moonlight,
Nor think of tulips in the sun.
Forgetting must be almost easy
Once you learn how it is done.

Voices: A Journal of Verse

Annie Higgins

HER HOUSE

She looks below on paved earth—hears the stir
Such earth was made for, she looks back and faces
These rooms of measured light and spaces
They built and gave to her.
The sunlight stays but briefly on their floors,
And through the windows or the doors
No shade of moving branches falls
In lovely wildness on the walls.

This house was never hers. This house is dust
Strewn upon loveliness. Her house must be
Careless in beauty as a hill or tree,
Lighted and spaced and colored to its trust.

Build her a room that welcomes sky,
Blown petals, swift things going by
That pair their grace with hers; hang curtains there
That love, like butterflies, the air;
Make the walls smooth, but pearly to take
Like flesh all lights that form and break;
Lay pale green floors like still sea over sand,
To match an amber strand
Of hair, or eyes brown-gold.

Build her a place of silences to hold
Her images and questionings.
Make the walls white and give them wings
And curve them to the ceiling. Let the light
Fall golden there by day or blue by night
Through high-arched windows at one end.
Faint on the floor in diamond patterns blend
Marble and moonstone. Let all drapery
Be clear wine-yellow. Set one chair,
Black as a night, star-slender there,
With gleam of agate and of ebony.

And build for her a room that shall display
Symbolized, the gladness she has lent—
The quick bewilderment
At brightness in a world gone gray.
Bring pictures there that catch the glow she wears
(As the moon wears the sunlight), sculptured forms
Living with light like hers that warms
And kindles others, thus becoming theirs.

Build her a room for love—roofless to noon,
Stars, and the sword-edged moon;
With bright, wild grass about a pool
That lies on henna-colored stone.
Raise walls of yellow marble overgrown
With purple-blossomed vines, and cool
Their passion with white roses. Lay
Thin paths of sea sand. Bring for music there
The dusk of bay trees fingered by slow air
And bird notes high and brief on the blue day.

Broad lies her house on cloud and purple hill,
Pale-bright, and near, and still,
As waiting for a hand to draw its form
Downward to earth, with earth made warm
The glamor of its pulseless dream. But we
Have built instead these boxes of burnt clay,
Prisons to lock all loveliness away
In gray monotony.
We who are masters now of sea, air, earth,—
We speak our longing and it comes to birth;
Our wheels run smooth to do their work of power;
We change their pathways in an hour.
Yet though we talk with stars, and skim great lands
Like light, and hills are wax beneath our hands
We shall build prisons still for loveliness;
It does not die—we treasure it the less.
We take all beauty as we take the sun
It will be long before her house is done.

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry. Frank Ernest Hill

MIRAGE

There is a city islanded in light:
Coppery green and windowed wall of white
And plumes of steam uplifted pale and whist
Over a bay of water like blue mist.
Men must walk proudly where the sunlight falls
Across the soaring beauty of those walls;
Words must be music worthy of the dreaming
That summoned dross, and shaped, and left it gleaming
Farther from earth and sea than from the sun.
Toil must be promise there of things undone
Shining in things fulfilled, and love and sleep
Are sweeter in that city, and more deep.

Go toward the light. There is a gloom that rings
With the eternal war of men and things.
Go toward the silence. There is thunder poured
Dark through the canyon darkness. Towers have soared
To suckle shadows, trap the noise of men,
Tangle their stolen lightning in a pen.
Crowds at the corners herd upon their heels
To watch and wait upon a march of wheels;
Jangling their tided thousands press to feed
Long caverns of pale light and stuttering speed
Where living men are worms. Their streets are rooms
Troughed, roofless, with a wreckage in their glooms
Lifting its web to shake with sky-flung trains
The ghastliness of endless window-panes.

You will not find the shiinnng city in
These grooves of shadow and of gusty din.
Only at times high windows snare the light,
Smoke curls against blue sky to billowing white,
Tall spires are golden through a ghostly rain,
Roofs in the distance glisten green again.
A city shines beyond the city then,
Clear to the eyes, lost to the feet of men.

LUNDY

I.

Lundy lies silent under granite peaks.
Deer graze her streets at dusk. The east wind speaks
Where the blue spruce tops cool the canyon wall;
Other than this no life is there at all.
Yet there is scarce a broken window pane
Within these houses left to sun and rain,
And through the window gleam the things men used,
Lying disordered there, but unabused;
Hand-hammered andirons, monstrous water pails,
Stoves, lanterns, spiders black on rusty nails,
And striped blankets, chequered table cloths,
With colors still unmarred by mould or moths.

One road goes east from Lundy, chocked with grass;
One trail climbs west and south to Lundy Pass,
Tangles in crags and snow and plunges free,
Tumbling pine-shadowed toward Yosemite.
A stage once churned the dust on Lundy's road,
Mules hauling ore shook bells before their load,
High-caverned in a crease of canyon wall
The mine-mouth engine sent its shattering call
And loosed at dusk a tide of bare-armed men
To storm the doors of Lundy. Lights shone then,
The clack of chips came sharp through bar room doors,
Tunes drowsed above the swish of feet on floors,
Store windows glittered, movie music played,
And Lundy bloomed,—a flower that men had made
Among high ridges, all its petals gay
Where pines were dusk, snows white, and granite gray.

II.

May Lundy's mine above the canyon floor
Still folds, they say, its heart of yellow ore.
A sudden ghostly word beyond the hills

Echoed, and stopped its hundred ringing drills.
And life went then as life might leave a land
Where waves of garden dusk the desert sand
If high and far some mountain gate should close,
And snow-born water, prisoned with its snows,
Plainward should boil no more, and ditch and flume
Should crack in the sun, and orchards cease to bloom
Nothing had failed in drift or hoist or mill.
Death walked far off—some dusty codicil
Was mouthed in a dusty city . . . Wife and son
Wrangled with sisters . . . There was war begun
For Lundy that had hushed the engine blast,
Bade music cease, locked doors, called forth the last
Belled mule in dust, never to jingle back,
Poured the last drinks, put all the chips in stack
Forever, and sent the stage with silent men
Bewildered, nursing hopes that soon again
Far ghostly words might sound, and idle drills
Dig down for ribs of gold in granite hills.

III.

Lundy was cheap and little, you will say,
Built in a month—well ended in a day;
Mourn for the nobler cities men began,—
Cnossus, Mycenae, Sardis, Ispahan,
All death and dust now, name on lovely name,
Ash of the ages all their purple flame.

Yet who cares not that Gyges lost his ring,
Or Tarcondemos made an offering
Of forty milk-white bulls? Deep-drowned in time,
Garbled in night their passion, patience, crime,
Buried beneath old years, long worlds away . . .
But Lundy is the graveyard of today.
Grassed floor and harsh, snow-shadowed trail men tread,
Living, to look upon themselves, the dead.
This is not Lydia lost, Iran, or Crete;

Rails red with rain and grasses catch their feet;
Under the yellowing mill roof silence seals
Not Egypt, but the world of light and wheels.
Ghost-like they pass these dead but living things,
Whisper in ghostly streets where no word rings,
Their houses here are dumb, their lights are out,
A solemn Charlie Chaplin struts about
In colored poster, faded now and strange
As a shape in sand-pocked basalt. Chance and change
Are strong and sudden and they shattered here
Enough to cool hot hearts with clutching fear
Of what those hands can work that stole away
The joy of years from Lundy in a day.

IV.

Lundy lies silent in a seeming death.
Nothing but deer at twilight and the breath
Of wind among the spruce tops makes a stir
Where the sheer walls of granite shadow her.
But some who pass have turned the gray remains
Of unmilled ore, and tell of yellow veins
Lying between the mountain folds for men
To bring to sunlight if they dig again.
And some have chipped the road wall and have shown
Fragments of green asbestos. "This alone
Would lay the rails to Carson!" And their eyes
Shine then with visions, magic truths or lies.
The land where Lundy lived and sleeps is new,
Ruin is swift there, resurrection too;
Sardis is sand, —no days of trumpeting
Across its dust will ever start a king,
But these new hills where life we know has fled
May make their miracle with what is dead.
Far, ghostly words may bring a noiseless street
Ascending bells, the dust and drum of feet,
The stage may tear the turf-sown road, old bars
Shoot groaning back, and chimneys murk the stars;

The mine-mouth engine then may rouse, and call
Miners and muckers down the canyon wall,
New lights may kindle, clack of chips be loud,
Movie house music jangle at the crowd,
Till Lundy, mourned by men for dusty bones,
Bursts living through the husk of charnel stones,
Shakes free of cold, webbed sleep, shouts to her heights,
And struts the days' symbolic blacks and lights—
Bondaged to exultation, sweat and tears,—
To live and laugh again a thousand years!

Measure: A Journal of Poetry *Frank Ernest Hill*

EPITAPH

Here by this quiet pool,
Under the quiet sun,
 Frema remembers
How rose the beautiful
Lord from oblivion,
 Flame from the embers.

She dreams in light among
Legions of mortals whom
 Darkness convinces;
Dreams, till she hear the young
Prince by her lonely tomb
 Calling his Princess.

The Lyric

Robert Hillyer

SCHERZO

The flower-girl, singing, comes up from the river,
Up through the field to the street of the village,
Bringing her basket heaped high with the pillage
Of riverside violet, lily, and rush.

The rays of the morning flicker and quiver
Warm on her arms and her glistening face,
And twinkle on anklets that jangle together
With tinkle of bells and melodious jingle
As gay as a robin and clear as a thrush.

The wind is awake with her, fingering ribbons and lace
That flutter in tatters, bright like a paradise feather;
The wind is awake with her up from the river so early
With songs that are part of the sunrise and mingle
With the singing of birds in the willow.

The herdboys have lifted their curly heads from the pillow
Of grass at her singing,
And bow to her mockingly, make a grimace,
And laugh to the laughter that ripples her face
Till the hillside is ringing.

* * * *

Wind, wind, all night through the Emperor's gardens
You gathered the weary delight of the wise and the witty
And perfume that curled out of urns of gold.

Wind, all night through the city
You gathered the word that murders, the whisper that
hardens

The minds of men in a horrible mold.

Scatter the cargo you gathered, and blow through the
hair
Of the flower-girl singing at dawn through the street;

Scatter the cargo you gathered, and bear
The silvery laughter that rings from the hill.

I have opened my window. Pour over me; spill
All the spring at my feet!

The Outlook

Robert Hillier

HE SINGETH IN THE UNDERWORLD

Pure is the body in the earth,
The spirit in the Field;
Pure are the praises from my mouth,
Happy with two-fold joy.

The Serpent dieth in the place
Established by the gods.
Osiris liveth, and his throne
Is set upon the waters.

Thy beauties are a flowing stream
Resting the traveller,
A House of festival, where all
Adore their chosen god.

Thy beauties are a columned court
With incense burned to Ra.
Thy face is brighter than the hall
Where hangeth the moon-god.

Thy hair is rippling like the hair
Of women from the East,
And blacker than the doors which guard
The midnight underworld.

Thy face is azure blue, and bright
With lapis-lazuli.
The rays of Ra are on thy face.
Thy garments are of gold.

Thine eyebrows are twin goddesses
Who sit enthroned in peace.
And when thy nostrils breathe, the winds
Of heaven bend the grain.

Thine eyes look on the Mount of Dawn;
Thy hands are crystal pools;
Thy knees are sedges, where the birds
Sing in their golden nests.

Thy feet are on the happy path,
O Thou! the Favoured One!
Thou bathest in the Lake of God,
And goest on thy way.

The Freeman

Robert Hillyer

THE OTHER WORLD

Here are cakes for thy body,
Cool water for thy throat,
Sweet breezes for thy nostrils,
And thou art satisfied.

Here by the river,
Drink and bathe thy limbs;
Or cast thy net, and surely
It shall be filled with fish.

The holy cow of Hapi
Shall give thee of her milk,
The ale of gods triumphant
Shall be thy daily draught.

White linen is thy tunic,
Thy sandals shine with gold,
Victorious thy weapons
That Death come not again.

Take wings to climb the zenith,
Or rest in fields of peace;
By day the Sun shall keep thee,
By night the rising Star.

The Freeman

Robert Hillyer

TO NINE WHO VANISHED LONG AGO

O, beautiful, wind-blown,
Compassionate young nine!
Upon what fire-forged stone,
By what sun-kindled pine
Should kneel this body of mine?

From silver-silled long nights,
From prised webs of dew,
From valleys and blown heights
I have cried out for you
As Beauty bade me do.

How, how shall I fall
As leaves fall to a dust
That takes and tries them all?
How shall this being trust
Its range to the world's crust?

O, dead, deep-buried Girls
Sunk now to the fierce core
Wherefrom the soul's fire whirls,
How shall I suffer more
With none to suffer for?

O, beautiful, wind-blown,
Unanswering dear Nine!
Upon what brutal stone
Beneath what heedless pine
Shall I fling this body of mine?

In the still-chambered night
My heart gives tears to eyes
That ache for absent light,
Knowing, magician-wise
That sunk suns may not rise,

Nor with them the conceived
Sweet ministers to minds
Which now are interleaved
With waters and with winds
Where more than darkness blinds.

O, you who once deferred
The tragic fall of pain
Inevitable, who heard
The sad sweep of that rain
Which nourished man's first brain,

You who gave speech to men's
Far-fathoming strange gift,
Look now through the sharp lens
Of eyes that wetly lift
Toward storm too deep to rift!

Look! Look! This troubled soul!
This water in the eyes!
Lift up the broken bowl
And scatter to the skies
These drops which life denies!

Oh, vanished, vivid, Friends!
In what wind-raftered hollow
Under this sky that bends
With weight of sun and swallow
Lie the lost limbs I follow?

I—the infirm old child
Of a still-eager womb!
A ghost, among things piled
Like walls that make a tomb,
Haunting rembered bloom.

Raymond Holden

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

AFTER THE CIRCUS

I can remember how the memory
Of fat-hipped women and strong chalky horses
And men in red and gold hung heavily
From rafters in my eyes, how other forces
Recruited among peanuts and popped corn
Marched in my middle. I remember now
A miserable sense of having worn
Too small a hat, so that my dizzy brow
Reeled in the settling dust behind the mare
As we rolled homeward up the river breeze,
Pursued by blasts of trumpets and the glare
Of white lights hanging among high trapeze.
Yet, for relief, I have still more in mind
How a great bird I never hoped to see
With wings like winds of storm that beat me blind
Flew up and startled both the mare and me.
So great the power of its sudden flight
The very day was altered and my brain
Burst from its bonds and followed the sloped light
On through the maples to the bird again,
And then the look of clowns and the blare of brass
Was gone and something came to the road's edge
And the breath of it blew petals to the grass
And it took me in its arms and sang a pledge
I have not yet forgotten into me.
So much for circuses or for any event.
The coming away is the reality.
The coming to one's self is what is meant.

The Yale Review

Raymond Holden

WILD HONEY

Still in my fingers the stings
Still in my ears the sound
Of bees and their wings.
Still in my temples the pound
Of hatchet swings.
Still in the trees the sigh
Of silences.
Still from the hive of the sky
Darknesses swarming the trees
And among these
The Owl's cry.

O, Heart, Heart, Heart!
Let me more easily
Lift hands and part
The hanging certainty
And strength of home
Whereto I come
From the enchanted bed
Of stranger Beauty, she who sleeps
Forever in the deeps
Of heart and head!

Still in my ears the sound
Of bees, in my heart the pain
Of one more passion found
And lost again—
Lost and gone with the bees
To swarm strange trees of lonely
Planets unseen from these,
Leaving me honey only
And a starless breeze.

Raymond Holden

The Measure: A Journal of Poetry

FIREWOOD

The glittering crescent of my blade
Is stuck with juices of the tree:
There is the wound which I have made,
There are the dark boughs over me.
I swing the axe. The cones are shaken
And the shuddering tree begins to come
With ripping shrieks which might awaken
The gorged fox in his hidden home.
My blood is brightened and my eyes
Are blurred with flashes of a fire
That leaps like wind and only dies
When I have cut what I require.
The fresh chips falling in the snow
Have something for the sunny wind
Which rose a little while ago
In the old spruce forest I have thinned,
And I whose cheeks can feel it blow
Rest aching hands upon my axe
And have a desperate wish to know
What kind of flame my chimney lacks. . . .
Why covet skeletons for food
To keep a man from stiffening
With cold not made to chill the blood
Of fox's foot or bird's wing?

The Nation

Raymond Holden

DESERT

Sands, unbroken by mosque or minaret,
Unstruck by tower or battlement;
Sands, endless, unbounded, eternal;
Sands, quivering with reflected heat,
Undulating as waves upon a frozen sea,
Conjoining the sky in a coppered haze
Where monstrous demons, sight-conjured,
Tread reelingly a dance of sun-desire,

Twisting and turning in a burning maze,
Tireless, grotesque, sinister.

Billow on billow of extended barrenness
Horizons unto the uttermost beyond,
As endless as the vast, unclouded firmament
Within whose scintillating waste of blue
The sun's wide curvature burns far and still.

No spot of verdure meets the ever-seeking eye,
No icy pool where anguished thirst may be slaked,
No green oasis rearing crested palms aloft.
None of these, but in their stead,
Against the palpitating sheet of heat
Fantastic scenes appear and disappear,
Mocking mirages that quicken the eye with hope.

Magic cities stretch, white-walled, their rampart lengths,
Gay with a thousand fluttering pennons;
Swift, heeling ships on sparkling waters ply,
Each prow a-dazzle with the wind-flung spray;
Broad-limbed trees spread emerald shade
By charmed springs in forest deeps;
Cascades, all silverly gleaming,
O'er-leap some greeny-ferned hillside;
Plains, diapered with verdant flowers, reach afar,
Luring wearied feet to tread imagination's way,—
Empty visions of an empty land
Born of a brain whose nucleus is fire.

Contemporary Verse

Arthur Crew Inman

THE DESERTED BARN

Behind the barn, the sunlight seems
To flood the long-forgotten field
With golden calm. The forest curves,
An amphitheatre of living green,
High galleried with spruce and pine,

To make enclosure of the whole
Above the tangled grass, grown rank
With weeds, piebald yellow and white
With daisies, mustard, and buttercups,
The busy insect world quickens
The air with tiny life. Somewhere,
Invisible, a whitethroat sings.
And ever, against a drop of grey
Where rises to its eaves the barn,
A myriad swallows dart and swoop,
Exquisite boomerangs of flight.
Atop the roof a weather-cock
Still stands with neck and wings upthrust
As if about to shrill his taunt,
Pathetic now, that once this world
Of the crumbling human enterprise
Which he has surveyed so long—was man's

The Reviewer

Arthur Crew Inman

THREADS

When I was a young girl,
With a tilted chin,
Passed I by this door and that
Laughing at my kin.

Then there burst a red sun,
Spilling windless flame,
Spattering my ash-white bones
With a secret name.

Ran I to a wide door,
Where a candle burned
High above a hundred heads,
Not a face upturned.

"Poof!" I snapped my fingers;
"Poof!" I tossed my chin,
As the withered whispers begged
By the dance-way in.

In the strew of twilight,
Through the kitchen door,
Dragged I like a blinded hare
With the wounds I bore.

Now I am an Old One,
Remembering it . . .
And that old red cow of Christ's
Fallen in a pit.

Winifred Virginia Jackson

Boston Evening Transcript

STRANGE PATHS

There was a Way I used to know
That ended on a hill,
Where at the twilight I would go
And say me "I am still!"

But I no longer know the Way
And oh, my heart will break!
So many paths lead from the day
I know not which to take!

The Lyric

Winifred Virginia Jackson

RED WINDS

I hear the shadows moving among old trees;
I see cold, white mists face new ecstasies;
And I, a thing of tears
And fears.

I hear the dead feet travel in a row;
I see the torn leaves falling where they go;
And I, a sleeping stone
Age blown.

I hear the red winds of the west arise;
I see strange, wide and watchful, waiting eyes;
 And I, a thing of dust
 In trust.

Emerson Quarterly *Winifred Virginia Jackson*

DUST-SONG

Flick me from your broom's end;
 Fling me on the air;
Chase me with your silken cloth
 Round your room with care.

Dig me from your corners;
 Mop my brow's cold wet;
Rub me from your table tops;
 Word me with your fret.

Dust I am and Master
 Of your storms and calms:
I leap six feet under with
 You in my long arms!

Emerson Quarterly *Winifred Virginia Jackson*

THE SIN

No, I will not crawl away
 In some dark corner where
It is planned that I must kneel
 And say a prayer.

No, I will not crawl away—
 But stand and face my God,
And we'll discuss the weed
 That broke the sod.

The Lyric *Winifred Virginia Jackson*

A SHIP IN A PIER

A ship is a slight thing
To moor alongside a city.

Masts are frail
Against steel and stone.

Chanteys are silent
When streets are talking.

Sails are furled
Where the towers rise tall.

A city is white like lightning
And straight like pride—
And a ship is a grey whisper
Tired at its feet . . .

*If the ship were mine
And the masts black—*

*If the ship were mine
And the sails bronze—*

*I would make a chantey
Heavy with gold;*

*I could forget to know
That a city ever stood!*

Alexander Jarvis

The Measure: A Journal of Poetry

THE UNWILLING GYPSY

The wide green earth is mine in which to wander;
Each path that beckons I may follow free,
Sea to grey sea.
But O, that one walled garden, small and sheltered,
Belonged to me!

High on the mountain top I watch the sunset,
Its splendid fires flare upward and burn low,
Ah, once to know
Down in the twilight lowlands dim and tender,
My own hearth-glow!

Night falls. A thousand stars look down upon me,
But though from inland plain to ocean's foam
My steps may roam,
One clear fixed star forever is denied me
The light of home!

The Lyric

Josephine Johnson

THE LEVEL WAY

My road lies open, over level country,
Bare as the sea.
No sudden turn, no unexpected winding,
No mystery.

I dreamed of rugged paths to splendid summits,
Where far-flung views
Should lift my soul to heaven, and recompense me
For ache and bruise.

No heights, no dangers here, no high adventure—
I only see
The need of greater courage still for facing
Monotony.

The Lyric

Josephine Johnson

PIER

It is Pier by his candle, thinking one has called;
Grips his pen and stares at the words he has scrawled,
Mutters as he slips lean fingers through his hair,
To shiver in the silence: "There is really no one there!"

And he dreams that Eva was fairer than all the gods—
Candle whispers; dry thoughts rattle in his brain's dry
pods.

A cold wind is blowing across his soul's waste moors,
And one is moving, stalking him down lonesome corridors.

Pier digs in the sunlight turning up gloom—
Drops his spade and clatters into the quiet room.
Silent there as ever, low ceilinged, four walled;
There is no one there—no one has called.

Cackle witted, pain footed, Pier dabbles around.
Neighbors whisper, "There's Pier, where on earth is he
bound?"

Candle burns, lighting crescents in Pier's eyes like
moons—

Eva's face in the candle flame—else his thoughts are
loons.

It is Pier by his candle now—the lost is found;
His bark long adrift on a dear coast is aground.
What if thoughts grow big till they fray at the ends?
They weave you a pattern at least, Pier contends.

What if devils come blowing through the soul at night?
"They can't have it all," says Pier, "not quite.
If you've once seen her face as I have," says Pier,
"Devils or none"—What's this? There is no flame here?

No face! That is strange. Surely, Pier, you are evil;
No flame could escape without aid of the devil.
"Which way?" say the neighbors. "A flame cannot run."
To the woods? Well, now, you saw it? Well, this is fun!

Cackle witted, pain footed, Pier sold out his house—
Plain to be seen his poor wits on carouse.
Wandered off to the forest; he never came back,
And, for all we'd known of him, it was no great lack.

Oh, he caught her at last, at least in his way,
On a strip of water where new moonlight lay;

And he fathomed her out, this Eva he had known,
Holding in his foolish hand a dripping stone.

Pier walks in the forest—you've heard of Pier?
Owned the small house—it's been many a year.
Starting and peeping behind the trees' black boles,
You'd say, if you saw him, he was stalking souls.

The Fugitive

Stanley Johnson

THE RIVER JAMES

Narrow, sliding, darkly clear,
Little rivers
Kiss among the mountains.
Then is born the James
That in old days
Was named Powhatan,
Three hundred years ago.—
Powhatan the Indian,
James the English King.—
Arrived the Adventurers,
And called the River James,
Three hundred years ago,
And called the River James.

Three hundred miles
Runs the River James.
Bubbles cool the mountain springs,
Slides the narrow stream.
Maidenhair and rhododendron,
Flame azalea, dogwood, laurel,
Roots of hemlocks,
Giant hemlocks,
Where the Indian kneeled,
Cupped his hand and drank cool water.—
Seven miles at Hampton Roads,
That's the River James!
Wide enough for all your fleets,

Merchant fleets, men of war,
Wide enough for battles.
Merrimac, Monitor!

Wide enough, wide enough,
The old James,
The old Powhatan,
The solemn, vast, majestic River,
Flowing out to Chesapeake,
Flowing out to Ocean!

Red soil counties
Drop colour into James,
Albemarle and Buckingham,
Fluvanna, Goochland, Powhatan.
Red as sumach,
Indian red
Mountain clear,
Midland red,
Mix together, flow together,
To the sea.

The snow is melting,
The rains come down.
The voice is loud,
The voice of the James.
Freshet! Freshet!
Freshet and Flood!
Hoarse and loud
As a million bulls
Of Bashan!
The banks are naught,
The bridges go.
Danger and loss!
Danger and woe!
Flood—flood—
Flood in the James,

The ancient, mighty, tawny James!
Over the rocks at Richmond,

Between green islets,
Murmuring, rushing,
Beneath the city of the dead,
Beneath Hollywood,
Where the ivy grows so thickly on the oaks,
By Belle Isle,
By the Tredegar,
Smoke and thunder of god Vulcan,
Murmuring, rushing,
Over the rocks and among the islands—
These are the falls
That the Adventurers named
'Falls of the Far West,'
For, said they,
(In Sixteen seven)
"The South Sea, the Rich Sea,
May be six days march,
Not more,
Up this river swirling
Among emerald and odorous islands."

Below
The Falls by Richmond,
From of old
To this autumn day
When the leaves are the mantles of kings,
What ships have sailed,
What ships have sailed the River James!
Behold the gray-pearl canvasses,
The Susan Constant, Goodspeed and Discovery.
Ships of England,
Men of England,
Sailing by Point Comfort,
Marvelling at this River,
Coming to anchor,
Before a low Island,
Behold the Dutch ship,
Bringing black men from Africa,
Ebony men, strong men,

Rich-voiced men and women—
We have reft you from Congo,
We have brought you to James,
Henceforth it is yours,
Your River as ours!

All the ships
For London Port,
Tobacco laden,
All the sloops,
All the planters,—
The music drifts
From off the ships!
And the pirate too,
Flag of the pirate,
Blackbeard the Pirate daring the River!
Trade ships, slave ships, a thousand ships of the
Settler.

O River James,
Harken the singing,
Harken the sighing!
Ships of the Revolution,
Tarleton and Cornwallis,
Lafayette and Rochambeau.
Ships of all the Wars,
Dutch Gap thunders,
Harken the crying from the decks of the
Cumberland!

Regard
The Eitel Friedrich,
Ships!
The first ironclads and the last dreadnaughts.
And now,
Steamers with the band playing.
And now,
The air ship circles, circles,
Over James.

O my River James!
O rosary of memories!

The children play,
The lovers smile,
The old folk rest,
Beside the James.
Country houses,
Negro cabins,
Little towns,
Old mill wheels turning
Sound of water,
Touch of coolness,
Trees aslant,
A bright fish leaping,
Smell of the land
And smell of the ocean!

Canoe upon the James,
Far up among the mountains.
All is crystal, the canoe hangs double,
Dark is the Blue Ridge, and the sky a rose.

Lower down,
Old canal boat,
White and quaint,
Negro on the towpath,
On a mule
Fireflies among the willows,
Negro singing on the towpath,
Long ago!
Dugout under sycamore,
Ferryboat and ferryman,
River fog o'er all the lowland.
Lower down—lower down,
Little sailboats dipping, rising,
Long brown wharfs like stretching fingers,
Water fowl among the marshes,
Giant pine trees,
Low red sunsets over James.

The Reviewer

Mary Johnston

IN A GREEK GARDEN

We have known it all before, in some far dream,
These lines of fountain-water, willow trees
Bending over a myriad tulips shining,
And the white walls alight in the evening sun,
And stillness, but for the water falling shattered.
There was a time beyond full memory
When standing here, where we never have stood before,
We knew it ours, as we know it again today.
So in return the wonder all comes back
Familiarly, from the dream to the suddenly real.

We have intruded on a sacred place
Not meant for mortal sight. Oh, long ago
We had forsaken it for fear of the gods;
But now we would claim it from them back again,
To behold it today in wonder and delight.

Even these shadows wove patterns in times before
On this pale grass, and over swaying tulips;
And we have seen the evening sunlight slant
Through willows trailing.

If to see it again

May be but the late return of an old dream
Long since grown dim, oh, then remember well
How we stood breathless underneath these willows,
When we had entered through the amazing gates;
And made our ancient challenge to things unreal,
Through senses when the senses seem to fail:
*"This thing may vanish; therefore hold it now;
Even for this one instant hold it close—
Fill ears and eyes with it—drink up its air—
Gather its fragrance—bend before its light—
Then, let it vanish!"* But it does not vanish.
So we have proved with the old test of sense,
And found no dream. Oh then let us put off
Strangeness, and doubts from the doubting age we know,
And let them slip like garments down from us;
And feel the ageless wonder of this place

Sweep over us like tides of moving air—
Sun-filled blue air, that drowns us with its coming.

These are the skies of Greece, and Artemis
Poised here in marble, with her fair disdain,
Looks out into the West, whence gods must come
In the high splendor of their loveliness.
She waits some great event, who takes no pleasure
In gardens of the gods, or the slow passing
Of long, uncounted hours. She with her bow,
Artemis, comes not from her wildwood groves
Nor pauses here in shadow of marble walls
But for some strange portent that the gods must know.

These are the skies of Greece, and the day-moon, faint,
Like a high-blown feather, shows the depth of them
Unclouded to the tops of distant trees. . . .
Though we are mortal, in these formal ways
Let us move stately and slow, as if we too were gods.
Oh well we know these ways are not our own!
Why you are not half so tall as the fountain-water!
I could lose you behind the drooping ends of the willows,
And you are as nothing in this portico—
This pillared circular temple, with its rim
Of whitest marble high above your head,
That frames a round blue roof that is the sky;
You are as nothing here, but yet move slowly,
Being a god for a while. At least your eyes
May see this place as the heavenly ones must see it. . . .

Or break from stately ways and run as a nymph—
Put off your close black dress, and move in the air!
You are a stranger from a foreign land,
And have forgot that it is summer time!
Do you think the pool that laughs below your feet
Can mirror you in black? The marble fish
And the marble crab upon the sand-rayed floor
Would laugh at you, breaking out of their stone
To move in mirth along the floor of their sea!
Was ever a nymph in black in summer time?

Put off your little shoes and run in the grass;
And if a god should see you, do not mind it.
Artemis of the wilds would understand,
As she watches there, from the ever-depening shadows.

Shadows—shadows—shadows. . . . The late round
sun

Falls to the darkening West, and so is gone,
And twilight hangs in the warm haze of evening.
Now the wisteria along the wall
Looks whiter than blown foam, and tulips brim
In the half light with colors new and rare,
And violet shadows fall behind each leaf—
Dark leaf for green, against the marble wall.

To have seen this place after so many days
Is a coming back to an old forsaken dream.
We walk these paths now, and familiarly
Lean here against the columns, and look out
Over the valley below, and the pale river
Curving around the West past misty hills;
And even the ominous dark comes on as before.

There was a night in our lost familiar garden
When we stood watching the moon grow white, and knew
That Artemis must waken from her marble—
That all the gods must soon be coming together.
Almost we heard them passing, but did not see them;
And Artemis stood unchanged. And soon we felt
The time had not yet come; as standing tonight
Watching in silence while the dark comes in,
We know it is not the time. . . . But listen again,
And tell me that you can almost hear them passing
Beside us over the steps, with robes aflutter
And light feet pressing soft on the yielding grass.

We have intruded on a mystery
That soon must fall and fade and be no more;
But now while the hour lasts, stand quietly here
And see the moon and the ageless stars of summer
Caught in the circle of marble over this temple,—

All the blue darkness and height and brilliance of heaven.

Now are the edges of marble whitened with moonlight;
Pillars shine out, and shadows fall behind them,
While the high roof of stars turns slowly to Westward.

Artemis! Artemis, there in your marble niche!
Come alive and see a strange thing brought to pass!
Come alive and flee away—come alive and escape
Out of this place unholy! There is a sign
Must fill your eyes with dismay: look up and see it—
Here on this night at the highest point of heaven
Silently flash the long fires of the North;
Coldly Aurora shines athwart the moon
With shafts of light that waver and break and fade,
And rise again. O Artemis, be afraid!
What shall avail your long and disdainful waiting
Here in the North? Proud Artemis, be afraid!

Darker these skies than ever the skies of Greece;
More strangely cold and high and ominous.
Now is the new light shaken over the walls
In purpling colors, and red of the far North,
Unseen by the ancient gods. Here Artemis
Must stand all moveless in the unholy place,
With broken moonlight colored over the walls.

Oh, far is the moon, whose long light out of the West
Slants to this garden, faintly. She must pass,
Leaving the sky to shafted Aurora fires—
Silently moving lines of changing light.
Soon the moon must pass, and Artemis
Be wrapped in shadow, alone and proud and forsaken,
Under cold skies, in this garden of the North.

Come, let us close our eyes, and pass from the dream.
We have intruded on a mystery
More strange than any we knew in any dreaming.
Now with the wonder upon us, let us go—
Let us slip out through the gate in the slanting moon-
light

That soon must fall and fade and be no more.

Scribner's Magazine

Bernice Lesbia Kenyon

SAVANAROLA BURNING

I

And there are no more emperors in Rome,
Venetian doges, dukes in Florence, dead
The Medicis and Borgias, less than loam,
Their treacheries and inquisitions fled?
But who is this who haunts the Coliseum,
What spectres persecute the Vecchio,
Whose ghosts are these infest each dark museum,
Whose presence makes old mirrors shudder so?

And why does that long snake, the Tiber wind
Ironical and gild the gray remains?—
The slender, yellow Arno—is it blind?—
What causes it to murmur cold refrains?—
Where is the tree which felt a scaffold grow,
And that wild monk who made the heavens glow?

II

This mask, these holes—whose eyes, what crafty mood
Once lurked and peered and hatched malevolence?—
What dungeon did these keys enclose with blood?—
Who thought this crown bequeathed omnipotence?—
This rapier and its airy repartees—
Whose body did it pierce and apprehend?—
What secret poison could this ring release,
If any man embraced an evil friend?

The cypresses that grace the portico—
What is it they so darkly indicate?—
Can they be sentinels of graves below?—
What gruesome tyrant do they implicate?—
Where is the tree he sharpened to a stake,
Savanarola's burning flamed awake?

III.

The armies Caesar drove to conquer Gaul—
These are the arms and armor he employed?—
Where are the men who held the Roman wall,
Whose liberties their emperor enjoyed?
This is the wall that Romulus began,
And these the gates Attila's men destroyed?—
Where is the powdered hate, the fire that ran
And helped the rain and rats increase the void?

A withered sorrow taunts the memory,
A lone wind wanders, echoes cry and rage,
The willows moan a drooping monody,
A dirge which cannot soothe or soften age:
Where is the fervor, now oblivion,
The flesh, the spark, the smoke, the blaze, the sun?

IV.

And who are these who come with martial pace?—
What uniform is theirs, what measured tread?—
Whose awful spirit frightens each blank face
To keep the servile phalanx straight ahead?—
Would any vouch that these are flesh and bone,
Who move as one, yet are a multitude?—
Would any claim each has a soul his own
To walk again a chosen solitude?

Who brought them back, this universal horde?—
Is that a bugle blows a mockery?—
Whose voice is it—what ghoul or overlord
Can drive these stones like things no longer free?—
Are these the ashes such a man dared brave?—
Do these strange cowards rise from such a grave?

But why should men remember mortal dust?—
And what is there for grief to gather here?—
And why do kindred ask his fiery lust,

A body once, a madman's dream, to clear
The shrouds and sepulchres of centuries,
Reincarnate himself and burst the shell,
Come striding back and hurl fanatic pleas
To bring the blind the will to conquer hell?

And why should any fool commune with fire?—
What use is dust to dust that follows him?—
What can a carcass blown, in men inspire?—
What do they want of such a scattered whim?—
Far rather, let them strip another tree,
Each time a monk believes in liberty!

Alfred Kreymborg

Prairie (formerly the Milwaukee Arts Monthly)

RAIN INTERS MAGGIORE

It rains and then it rains and still it rains,
The village lost in rivers, lakes, and fogs;
Misery groans and mutters, execrates
The flying winds that bring the shrunken earth
Another wave of moisture fathoms deep,
The necessary moiety for seeds
To split their sides with drinking and emerge
As corpulent as cabbages or monks.

But who dares squeeze his head above the ground,
What man, inhabiting a mortal skin
And cramped, two-legged habits, has the skill,
Bravado, and resistance to defy
An open window or a door, for clouds
To mystify, bewilder, madden, blind
With vertical, oblique, criss-crossing rain,
Until the head, no longer dodging, break?

The mountains have a weary air and glower
At clouds that wind effeminate shawls and scarfs
Of black and gray reiterated, wound

About their foreheads, eyes and noses, mouths;
As if those stones were women and the world
Frail Puritans from London dreading nudes,
Unless the thing be masked and hooded safe
As ladies of Madrid who shyly veil
Their eyes and move behind dark draperies.

The people hide in houses, huddled close,
And have no talk to talk about who have
No topic which they haven't had before—
Each window like the rest, each view a sea;
And who can find surprise inside a room
Worn stupid, dull, monotonous and chill
With feet that know not where they go nor why,
That beat a rataplan upon a drum,
No matter where you beat it, sounds the same?

And who would venture forth in search of themes
To twine discussion round, when not a soul
Is on the road to tell you how it goes
With him, or doesn't go? And yet, suppose
You chanced to meet with such a vagabond—
Like some queer hybrid blossom in the dusk—
Would he turn idiotic, lift his chin
Out of his neck to tell you miracles?—
To cry, the slopes are dancing, wild with fire;
Camelias and mimosas, drunk with storms,
Have lit the night with red and white and gold?

The rain is steady now, a metronome;
No pause or syncopation dams the flood;
Conformity is king, the sky a slave
To humdrum, two-four tedium, christened God!
Go, put the kettle on the stove to boil
A pint of all this water from the soil;
And turn to China and a pinch of tea
To saturate our bleak monotony:
Italy's dead and dull, all Europe gray—

Take down that silken copy—Li tai Po—
Open his drunken rivers; let them flow,
And haul this junk, the Occident away!
Yes, light the lamp; let it provide the sun
That wars to finish hatreds have undone!

The Nation

Alfred Kreymborg

LIGHTLESS SUSAN

Softly through the ever-dark
Of her world of prisoned night,
Lightless Susan gropes about
Touching things of lovely light.

Like a blinded butterfly
Weaving color in the sun,
Over flowers and silken grasses
Susan's airy fingers run.

With an infant's sense of marvel
At the song of piping birds,
Susan reaches out for voices,
For the touchless sound of words.

With her soft, divining hands
Feeling over eyes and face,
Susan knows the friendship gifts—
Kindness, sympathy and grace.

Softly, like a lit, blind star,
Shining but not seeing light,
Susan passes through the dark
Of her sky of prisoned night.

Contemporary Verse

Alexander M. Lackey

TALK TO ME TENDERLY

Talk to me tenderly, tell me lies;
I am a woman and time flies,
I am a woman and out of the door
Beauty goes to come no more.

Talk to me tenderly, take my hand;
I am a woman and understand,
I am a woman and must be told
Lies to warn me when I am old.

Contemporary Verse

Vivian Yeiser Laramore

THE TICKET AGENT

Like any merchant in a store
Who sells things by the pound or score,
He deals with scarce perfunctory glance
Small pass-keys to the world's Romance.

He takes dull money, turns and hands
The roadways to far distant lands.

Bright shining rail and fenceless sea
Are partners to his wizardry.

He calls off names as if they were
Just names to cause no heart to stir.

For listening you'll hear him say
" . . . and then to Aden and Bombay . . . "

Or " . . . 'Frisco first and then to Nome,
Across the Rocky Mountains—Home . . . "

And never catch of voice to tell
He knows the lure or feels the spell.

Like any salesman in a store,
He sells but tickets—nothing more.

And casual as any clerk
He deals in dreams, and calls it—work!

Harper's Magazine

Edmund Leamy

THESE ARE BUT WORDS

THE SONNET

What other form were worthy of your praise
But this lute-voice, mocking the centuries
In many a silvery phrase that hallowed is
By love not faltering with lengthening days?

A lute that I have little worth to raise
And little skill to sound—yet not amiss
Your love may find it, since my heart in this
Only one thing for your heart only says.

These are no perfect blossoms I offer you,
No rose whose crimson cup all longing slakes,
Not moonflowers, sunflowers, flowers rich of hue,
Nor silver lilies mystical with dew—
No more than bluets, blown when April takes
Millions of them to make one meadow blue.

I.

I have been happy: let the falcon fly,
And follow swiftly where the light wings whirl—
Let him bring down the reckless wanderer,
Snatch back that eager rapture from the sky!
And I have been contented: let me cry
My discontent, until, like reeds astir
Before the swift, the tragic whisperer,
Broken are these frail dreams that satisfy!

I have known laughter: make me blind with tears.
I have loved silence: make me deaf with sound.
For every joy set vengeful grief above.
I will not shrink before the threatening years;
I will not falter, I will not give ground;
And I will love you as you would have me love!

II.

I have a thousand pictures of the sea—
Snatches of song and things that travellers say.
I know its shimmering from green to gray;
At dawn and sunset it is plain to me.
Like something known and loved for years will be
That sight of it when I shall come some day
Where little waves and great waves war and play,
And little winds and great winds fly out free.

Of love I had no pictures: love would come
Like any casual guest whom I could greet
Serenely, and serenely let depart—
Love, that came like fire and struck me dumb,
That came like wind and swept me from my feet,
That came like lightning shattering my heart.

III.

Life of itself will be cruel and hard enough:
There will be loss and pain enough to bear;
Battles to wage, sorrow and tears to share.
We must know grief—the bitter taste thereof;
Must mark the Shadow towering above;
Must shut our eyes to gain the strength to dare,
And force tired hearts to face the noise and glare
Though it is dusk and silence that we love.

Life has no need of stones that we might heap
To build up walls between; no need of tears
That we seek out and proudly make our own.
O my beloved, since we have alone
These brief hours granted from the hurrying years,
Be patient—life itself will make us weep!

IV.

There have been many Junes with larkspur blowing,
Many Octobers with crimson-berried haws,
When from my heart regret like smoke withdraws,

Wreath after wreath, to watch the sunsets glowing,
And see tall poplars make so brave a showing
Against pale skies at dusk. There were no flaws
To mar the summer for me; never pause
In my delight for winds and waters flowing.

Yet was all beauty beauty uncompleted,
Vaguely perceived, not truly heard and seen;
Or seen as are the hills with mist between,
Or heard as song thin echoes have repeated;
Until you gave earth meaning, giving me
The love that lifts the heart to hear and see.

V.

You have not known the autumns I have known.
November for you has bloomed as bright as spring,
With tropic suns to glow and birds to sing,
And flowers more vivid than mine in August blown.
You have made, beside, those autumns half your own
That come with ice and sleet and wind, to sting
The blood itself to ruddy blossoming—
Such autumns as the bleak North knows alone.

My autumns are merely quiet, and they show
Straight trees that are bared alike of leaves and snow—
Yet it is only thus you can know the trees.
Love proud enough to forego bloom and song,
To strip the boughs of foliage; bare and strong
To bide your judgment, would be most like these.

VI.

It would be easy to say: "The moon and lake
Made wizardry—how could we see aright?
That was a world unreal in silver light,
And we were lovers for the moment's sake.
It was youth spoke in us, quick to mistake
Earth-lamp for dawn, the mirage for true sight;

Hailing a hill-crest as the long-sought height,
Swearing such oaths as honors us to break."

That would be easiest: then no regret
Could chill a heart grown happy to forget,
Nor touch a soul that sophistry sufficed.
There was a man once, in a hall of trial,
Thrice before cock-crow uttered such denial—
And knows forever that he denied the Christ!

VII.

I make no question of your right to go—
Rain and swift lightning, thunder and the sea,
Sand and dust and ashes are less free!
Follow all paths that wings and spread sails know;
Unheralded you came, and even so
If so you will, may you take leave of me.
Yours is your life, and what you will shall be.
I ask no question: hasten or be slow!

But I who would not hold you—I who give
Your freedom to you with no word to say;
And, watching quietly, with my prayers all dumb,
Speed you to any life you choose to live—
Shall ask God's self, incredulous, some day,
Why in the name of Christ He let you come!

VIII.

No love can quite forego the battle-field;
Since life is struggle, and love and life are one.
No soul is quiet and sheltered enough to shun
The tireless foes at work to make love yield.
Not flowers and samite, but lance and shield
Were dower of love; not wreath but gonfalon;
And while the bitter struggle is unwon
Not even to faith is all the truth revealed.

Each heart its own most dreaded foe must meet;
Each heart its own conspiracies must lay,
And fight what it finds hardest to defeat.
Mine is it to meet Doubt in serried mass
Stronger and subtler with each toilsome day;
Yet steel my soul to swear, "They shall not pass."

IX.

It will be easy to love you when I am dead—
Shadowed from light and shut away from sound,
Held deeper than the wild roots underground,
Where nothing can be changed and no more said.
All will be uttered then: beyond the dread
Of failure in you or me, I shall have found
Most perfect quietness to fold me round,
Where I can dream while Time's years are sped.

But now Life roars about me like a sea,
Sears me like flame, is thunder in my ears.
There is no time for song, no space for tears,
And every vision has forsaken me.
In a world earthquake-shaken, lightning-charred,
Love is the hardest where all things are hard.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

Muna Lee

TO A FLYING-FISH

Of bird and naiad you are born, a sprite
Of air and water, wild and glad and free!
When white sails wing me o'er this warm delight—
The southern waste of lone cerulean sea—
My heart leaps up whene'er in riotous flight
You dart from watery realms of faery.

An envious diver hides her feathered breast
A moment in the waves, but you surprise

The cool green secrets of the sea unguessed
Of gull or mortal. Then, in magic wise
You change, and from a billow's curling crest
A bird, you sweep into the startled skies!

Whene'er the spendthrift moon her treasure flings
Over the waters, many a priceless gem
You snare within the meshes of your wings
That flash and shimmer, flare and flame with them—
Such emeralds, sapphires, diamonds, as kings
Have never worn in royal diadem.

What tender lullabies does ocean croon
In azure depths? Do nymphs and nereids smile
Upon you sporting in the surges strewn
With streaming stars, cleaving your course the while
Mid tall sea-flowers that swing and sway and swoon
Against the pillars of a coral isle?

A bright unerring arrow from the quiver
Of some mermaiden you are swift up-slung.
I watch the ocean mirror crack and shiver—
The sparkling fragments to the breezes flung
Alas, such ecstasy as yours forever
Eludes both human heart and human tongue!

The Lyric

Mary Sinton Leitch

FANNY BRAWNE

A star leaned down from heaven to touch a rose
With bright, ethereal longing and desire,
Wooing her trembling petals to unclothe
And yield her earthly heart to heavenly fire.

The rose that might have mated with a star
And shared a radiant immortality
Is now but dust as other roses are
That blossomed for a crimson hour—to die;—

Grey dust upon indifferent breezes sifting
Over old graves or through dim gardens drifting.

Poor fragile flower! You withered in an air
That was too starry for a rose to bear!

Contemporary Verse

Mary Sinton Leitch

THE POET

In the darkness he sings of the dawning,
In the desert he sings of a rose,
Or of limpid and laughing water
That through green meadows flows.

He flings a Romany ballad
Out through his prison bars
And, deaf, he sings of nightingales
Or, blind, he sings of stars,

And hopeless and old and forsaken,
At last with failing breath
A song of faith and youth and love
He sings at the gates of death!

Boston Evening Transcript

Mary Sinton Leitch

ONE ROSE

I cannot bear the beauty of one rose,
Therefore, I pray you, give me two or three—
A nosegay of them, that my eye may be
Distracted, and not linger over-long
On one; its heart holds too much mystery;
Within it burn the holy vestal fires
Of all the world's deep longings and desires;
All loveliness is there; so soft among
These tender petals such perfection glows,
I cannot bear the beauty of one rose.

The Nomad

Mary Sinton Leitch

THE SUMMIT

"Why should you seek to scale Mount Everest?"
They cry who blind and dreamless cannot know
What fires of glory and of splendor glow
Upon that lonely height, who think the crest
And summit of the world a waste of snow,
A wilderness—no more, who have not guessed
It is the Peak of Vision where the quest
Shall end with stars and suns to crown the brow.

Oh, I shall laugh to see the moon arise
And look upon me with a startled gaze!
Monarch of earth, invader of the skies,
Triumphant I shall sing my diapase.
While far below men crawl in clay and clod,
Sublimely I shall stand alone with God.

The Lyric

Mary Sinton Leitch

MOON-LIT MIST

You woo me Sleep, like an importunate lover,
Think you that I could find in realms of dream
A sight so fair as yonder mists that hover
On luminous wings above Lynnhaven's stream?

The moon is reaching down with long, pale fingers,
Feeling for earth that she has lost the while.
In vain, till not one eerie fog-wraith lingers,
Dull sleep may strive to lure me or beguile!

Be on my very heart the scene engraven,
This wistful beauty mine to hold and keep! . . .
Oh who that looks on my beloved Lynnhaven
Through moon-lit mist would yield his soul to sleep?

The Lyric

Mary Sinton Leitch

SAECLA FERARUM

I.

'Twas when at last the million flags were stacked
And all the hosts had signed the Great Peace Pact,
I saw before a winter's dawn the stars,
In skies as strange as if I saw from Mars:
The Dipper toppling on its handle-end,
Arcturus under, carrying out the bend;
Orion's Oblong tilted, twisted, slim,
With Sirius spurting fire atop of him;
The V of Taurus poised upon its point,
And moonless Dragon sprawling out of joint,
With Jupiter so bright, a fool had said
A comet's tail was arching from its head . . .
Aratus, when he sang his Catalogue,
Saw not the Shining Ones so far agog;
And no witch-woman with a Lybian cry
E'er charmed the Constellations so awry. . . .

II.

And then across the frozen marshes leapt
A train's fierce whistle while my townsmen slept;
And, as it died along the trailing smoke,
Upon the gap of starry silence broke
In jumbled yelps, threaded by wailings through,
The coyotes by the lake-side in the Zoo;
As if first startled in the prairie nest
By the first locomotive rolling west—
That line of moving lights they've ne'er forgot,
Behind the low stack flanging like a pot.

III.

So blew the whistles at the armistice . . .
The coyotes answered as they answered this. . . .
O never think that all of life is vain—
Though towns be built on dead men's bones in mud,
And fields, even when they best put forth their grain,

Be curst, as fertile but with dead men's blood—
Yes, though still issue from the Mountain Door
The unborn generations to be slain,
With unknown flags and engines for new war,
Till self-destroyed, on coast and hill and plain,
Mankind with town and harvest is no more! . . .
O never think that life thereby has ceased:
Eating and drinking and the will to strive
(And sleep by rock and rainbow after feast)
And the great thrill of being here alive,
Will yet remain in birth succeeding birth,
With trails still open from the north and east,
All up and down this goodly frame, the earth—
Will yet remain in fish and fowl and beast! . . .
And lo, the Beasts not only wake in Man
Hope for the Life-force still, beyond his span;
But offer him, before he sink and cease,
New life his own and intervals of peace . . .
Nay, more than Egypt's cult and India's Kine,
The Animals may vouch us the Divine;
And Man may yet outwit his doom forecast—
Even by becoming one with them at last! . . .

V.

Why were we all so self-absorbed in woe
Through those four years not very long ago?
We are not what we seem, and we have powers
That touch on deeper, other Life than ours:
Though path were lost that Christ and Buddha trod
Whereby the self may lose itself in God,
There yet remained to us the blest escape,
By sprawling trance in disencumbered hours
(With face and belly flattened to the sod),
Where self may lose itself in Ox or Ape.
But no man cropped the grass among the flowers!
And no man wound a tail about his nape!
Or felt the heat and rain, or saw the sky,
But with a human skin, a human eye! . . .

VI.

Yet all these years, whilst our one paltry race
Bustled with flame and sword from place to place
(So troubled lest man's great ideals die),
The old telluric Animals, I guess—
That sniff at hole, or stop with ears aprick,
Or cower forward from the young they lick,
Or with deep meditation prowl and pry,
Knowing their waters in the wilderness,
Knowing their seasons through the land and sky—
Repeated those vast worlds of consciousness
That furnish earth her answer to the moon
And to the sun and stars her reason why—
The Life-Force of her ancient night and noon:
From Arctic tundra to the pampas south,
By glen and glacier, on the seawardness,
Through belting forests to the river's mouth,
On shaggy mountains in the drench and drouth,
And down the air and ocean stream no less!
The paws, the wings, the fins, wherewith they pass,
And scaly bellies wriggling through the grass!
The fuzz, the fur, the feathers, and the chines,
And in the thickets bead-eyed balls of spines!
The spots, the stripes! The black, the white, the dun!
And stalking water-birds ablaze in sun!
Behind facades of motions, shapes, and hues,
Behind this moving veil, what news, what news?
When the Field Gray defiled through Brussels town,
What did the Bear devise on flopping down?
When Lusitania sank, was the Raccoon
Dreaming of fish in tree-top under moon?
When bayonets plunged (so skilfully withdrawn),
What felt the Tiger with his tooth in fawn?
When man's four limbs convolved in pain and hate,
What felt the Octopus through all his eight,
Cast on the beach by tidal wave at dawn?
What felt the Mole, the blind and blindly led,
Burrowing with paws and ridging earth with head?

What felt the Hawk, who, in the clouded night,
 Swooped to the pinfold by the window-light?
 Or Shark on back, with lower jaw agape—
 That chinless jaw, on top and toothed for rape? . . .
 What sense, where limbs stumped on without their toes,
 As Caterpillar's feet on stem or rose?—
 Where hands were claws and hooks (not made but born),
 And lips were lengthened into beaks of horn? . . .
 When lightning cried the slain from land to land,
 What mused the Turtle rounding out the sand?
 When boys and girls on Volga starved and Rhine,
 What smelt Rhinoceros and Porcupine?
 When the Four Sages under Mirrors sat,
 What pow-wows were the Jackals, Buzzards, at? . . .
 Huge as the monster Tank that lately rose
 Like Dinosaur from mud of fen and flat,
 The Elephant erects his trunk and blows:
 Is it his joy in Man which causes that,
 Or a straw tickling half-way up his nose? . . .
 What secrets in the purring of a Cat?
 The cooing of the Dove, the shriek of Jay?
 Or scream of Sea-Lion, tumbling flapper-finned?—
 The air is full of sounds, beside the wind. . . .

VII.

Have ye not heard how, as in womb ye grew
 (So long before ye waxed to men and slew),
 Ye bore from week to week trace merged in trace,
 There in the silence, of your pristine race?—
 The gills of fish, the two-valved heart of bird,
 The simian's tail, the huddled body furred—
 Well, then be comforted: for still we find
 Body is ever correlate with mind,
 And, whilst ye shared the frame of bird or fish,
 Ye shared no less its feeling, fancy, wish.
 And know: the heart, the tail, the fur, the gill,
 However altered, are our portion still;
 And so it follows: still the mind no less

Secretes some portion of their consciousness.
 The Muse of Darwin! . . . Next the Muse of Freud:
 We know that all we fancied, feared, enjoyed,
 From babyhood upon these shores of light
 Works still in us, most manifest at night,
 Whence dreams, they say, and ghosts, and second-sight.
 Why not the fancies and the fears and joys
 We shared before our birth as girls and boys—
 The animal sensations of our prime?
 Are these not there? Shall they not have their time—
 To link us, by probed memories within,
 Unto the larger life, the vaster kin? . . .
 Plotinus, Bergson, ye can gloss my rhyme!

VIII.

The stars ere dawn are twisted out of place!
 Something is working in my brain, my face!
 Lion and ferret, muskrat, eagle, deer,
 Penguin and seal, porpoise and wolf and whale,
 And horse and cow, and dog with wagging tail,
 Are circling round me, near and yet more near:
 From jungles, canyons, oceans, trees, and skies,
 From crags, from coves, from river reeds, they peer,—
 Earth's Animals, with old familiar Eyes . . .
 Whilst, ever since the hush of guns, I hear
 Familiar invitations in their cries.

The Nation

William Ellery Leonard

THE MOUNTAIN CAT

Inscribed to Stephen Graham

<p> I read the aspens like a book, every leaf was signed. Then I climbed above the aspen- grove, reading what I could find, On Mount Clinton Colorado. And I met a mountain cat </p>	<p> <i>Some words about singing this song are written this border along:</i> </p>
---	--

I will call him Andrew Jackson, and
I mean no harm by that.
He was growling, and devouring a
terrific mountain rat.
But when the feast was ended, the
mountain-cat was kind,
And showed a pretty smile, and
spoke his mind.
"I am dreaming of old Boston," he
said, and wiped his jaws.
"I have often heard of Boston," and
he folded in his paws—
"Boston, Massachusetts, a mountain
bold and great.
I will tell you all about it, if you care
to curl and wait.

"In the Boston of my beauty-sleep,
when storm-flowers
Are in bloom,
When storm-lilies, and storm-roses,
and storm lilacs are in bloom,
The faithful cats go creeping through
the cat-nip ferns
And gloom
And pounce upon the Boston mice,
that tremble underneath the
roses,
And pounce upon the Boston rats,
and drag them to the tomb.
For we are tom-policemen vigilant
and sure.
We keep the Back Bay ditches and
potato cellars pure.
Apples are not bitten into, cheese is
let alone.
Sweet corn is left upon the cob and
the beef left on the bone.

*If I cannot sing in
the aspen's tongue
If I know not what
they say
Then I have never
gone to school,
And have wasted
all my day.
Come let us whis-
per of men and
beasts
And joke as the
aspens do.
And yet be solemn
in their way,
And tell our
thoughts
All summer
through,
In the morning,
In the frost;
In the midnight
dew.*

*The mountain cat
seems violent
And of no good
intent
Yet read his words
so gently
No bird will leave
its tree*

Every Sunday morning, the Pilgrims
give us codfish balls
Because we keep the poisonous ro-
dents from the Boston halls."

*No child will hate
the simper or the
noise*

And then I contradicted him, in a
manner firm and flat.

*And hurry away
from you and me.*

"Not in all of Boston are there hunt-
ing scenes like that."

*Read like a gnarled
meditative*

"So much the worse for Boston,"
said the whiskery mountain-cat.

*Cat-like willow-
tree.*

And the cat continued his great dream, closing one
shrewd eye:—

"The Tower-of-Babel cactus blazes above the sky.

Fangs and sabres guard the buds and crimson fruits on
high.

Yet the cactus-eating eagles and black hawks hum
through the air.

When the pigeons weep in Copley Square, look up, those
wings are there,

Proud Yankee birds of prey, overshadowing the land,
Screaming to younger Yankees of the self-same brand—
Whose talk is like the American flag, snapping on the
summit pole

Sky-rocket and star spangled words, round sunflower
words, they use them whole.

There are no tailors in command, men seem like trees in
honest leaves.

Their clothes are but their bark and hide and sod and
binding for their sheaves.

Men are as the shocks of corn, as natural as alfalfa fields.
And no one yields to purse or badge, only to sweating
manhood yields,

To natural authority, to wisdom straight from the new
sun.

Who is the bull god of the herd? The strongest and the
shaggiest one.

Of if they preen at all, they preen with Walter Raleigh's
gracious pride:—

The forest ranger! One grand show! With gun and
spade slung at his side.

Up on the dizzy timber line, arbiter of life and fate,
Where sacred frost shines all the year, and freezing bee
and moss-flower mate.

Boston is tough country, and the
ranger rides with death,

Plunges to stop the forest-fire against
the black smoke's breath,

Buries the cattle killed by eating
larkspur lush and blue,

Shoots the calf-thieves, lumber
thieves, and gets train robbers
too.

Governor and sheriff obey his order-
ing hand

Following his ostrich plume across
the amber sand.

"But often for lone days he goes, ex-
ploring cliffs afar,

And chants his King James' Bible to
tarantula and star.

He reads his rainwashed Shakespear
on horseback, in the dawn.

He has made me quite a college cat.
My western ways are gone.

He spells in Greek, that Homer, as
he hurries on alone.

I hear him scan at Virgil as I hide
behind a stone.

He has kept me fond of fierce John
Brown, and Thoreau, cold and
wise.

The silvery waves of Walden Pond
gleam in a bobcat's eyes.

*Read like the
Mariposa with the
stately stem*

*With green-jade
leaves like ripples
and like waves,
And white jade
petals,*

*Smooth as foam
can be—*

*The Mariposa lily
That is leaning
upon the young
stream's hem.*

*Speaking grandly
to that larger
flower*

*That grows down
t'ward the sea hour
after hour,*

He has taught us grateful beasts to
sing, like Orpheus of old.
The Boston forest ranger brings
back the Age of Gold."

*Hunting for the
Pacific storm and
caves.*

And then I contradicted him, in a manner firm and flat.
"I have never heard, in the cultured Hub, of rowdy men
like that."

"So much the worse for Boston," said the Rocky Mountain cat.

And the cat purred on in his great
dream as one who seeks the
noblest ends:—

"Higher than the Back Bay whales
that huff and puff and bite their
friends,

Higher than those Moby-Dicks the
Boston Lovers' path ascends.

Higher than the Methodist or Uni-
tarian spire,

Beyond the range of any fence of
boulder or barbed wire

Telling to each other what the Bos-
ton Boys have done

The lodge-pole pines go towering to
the timber-line and sun.

And their whisper stirs love's fury in
each pantherish girl-child

*Sing like the Mari-
posa to the stream
that seeks the sea.*

*Speak like that
flower*

*With slow Olympi-
an jest*

*And cup-like word
Filling the hour.*

Till she dresses like a columbine, or a bleeding heart,
gone wild.

Like a hare-bell, golden aster, blue bell, Indian arrow,
Blue-jay, squirrel, meadow-lark, loco, mountain-sparrow.
Mayflower, sage brush, dying swan, they court in dis-
array.

The masquerade in Love's hot name, is like a forest-play.
And she is held in worship who adores the noblest boys.
So miner-lovers bring her new amazing pets and toys.
Mewing prowling hunters bring her grizzlies in chains.

Ranchers bring red apples through the silver rains.
In the mountain of my beauty-sleep, when storm-flowers
Are in bloom,
The Boston of my beauty-sleep, when storm-flowers
Are in bloom.

"There are just such naked waterfalls as are roaring
there below.
For the springs of Boston Common are from priceless
summer snow.
Serene the wind-cleared Boston peaks, and there white
rabbits run
Like funny giant snow flakes, hopping in the sun.
The ptarmigan will leap and fly and clutter through the
drift
And the baby ptarmigans "peep, peep," when the weasel
eyelids lift.
And where the pools are still and deep dwarf willows see
themselves
And the Boston Mariposas bend, like mirror-kissing
elves.
White is the gypsum cliff, and white the snow-bird's
warm deep-feathered home,
White are the cottonwood and birch, white is the foun-
tain-foam.

"In the waterfalls from the sunburnt cliffs, the bold
nymphs leap and shriek
The wrath of the water makes them fight, its kisses make
them weak.
With shoulders hot with sunburn, with bodies rose and
white
And streaming curls like sunrise rays, or curls like flags
of night
Flowing to their dancing feet, circling them in storm
And their adorers glory in each lean Ionic form.
Oh the hearts of women then set free! They live the
life of old

That chickadees and bobcats sing, the famous Age of Gold. . . .

They sleep and star-gaze on the grass, their red ore campfires shine

Like heaps of unset rubies spilled on velvet superfine.

And love of man and maid is when the granite weds the snow white stream.

The ranch house bursts with babies. Their laughing, deep eyes gleam,

Buffalo children, barking wolves, fuming cinnamon bears.

Human mustangs kick the paint from the breakfast-table chairs."

And then I contradicted him, in a manner firm and flat.

"I have never heard, in the modest Hub of a stock ill-bred as that."

"So much the worse for Boston," said the merry mountain-cat.

And the cat continued with the dream, as the snow blew round in drifts:—

"The caves beneath the craggy sides of Boston hold tremendous gifts

For many youths who enter there, and lift up every stone that lifts.

They wander in and wander on, finding all new things they can

Some forms of jade, of chrysoprase, more rare than radium for man.

And the burro-trains to fetch the loot, are jolly fool-parades.

The burros flap their ears and bray, and take the steepest grades.

Or loaded with long mining drills and railroad rails and boards for flumes,

Up Beacon Hill with fossil fish, swine-bones from geologic tombs,

Or loaded with cliff-mummies of lost dwellers of the land. Explorers' yells and bridle bells sound above the sand.

"In the desert of my beauty sleep, when rain flowers
Will not bloom,
In the Boston of my beauty-sleep, when storms
Will not bloom,
By Bunker Hill's tall obelisk, till the August sun awakes
I brood and stalk blue shadows, and my mad heart breaks.
Thoughts of a hunt unutterable ring the obelisk around,
And a thousand glorious sphinxes spring singing from
the ground.
Very white young Salem witches ride them down the
west.
The gravel makes a flat, lone track, the eye has endless
rest.
Fair girls and beasts charge dreaming through the salt-
sand white as snow,
Hunting the three-toed pony while
Mysterious slaughters flow.
And the bat from the salt desert sucks the clouds on high
Until they turn to ashes, and all the sky is dry.
Oh the empty Spanish Missions, where the bells ring
without hand.
As we drive the shadowy dinosaurs and mammoths
through the sand."

And then I contradicted him, in a manner firm and flat.
*"I have never seen, in the sun-kissed Hub, circuses like
that."*

"So much the worse for you, my cub," said the slant-
eyed mountain-cat.

And the cat continued with his yarn, while I stood there
marvelling:—

"I here proclaim that I am not a vague, an abstract thing.
I like to eat the turkey-leg, the lamb, the chicken-wing.
Yet the cat that knows not fasting, the cat that knows
not dream,

That has not drunk grey mammoth-blood from the long-
dead desert stream,

That has not rolled in the alkali-encrusted pits of bones

By the sabre-toothed white tiger's cave, where he kicked
the ancient stones
Has not known sacred Boston. Our gods are burning ore.
Our Colorado gods are the stars of heaven's floor.
But the god of Massachusetts is a Tiger they adore.

"From that Sabre-Tooth's ghost—purring goes the whispered word of power

In the sunset, in the moonlight, in the purple sunrise hour:—

That an Indian chief is born, in a tepee to the west,
That a school of rattlesnakes is rattling on the mountain's breast.

That an opal has been grubbed from the ground by a mole.

That a bumble-bee has found a new way to save his soul.
In Egyptian granite Boston, the rumor has gone round
That new ways to tame the whirlwind have been marvelously found.

That a balanced rock has fallen, that a battle has been won

In the soul of some young touch-me-not, some tigerish Emerson."

And then I contradicted him, in a manner firm and flat.
"Boston people do not read their Emerson like that."

"So much the worse for Boston," said the self-reliant cat.

Then I saw the cat there towering, like a cat cut from a hill,

A prophet-beast of Nature's law, staring with stony will,
Pacing on the icy top, then stretched in drowsy thought.
Then listening, on tiptoe, to the voice the snow-wind brought,

Tearing at the fire-killed pine trees, kittenish again,
Then listening like a lion, long made president of men:—
"There are such holy plains and streams, there are such sky-arched spaces,

There are life-long trails for private lives, and endless
whispering places
Range is so wide there is no room for lust and poison
breath
And flesh may walk in Eden, forgetting shame and
death."

And then I contradicted him, in a manner firm and flat.
"*I have never heard in Boston, of anything like that.*"
"So much the worse for Boston," said the wise, fastidious
cat,
And turned again to lick the skull of his prey, the moun-
tain-rat.

And the cat had ended his great dream of a perfect hu-
man race.
And I walked down to the aspen grove where is neither
time nor place
Nor measurement nor space, except that grass has room
And aspen leaves whisper on forever in their grace.
All day they watch along the banks, all night the per-
fume goes
From the Mariposa's chalice to the marble mountain-rose,
In the mountain of their beauty-sleep when storm flowers
Are in bloom,
In the mystery of their beauty-sleep, when storm flowers
Are in bloom.

The New Republic

Vachel Lindsay

RESURGAT

All the morning I have been peering at a flower,
And rebuking it in my thoughts.
The flower is wasteful and audacious—
It courts poverty and want.
As I look at the flower many maxims come into my mind.
I am distressed.

The flower has not chosen proper companions—
It grows saucily in dried grass—
In a place that is illkept.
Very near it is a garden that is orderly and quiet.
Where everything grows as it should.
The garden is always beautiful.
It will be beautiful tomorrow.

All the morning the flower has wasted its color.
It is tossed about by the wind.
It squirms in the wind.
It is shameless.
If I were not here no one would see it.
The flower is jaunty and insolent.
By tomorrow the wind will have torn it to pieces.

But I have forgotten that my back is toward the garden,
That I have not been looking at the garden.
I have been looking only at the flower.
I have absorbed the color of the flower.
I am holding my head in imitation of the flower.
The tugging wind has caught me.
I am resisting it gleefully.
I have become the happy companion of the flower.
Tomorrow we shall travel together.
Wherever I go tomorrow I shall go with the flower.
I do not care for the garden.
I have forgotten my maxims.
I have become wasteful and audacious.
I will give everything to the wind.

Contemporary Verse

Herbert H. Longfellow

SONG FOR A VIOLO D'AMORE

The lady of my choice is bright
As a clematis at the touch of night,
As a white clematis with a purple heart
When twilight cuts earth and sun apart.
Through the dusking garden I hear her voice

As a smooth, sweet, wandering windy noise,
And I see her stand as a ghost may do
In answer to a rendezvous
Long sought with agony and prayer.
So watching her, I see her there.

I sit beneath a quiet tree
And watch her everlastingly.
The garden may or may not be
Before my eyes, I cannot see.
But darkness drifting up and down
Divides to let her silken gown
Gleam there beside the clematis.
How marvelously white it is!
Five white blossoms and she are there
Like candles in a fluttering air
Escaping from a tower stair.

*Be still you cursed, rattling leaf,
This is no time to think of grief.*

The night is soft, and fireflies
Are very casual, gay, and wise,
And they have made a tiny glee
Just where the clematis and she
Are standing. Since the sky is clear,
Do they suppose that, once a year,
The moon and five white stars appear
Walking the earth; that, so attended,
Diana came and condescended
To hold speech with Endymion
Before she came at last alone?

The lady of my choice is bright
As a clematis at the fall of night.
Her voice is honeysuckle sweet,
Her presence spreads an April heat
Before the going of her feet.

She is of perfectness complete,
The lady whom my heart perceives
As a clematis above its leaves,
As a purple-hearted clematis.
And what is lovelier than that is.

Harper's Magazine

Amy Lowell

THE MIDDLETON PLACE

Charleston, S. C.

What would Francis Jammes, lover of dear dead elegancies,

Say to this place?

France, stately, formal, stepping in red-heeled shoes
Along a river shore.

France walking a minuet between live-oaks waving
ghostly fans of Spanish moss.

La Caroline, indeed, my dear Jammes,

With Monsieur Michaux engaged to teach her deportment.

Faint as a whiff of flutes and hautbois,

The great circle of the approach lies beneath the sweeping
grasses.

Step lightly down these terraces, they are records of a
dream.

Magnolias, pyrus japonicas, azaleas,

Flaunting their scattered blooms with the same bravura
That lords and ladies used in the prison of the Conciergerie.

You were meant to be so gay, so sophisticated, and you
are so sad—

Sad as the tomb crouched amid your tangled growth,

Sad as the pale plumes of the Spanish moss

Slowly strangling the live-oak trees.

Sunset wanes along the quiet river,

The afterglow is haunted and nostalgic,

Over the yellow woodland it hangs like the dying chord
of a funeral chant;
And evenly, satirically, the mosses move to its ineffable
rhythm,
Like the ostrich fans of palsied dowagers
Telling one another contentedly of the deaths they have
lived to see.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Amy Lowell

AND SO, I THINK, DIOGENES

I told them to look at an apple-tree
In a gust of blossom. They could not see.

I told them to notice people's faces
In quiet, unexpected places;

To catch the flying speech of eyes,
And stumble on some young surprise

Of joy as sharp as any dawn
Or afternoon across a lawn.

I told them to look at a thin, white steeple
Soaring above a throng of people,

And listen to the people's cheers
When someone spoke. They had no ears.

Instead, they led me to a hill
Above a bay. The noon was still.

The water in the bay was cold;
The hanging air was slack with mould.

Grave-stones were scattered through the grass
So close there was no room to pass

For any save the narrow dead
Who need no paths on which to tread.

Each scraggy grave-stone bore a name
And some brief episode of fame,

Some pious irony of grief,
Draped in the tatters of belief.

Misshapen flowers stood awry,
Too weak to face the staring sky.

The wind upon that barren hill
Was strangely sleek and strangely still.

A dreary shadow crept and crept
Across the gaunt graves where they slept

Who died so many years ago
And lay here softly, row on row,
With nowhere else at all to go.

* * * * *

They led me up and down the hill.
They said no word. The dusk was chill.

They left me at the edge of town;
They gazed at me, and up and down.

Their eyes were ghastly white and cool
Like fishes in a frozen pool.

They left me where I stood, and bent
With feverish ague, turned and went

Back to the hill. "But they are dead,
They do but wander home," I said.

The Yale Review

Amy Lowell

THE VOW

Tread softly, softly,
Scuffle no dust.
No common thoughts shall thrust
Upon this peaceful decay,

This mold and rust of yesterday.
This is an altar with its incense blown away
By the indifferent wind of a long, sad night;
These are the precincts of the dead who die
Unconquered. Haply
You who haunt this place
May deign some gesture of forgiveness
To those of our sundered race
Who come in all humility
Asking an alms of pardon.
Suffer us to feel an ease,
A benefice of love poured down on us from these magnolia trees,
That when we leave you we shall know the bitter wound
Of our long mutual scourging healed at last and sound.

Through an iron gate, fantastically scrolled and garlanded,
Along a path, green with moss, between two rows of high magnolia trees—
*How lightly the wind drips through the magnolias;
How slightly the magnolias bend to the wind.*
It stands, pushed back into a corner of the piazza—
A jouncing-board, with its paint scaled off,
A jouncing-board which creaks when you sit upon it.
*The wind rattles the stiff leaves of the magnolias:
So may tinkling banjos drown the weeping of women.*

When the Yankees came like a tide of locusts,
When blue uniforms blocked the ends of streets,
And foolish, arrogant swords struck through the paintings of a hundred years:
*From gold and ivory coasts come the winds that jingle
in the tree-tops;
But the sigh of the wind in the unshaven grass, from
whence is that?*

Proud hearts who could not endure desecration,
Who almost loathed the sky because it was blue;
Vengeful spirits, locked in young, arrogant bodies,
You cursed yourselves with a vow:
Never would you set foot again in Charleston streets,
Never leave your piazza till Carolina was rid of Yankees.
*O smooth wind sliding in from the sea,
It is a matter of no moment to you what flag you are
flapping.*

Ocean tides, morning and evening, slipping past the sea-
islands;
Tides slipping in through the harbor, shaking the pal-
metto posts,
Slipping out through the harbor;
Pendulum tides, counting themselves upon the sea-
islands.
So they jounced, for health's sake,
To be well and able to rejoice when once again the city
was free,
And the lost cause won, and the stars and bars afloat over
Sumter.
The days which had roared to them called more softly,
The days whispered, the days were silent, they moved as
imperceptibly as mist.
And the proud hearts went with the days, into the dusk
of age, the darkness of death.
Slowly they were borne away through a Charleston they
scarcely remembered.
The jouncing-board was pushed into a corner;
Only the magnolia-trees tossed a petal to it, now and
again, if there happened to be a strong wind when
the blooms were dropping.

Hush, go gently,
Do not move a pebble with your foot.
This is a moment of pause,
A moment to recollect the futility of cause.

A moment to bow the head
And greet the unconcerned dead,
Denying nothing of their indifference,
And then go hence
And forget them again,
Since lives are lived with living men.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Amy Lowell

IN EXCELSIS

You—you—
Your shadow is sunlight on a plate of silver;
Your footsteps, the seeding-place of lilies;
Your hands moving, a chime of bells across a windless
air.

The movement of your hands is the long, golden running
of light from a rising sun.
It is the hopping of birds upon a garden-path.

As the perfume of jonquils, you come forth in the morn-
ing.
Young horses are not more sudden than your thoughts;
Your words are bees about a pear-tree;
Your fancies are the gold-and-black-striped wasps buzz-
ing among red apples.
I drink your lips;
I eat the whiteness of your hands and feet.
My mouth is open;
As a new jar I am empty and open.
Like white water are you who fill the cup of my mouth;
Like a brook of water thronged with lilies.

You are frozen as the clouds;
You are far and sweet as the high clouds.
I dare reach to you;
I dare touch the rim of your brightness.
I leap beyond the winds;

I cry and shout,
For my throat is keen as a sword
Sharpened on a hone of ivory.
My throat sings the joy of my eyes,
The rushing gladness of my love.

How has the rainbow fallen upon my heart?
How have I snared the seas to lie in my fingers
And caught the sky to be a cover for my head?
How have you come to dwell with me,
Compassing me with the four circles of your mystic light-
ness,
So that I say "Glory! Glory!" and bow before you
As to a shrine?
Do I tease myself that morning is morning and a day
after?
Do I think the air a condescension,
The earth a politeness,
Heaven a boon deserving thanks?
So you, air, earth, heaven,
I do not thank you;
I take you,
I live.
And those things which I say in consequence
Are rubies mortised in a gate of stone.

The Century Magazine

Amy Lowell

THE IMMORTALS

I have read you and read you, my betters,
Piling high on the clear, brown shelves,
Mountain high, your very selves
Disguised in a garb of letters.

I have poked and pried beyond,
Seeking past words for how you did it,
While my mind was one tormented fidget
Like a stone-struck, shallow pond.

I have raveled your patterns out,
And matched them piece by piece as they were,
Till your hearts flashed again from the erstwhile blur.
Did I know then the rule from the rout?

Do I know how a flower comes—
A spurt of blue or a shoot of rose?
Plant a seed and watch while it grows.
Chrysanthemums, geraniums—
Let the scientists crack their craniums!

I know what paper is,
And I've handled pencils and pens and ink.
Does grammar teach us the way men think?
Can you narrow a man to a synthesis?

Build him from his parts if you can.
Shade him to color and cut him to shape,
Docket his method; something will escape,
And, presto! where is the man!

Two and two make four.
If your two and two will amalgamate,
But who knows the way to add moonshine to paint?
And there we touch the core.

I read you as I look at the sky,
Gratefully wondering at its fresh-flowing blue.
If I'm not, why I'm not, so why this to-do?
Must I disqualify?

Well, I won't my masters; so reckon
On the valiant rivalry of a flea.
I should lie to you if I never said "We."
You great gods, why do you beckon?

Clearly the fault is yours,
Flaunting a challenge I can't resist.
I declare my back has a permanent twist,
And my boot-straps are counted by scores.

Out of your anguish we see,
Out of your mighty rejoicing we are.
Your burning has seared us with a bleeding scar;
We strive in irony.

You most serene and dead
In your bright gardens! Our Gethsemane
Is planted with your immortality.
We walk with feet of lead.

With leaden feet we move,
And still with heads flung up and bared.
Fools, in that seeing, yet we dared
To follow you and prove.

Prove whether stars or ashes.
That's the touchstone, is it not?
Graven tablets or dry rot.
Well, the mist has sunny flashes.

The Century Magazine

Amy Lowell

EDUCATION

God is good, and teaches me
Sober facts continually.

He has taught me what I am
And the proper use of damn;

He has humbled me by showing
All the little sins worth knowing;

He has let me hear him laugh
At man's pious phonograph;
And has blessed me, with his touch,
For not trusting him too much.

The Nation

Virginia Woods Mackall

COUPLETS IN CRITICISM

CHAUCER

"Whan that Aprille"—These five hundred years
Your April is twelve months of smiles and tears.

DICKENS

He violated every rule of art,
Except the feeling mind and thinking heart.

HARDY

When Tess and Jude knocked at the Heaven of Fate,
Ironie Pity opened wide the gate.

POPE

No poet? Calculated commonlace?
Ten razor blades in one neat couplet case!

WHITMAN

For you the couplet's dry rigidity
Dissolves in the immeasurable sea.

GOETHE

Eternal woman in a Göttlich plan
Gave birth to him, an everlasting man.

BACON

Unriddle my mystery and you shall find
Philosophy and poetry combined.

DRYDEN

In verse the twilight of an elder age;
In prose the day-break of a modern page.

OSCAR WILDE

A delicate design that lay like lace
Upon the purple velvet of disgrace.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

The pursued and the pursuer. Life, turn round!
I, sceptic, am believer for that hound.

POE

O raven death that shrouds your luminous head!
Not you but your biographers are dead!

SHELLY

He has a man's shape and the effectual wings
Of angels and like man and angel sings.

W. B. YEATS

Gray cloud puffs fringed with hindered light, and seas
That run in deep and shallow mysteries.

SWINBURNE

The sterile craters of the moon are bright
From a sunken sun, flame-god of lyric light.

BLAKE

How shall a wise man, babbling like a child,
Tame jungle tigers and make lambkins wild?

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry John Macy

THE POET

I have composed the sun to my belief,
And strung the stars upon the thread of thought,
Confined the racing winds to whispered words,
And housed the universe in a woman's heart.

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry John Macy

HOME

He left his office for the street,
Glad that the night at last had come,
Eager to rest his tired feet,
And be with her at home.

He felt that he was growing old.
His dreams were now of bread and meat
That once were filled with beauty's gold,
And the wild sea and sweet.

And came into his mind the day
He had left ship, and sea, and tide,
That he might not be long away
From his slim-bodied bride.

Then, musing still, with wistful eyes,
Alone, he stepped into the night,
And there beneath those starless skies
Met the consuming light.

.

He did not know that he was dead,
But somehow felt that he was free,
And, from the road that homeward led,
He turned towards the sea.

The Fugitive

Hermann Ford Martin.

HILLS

You have not lived until you know a hill
That stands above a river. Elms are there
And maples for September; and the pine,
That strange tree-god that never sleeps at all.

Dead hills there are over the wide land
Whose rivers have forsaken them to winds,
Whose rivers have forsaken them and gone
Silently forever into the sea.

Young hills there are in new and treeless lands
Whose rivers ride like furies on their backs,
Cloud-born in tumult, raging for a day.
Leaving the young hills desolate and torn.

But there are hills whose rivers tend them well
And quench their thirst beneath the summer sun;
These are the hills that laugh with early buds
And chant the ancient epics of the trees.

You have not lived until you love a hill
That stands above a river. Oaks are there
And sycamores for moonlight; and the pine,
That strange tree-god that watches over all.

Contemporary Verse

John Russell McCarthy

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POPLAR TREES ARE HAPPIEST

Poplar trees are laughing trees,
With lilting silver call.

Willow trees droop weepingly
And never laugh at all.

Maple trees are gorgeous trees
In crimson silks and gold;

Pine trees are but sober trees,
Aloof and very old.

Black-oak trees walk sturdily,
And live oaks eager run;

The sycamores stand lazily
Beneath the summer sun.

But poplar trees are laughing trees
Wherever they may grow—
The poplar trees are happiest
Of all the trees I know.

John Russell McCarthy

The University of California Chronicle

GAYOSO GIRLS ARE GOLDEN

Gayoso girls are golden
And gleam forever where
In his still mind he sees them
Bright-limbed and bare.
Marble is naught, nor brass,
To living flesh that glows,
But though all flesh shall wither
Still Beauty blows
Over the pool of the mind
To man on his balconnade,
And Beauty ascends the stairs
And cannot fade.

The Double Dealer

Walter McClellan

NO ONE SEES BEAUTY

So many times have I made testaments;
So many times said farewell to the sun;
Brightened with tears the magic color spun
Upon the looms of spring; borne the last scents
Of clover fields beneath the dripping tents
Of summer clouds; turned sadly one by one
From roads and hills that beckon, seas that run
With my doomed dreams to far, lost continents.

No one sees beauty who has not seen death.
I know how dear is dust, how soft is rain,
How warm the grass, how deep the starry skies.
I know, who pay for loveliness with pain,
That earth is fairest fading from the eyes,
And life tastes sweeter with each faltering breath.

The New Republic

Anne O'Hare McCormick

TO NAUSIKAA

Nausikaa, running with your slender maidens,
White limbed and lovely, fair
As the hepaticas of northern spring
That stand half hidden where
The snow-fed streamlets sing
Their rhythmic song of quiet, mellow cadence,—
Here by the wine-dark, rippling sea
Do you not feel a stir of memory?
Here, like the flush of passion, quick and warm,
Spring mantles over winter like a storm
Of tropic splendour,—colour, strange perfume
And languor. . . . Nausikaa, have you
No adumbrated longings from the tomb
Of buried grandsires to imbue
Your soul with deep, hereditary desire
To build upon the hearthstone faggot-fire?
To kneel before it while the evening breaks
The darkening sky in golden, streaked flakes,
Eclipsing day where spring is fragrant, cool
And gradual in its coming to those lands;
Bending to see her face in mountain pool,
Touching the earth with white, virginal hands;
Each sense alert for love, yet in retreat,
Walking on palpitant and light-shod feet
Before too eager summer, from the south,
Coming with hot crushed flowers and grape-stained
mouth?

Ah, Nausikaa, in northern springs love does not go
Like dead leaves on the tide, with passion's death:
A nobler palimpsest for Calypso,
And calmed by winter's frost-hung vital breath,
With those cool hands Spring sets upon your hair
A wreath of pale hepaticas that hold
A balm for Ithaca,—the splendid flare
Of tropic suns, and in her nights so cold
And clear you find a recompense
For summer's spent magnificence.

The Lyric

Virginia Taylor McCormick

HEPZIBAH OF THE CENT SHOP

Can you not see her as she sat of old,
In that New England house of seven gables,
The shop a medley of dust-covered chairs,
Old books, what-nots and many-legged tables?
Scowling she looked upon the elm outside,
Then turned her gaze abruptly and in dread,—
A jew's harp, six pearl buttons on a card,
An elephant of crumbly gingerbread;
Striped candies in a tinsel-covered box,
Some hooks and eyes, a child's gay spinning top,—
Some of the things that caught her restless eyes,
To sell for pennies in the musty shop.

Miss Hepzibah, the scion of a great
And honoured family; her bony frame
Dressed in black silk, now shiny at the seams;
She muses on the chance by which she came
To this dull fate, aristocratic, old
And doomed by poverty and heritage
To stand apart and read life's book perhaps,
But never see her name upon its page.

**The Cent Shop and its windows looking out
Upon the Pyncheon elm, the narrow street;
And Hepzibah with hands against her breast
Retreating from the sound of children's feet,
Or shrinking at the bell's re-echoing clang,
As frowzy housewife enters to demand
Dried yeast, and failing this commodity
To shake at Hepzibah a threatening hand.**

A picture that is dimmed by time. . . . but still
I hear old Clifford's shuffling on the stair,
And open windows bring me Phoebe's laugh,
Or Holgrave's heavy voice blows on the air.
Miss Hepzibah, who lived beneath the scowl
Of portraitured old Pyncheon, time may wipe
You from the minds of others, but you stay
With me, a paling, wan daguerreotype.

The Lyric

Virginia Taylor McCormick

THE SOWING

April is a man,
Coming at dusk out of the fat loins of the hills,
Coming darkly with a heavy step,
Pushing a plow and splitting the earth open,
Splitting it open, revealing the night.
He smiles never, neither does he cry out;
Tramping far, tramping wide,
His breath is a gray mist
And a black rain follows in his footsteps.

And April is a woman,
Waiting with long fingers of willow,
When she laughs
Forsythia runs golden along all the fences;
When she weeps
Pansies look up with compassion;

And the apple trees,
Green bubbles iridescent,
Float on the hillsides.

When I knelt this morning, preparing my seeds in the
mist,

And my knees sank into the harrowed brown earth,
I knew that the apple stump crouching beside me
Was a brother.

I knew there were hands following the movements of my
hands,

Aching to lift and to scatter;

And I knew that the earth, waiting and waiting so long,
Was eager and breathless for our burden.

I knew there was a lover preparing himself in the Mo-
hawk Valley,

Another in Ohio, and one in Montana.

My hands sinking into the smooth seeds,

And into those that were wrinkled,

Touched lover hands from all over,

From England, even, and Russia.

I touched hands that had sown the old crops of the Nile,
Long ago,

Hands that had flung out the seeds of old China,

Long ago;

And I touched the fingers of the Indian planters

That had probed this soil that I knelt in—

While the apple stump moved nearer,

Whispering and longing.

April comes looking ahead,

April comes looking behind,

Comes with the past in the left hand,

The future spread in the right.

The grass turns green in the graveyards first

And grows tallest by the old stones;

Tombstones kneel in the new grass;

I and the apple stump kneel in the dark earth

Busy with our planting.

Handfuls of seeds,
I sift them into long slits of darkness,
Cover them over
And trample them down;
Handfuls of seeds,
I throw them far,
To the east, to the west,
To the north, to the south,
Wherever the rain hunts
And the sun comes after.
O reach high, you red-budded maples!
O reach high, you clean-thrusting steeples!
A man goes putting his right hand into the bowl of his
left arm,
Taking yesterday and the day before,
And slinging them wide,
The palpitant stuff of tomorrow!

The green drench of April,
The slow trek of April over the meadows;
How long from the seed corn to the cut stalk,
Standing one of a brown bundle late in September?
The corn is everlasting;
It stood silently
Watching us come while the Indian departed;
It will stand quietly
Watching us go and whatever comes after us.

Filled with the noons and the afternoons,
Of the days before,
The willows stand warm and waiting,
While the frogs count coins of the past,
The single pieces of silver, of gold,
The long-rippling stacks of cool copper.
The cows in the barnyard stand for the milking,
Milking by a woman whose breasts have grown heavy,
Who pulled the clothes from her bed last night
And slept naked with the April moon.

April is man,
April is woman,
The two are one,
And the one is tomorrow.
Now, earth and the mist,
I with the wrinkled seeds and the smooth seeds
Alone with an apple stump whispering.

We've forgotten the hands of the watches,
We've forgotten the tongues of the steeples,
We are in the fields and of them,
With the dark consecration of the planting:
Be fertile, O Earth, all of you,
Be fertile all the depth and the spread of you,
For our children grown many
And we lie in the nights listening
To the tramp of the coming generations.
Earth, mother,
Earth, pregnant,
You must labor and give forth—
Seeds in our hands, our hands in the earth,
We bow our heads
And we pray.

Frederick R. McCreary

Voices, A Journal of Verse

THESE AGELESS THEMES

Ah, yes! It has been said a thousand times:
The Hebrew poets sing it; the Greeks
Make it a stately splendor; glorious rhymes
Upon it grace the Roman scrolls; it seeks
A misty outlet in the Renaissance;
Italy voices it, the songs of Spain
Echo its melodies, and lyric France
Makes of its music an immortal strain.
But then, you see, it is all new to me:
As it was new to David and to Keats,

As it shall be, dear listener, when we
Are dumb in dust upon these busy streets,
And other singers, dreaming these old dreams,
Shall tune their lyres to these eternal themes

Harper's Magazine

Kirke Mechem

THE DEFEATED YEARS

The old men will crowd
Fireward, and sigh, "Alack,
She who was proud
With hair more sleek and black

"Than a crow's wing on snow
Is now burnt to gray—
That proud things pass so,
Alack," they will say.

The old men will nod
Each one a palsied head:
"Straight as a rod
She was, with lips more red

"And curled than any
Poppy after rain—
That she, loved by many,
Should live alone with pain!"

The old men will chatter,
For they will never guess
That years cannot matter
Or spent loveliness. . . .

A heart that is given
Once to the urgent flame,
Lips that are shriven
With a belovèd name,

Bear love's extreme
Honor; and breast and brow
Are set with a dream—
No years can mock her now

Who gravely meets
Time with a sharper truth
Than beauty earth defeats
Or the light lance of youth. . . .

(But the old men will crowd
Fireward, and sigh and say,
"She who was proud,
Alack, is bent and gray. . . .")

The Outlook

Marjorie Meeker

DAGONET MAKES A SONG FOR THE KING

Ay, ay, O ay, if love be lean in the halls of the jewelled
years,

Why set a dish of blood for the King, spiced with wine
and tears.

Let honor fly to the Witch's Moon,
While Death comes by on velvet shoon,
Ay, ay O ay, men laugh at fools when wisdom disappears.

Ay, ay O ay, red lips are salt, and the silver cups hang
low.

The world strains hard at a leash of hate, where green
song-fountains flow.

Throw dreams for dust in the Jester's eyes,
Love walks in a Fool's proud paradise,
Ay, ay O ay, if death be life, then all things dead men
know.

Ay, ay O ay, in a cloud of prayers time swings to a hid-
den key.

A glad today means a sad tomorrow, but the worm picks
out its tree.

The stars are woven of angels' hair—

Good friends are few, O King, beware!

Ay, ay O ay, for a morsel of truth, and the Lord-God
pity me!

Voices, A Journal of Verse

J. Corson Miller

JOY WALKS IN THE MORNING

I said to myself at the dawn,
The trees are a-tiptoe with wonder
At something they see at the sky-line there,
I will go out and find it.
It may be that Joy has come out for an airing,
I will lay hold on her garment of rapture
And make me a song.

Out of the city at last!
The meadow-lark led like a piper,
Piping the village forth to the feast and the dancing;
The wind sang a bit, and a ballet of poplars
Lifted white petticoats high;
The stage was all set, the baton was lifted—
Joy waited her cue.

But what was that queer little noise
Like one sighing?
That shrill keening noise, half-song and half-crying?
Like a helpless thing caught in a trap
And held there so long
It has almost forgotten its freedom,
So long it has been in the dying!

Only a child thinning beets,
It may be a Russian;
His face quite stolid and stupid,

Nothing uncommon—

Yet for a moment he startled me there
With his numb red hands and his tangled hair,
And broke the thread of my singing.

Back I went through the city gates

And I made me a song as I said I would

At the dawning—

But through it there crept a queer little sighing,

Half-song and half-crying,

Like a helpless thing gnawing its foot in the trap,

And very slow in the dying.

The Lyric West

Nellie Burget Miller

OLD BONES

I heard them talking, muttering and mouthing

While we rubbed the linen on the shining wet stones,

And for all the sun was blazing it made me shiver—

“Bonny, eh, she’s bonny—but *she’ll never make old bones!*”

Yet, when I looked at them—great-granny Dinger

And Aunt Mary Holly will be ninety come June,

Shrivelled up and yellow-gray and dim-eyed and wheez-
ing—

Then I stuck my chin out and I said: “I’d just as soon!”

I ran away to the pool in the clearing;

There I saw the whole of me, smooth and pink and
fresh . . .

Well, let ’em stay till their old bones crumble—

I’ll be going gayly in my sweet, young flesh!

Ruth Comfort Mitchell

The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post

NOT MELLOW SUNLIGHT

Not mellow sunlight
Slanting to smoky afternoons,
Not brittle stars,
Or flint-brown moons
Stay autumn for summer.
Skyward hot winds stalk crowds
Of heavy-headed clouds;
Spirals of dust spin dizzily
Through crumbling leaves.

Life lures men into words,
Yet from words to deeds is far,
Farther than wise words go.
Browse among slow, sleek herds,
Graze where salt pastures are:
Years bustle—so.

Twigs crackle to eaves-dropping gusts;
Lawns left uncut
For colder years,
Grow wild with weeds.
Dear, petulant wind,
Turning up grey sides of poplar leaves,
Scattering beads of fountain spray through sunlight—
From over tiled housetops,
Up steep, walled streets of cobbled stairs,
You carry, hesitantly,
Faint invitations
From delicate bugles.

Pompeian-red dahlias
Sway pompously for reply—
Fluffy, cushion-soft clouds
Puff up flippantly
Into blue sky:
Poets prance through their paces,
Lament autumns,

Speak well of springs,
Smear with damp hands of comment
All fragile, fleet things.

Plumed crests of pampas grass
Caution me dearly
How days pass:
Wake me to yearly
Recollections of lilies—
Tall hedges of callas
For walls of my world.

Fingers toughen
Tinkering with steel-cold words—
Thought casts lonely
Long shadows
In these pine-sweet lands.
I chafe at chattering birds—
Grow covetous only
Of certain deft
Fond hands.

The Dial

Stewart Mitchell

RIVER SONG

Sumpin' 'bout a river,
Kind o' gets you—sho'!
Dunno what, erzackly . . .
Jes' know dat it's so—
Dat you heah it callin'—
Don' keer whah you go!

You cyarn he'p but lissen. . .
Kind o' makes you mad!
Sumpin' 'bout its callin'
Kind o' makes you sad—
Lak you done los' sumpin',
Mebbe, once you had!

I's a city niggah,
Now—I done forgot
All my country raisin'
Down dere whah it's hot—
River keeps a-callin',
Sayin', "You ain' not!"

"You bleegee to remember
How I use to flow
Th'u de cane an' brambroo,
By yo' cabin do'—
Nussed you on mah buzzum,
You remembers, sho!

"All mah chilluns wanders—
But dey don' ferget!
Dey comes back to fin' me—
I don' never let
Go of 'em forever. . . .
You'll be comin' yet!"

I say: "River, lissen!
I don' want to heah!
I's a city niggah—
Good job, by de yeah—
Ain' no use, yo' callin'—
I gwine shut mah eah!

"Nossuh, I ain' goin'!
I don' want to go!
Plantin' corn an' cotton,
Like I done befo',
In de river bottom,
Ain' foh me no mo'!"

Plenty noises roun' me
In de city streets—
Plenty street cyars passin',

Plenty folks I meet,
Plenty autos tryin'
Knock me off mah feet!

How come I keep hearin',
'Bove an' over all
All de city noises,
Still de river call!
'Tain't no 'magination,
Nossuh, not a-tall!

I cyarn he'p but lissen—
Kind o' makes me mad!
Sumpin' 'bout its callin'
Kind o' makes me sad—
Lak I done los' sumpin',
Mebbe, once I had!

Sumpin' 'bout a river
Kind o' gets you—sho!
Dunno what, erzackly . . .
Jes' know dat it's so—
Keeps a callin', callin'
Twell you—up an' go!

Contemporary Verse Roselle Mercier Montgomery

ULYSSES RETURNS

I

PENELOPE SPEAKS

Ulysses has come back to me again!
I listen when he tells me of the sea,
But he has strange reserves . . . and strangely he
Stares in the fire . . . I question him, and then
He tells me more of arms . . . and men—
But there is something . . . *Heart, what can it be*

He sees there that he will not tell to me?
What swift withdrawal makes him alien?

Oh, there are many things that women know,
That no one tells them, no one needs to tell;
And that they know, their dearest never guess!
Because the woman heart is fashioned so.
I know that he has loved another well,
Still his remembering lips know her caress!

II

CIRCE SPEAKS

So swift to bloom, so soon to pass, Love's flower!
The sea that brought him, took him back again—
Ah, well, so is the world and so are men!
But he was happy with me here an hour,
Or almost happy, here within my bower!
He had his silences, his moments when
A strange abstraction took him . . . *I knew then*
That he remembered . . . slipped beyond my power!

I brought him strange, bright blossoms that were grown
In emerald gardens, underneath the sea,
We rode white horses, far beyond the shore—
I would not let him sit and think alone!
One day he held me long and tenderly . . .
I knew, I knew that he would come no more!

III

ULYSSES SPEAKS

Was it I, was it I who dallied there
With a strange, sweet woman beside the sea?
Did she race the wind on the beach with me?
Was it I who kissed her and called her fair?
Was it I who fondled her soft, gold hair—
While she wove and waited me patiently

The woman I love, my Penelope?
Was it I who lingered in Circe's snare?

Now my foot again in my hall is set,
And my keel is dry and my sails are furled:
Beside me, the face I could not forget,
That called me back from across the world—
But there in the fire . . . those red lips wet,
And that soft, gold hair by the sea-mist curled!

IV

PENELOPE SEWS

Oh, the hearts of men, they are rovers, all!
And men will go down to the sea in ships,
And they stop when they hear the sirens call,
And lean to the lure of their red, wet lips!
But never a Circe has snared one yet,
In a green, cool cavern beside the sea.
Who could make the heart of him quite forget
A patiently waiting Penelope!

Yet—there's never a roving one returns
But will sit him down in his easy chair,
While Penelope sews and the fire burns,
And into the depths of it stare . . . *and stare.*
The fire burns and Penelope sews . . .
He never tells—but *Penelope knows!*

Roselle Mercier Montgomery

N. Y. Times Magazine Section

TO CHARMIAN, UNBORN

My body folded tawny wings
To walk with slow, uncertain feet;
My body put off silken things
For linen, humble and discreet;

My songs that were as butterflies,
So frail they bore but phantom gold,
Cling to the earth, and dare not rise
Out of the withered grass and mold;

My laugh is dumb that fluttered wild,
My hands are bare of shining rings,
My soul goes fasting that a child
Be born for silk and song and wings.

The Century Magazine

Lois Seyster Montross

HER GARDEN

I was such a quaint old garden
And was kept so lovingly
For my mother was its warden.

And each new bright morning found her
Like some pale and slender flower
With her green friends all around her.

Every walk was laid with neatness,
Edged with moss or dusty-miller
Or white pinks of spicy sweetness.

There the royal purple pansy
Looked with scorn upon his neighbors—
Camomile and sage and tansy.

Summer brought old fashioned posies:
Mourning brides, and phlox and lilies,
Candytuft, bluebells and roses.

Autumn . . . how my heart beats faster
When I think of all its beauty
When I see the purple aster.

Grief can chill the warmest hours,
She has found another garden
In her arms are purple flowers.

The Lyric

John Richard Moreland

SEA LOVE

O I am never lonely if I can smell the sea,
Or hear the lyric thunder
Of the surf on rocks or sand,
Or watch the pale green water as it rises and turns
under
In a breaving wave white-tipped and beautiful;
While the wind drives some fleet ship
Straight against the cobalt sky
Till its white sails rise and dip
Like a gull.

But I am ever lonely in a city's crowded street,
Where the tide of life is beating
In the heat or in the cold,
And the waves are men and women, stern-faced that give
no greeting,
Ever moving like a stream that none can stay;
While the sky that covers all,
That great sea that surges on
Between buildings great and small,
Is smoke gray.

O I am never lonely if I am near the sea,
At morning, or at noontime,
Or at slipping of the day,
Or in the heavy darkness that gives way before full
moontime
When waves are still and wings and sails are gone,
Or in the deep of night
When a chill wind shakes the stars
Till they lose their yellow light
In the dawn.

The Lyric

John Richard Moreland

OF A CHILD THAT HAD FEVER

I bid you, mock not Eros
Lest Eros mock with you.
His is a hot distemper
That hath no feverfew.

Love, like a child in sickness,
Brilliant, languid, still,
In fiery weakness lying,
Accepts, and hath no will.

See, in that warm dispassion
Less grievance than surprise,
And pitiable brightness
In his poor wondering eyes.

Oh, delicate heat and madness,
Oh, lust unnerved and faint;
Sparkling in veins and fibers,
Division and attainment!

I bid you, mock not Eros;
He knows not doubt or shame,
And, unaware of proverbs,
The burnt child craves the flame.

The Century Magazine

Christopher Morley

SONNETS OF A REMEMBERED SUMMER

I

You are mistaken in your naive guessing
That novelty is now my chief desire.
You fail to see the thing that I am stressing
Is not these ashes but the former fire.
Some men, you say, have simpler ways for knowing

Than one who would wander in a backward path
Like undecided winds about their blowing
In spite of storms and winter's gusty wrath?

That may be, I am not one for denying
The things that were for those that cannot be,
And I regret that there is any sighing
Instead of wanton laughter over me,
So I say humbly of a race of men,
No, nothing new, only the old again.

II

You have a new voice from that other one,
The one I knew last summer and recognized
The moment I picked up the telephone,
The one that changed then, leaving me surprised,
The old voice of beaches and grey sands
And white sails in the distance growing dimmer,
Of stout sea-grass and sturdy sea-washed lands,
Of ocean, and a certain silent summer.

The new voice has an unsure note for me,
A note of the dawn-call of the golden plover,
A welling note of constant inconstancy
Like that of a frightened sea-gull winging over,
Or like a remembered song I might have heard
Meshed in the night cry of a hidden bird.

III

If you would ask me, then I might see reason
For answering lightly in another mood
That I'd seen twilights of another season
That moved less hurriedly my sordid blood,
That evening came down softly for me once
From silent heavens, before unheeding eyes,
Shouting no story with its bold magnificence,
Claiming no share of the sunset's glorious dyes.

But I would lie—there could have been no silence
Nor is there now, for all the new-lit heaven
And all the late-lit earth make one far flame
That outbreasts time and overtowers distance.
Burning one face there, and the twilight even,
Even the diffident twilight sings one name!

IV

You are away . . . tomorrow you shall return
Then it will seem right that it be Spring again,
Spring may with justice bring her silver rain
To cool the sky, her golden sun to burn
The earth to bloom, and I will not complain
Whatever lovely way her feet may turn,
I see stout reasons that I can maintain
When you are here . . . tomorrow you return . . .

You have not come. Tomorrow's bread is bitterness.
Tomorrow's April air is sour wine,
Today . . . I dare not look upon today,
Remembering that the pillars of yesterday
Crumbled because you did not touch them . . . mine
Is all this knowledge and all this loneliness.

The Fugitive

Merrill Moore

DECEMBER IN ARNOLD WOOD

Now Arnold Wood lies white with snow
Where Arnold Wood lay green,
And from the north the four winds blow
Along the winter scene,
And I still walk where we both walked
Together last in May,
But I am silent where we talked
Out all the things to say.

On every side I see spots
Where we would stop to rest,
The thickest, greenest, coolest plots
Where the pasture grass sprung best,
And now these tufts are covered thick
With a wintry weight of white
And the gray field-mouse and the partridge-chick
Are hid beneath from sight.

And men have come since we were here
And hauled away the stone
Of that low rock wall over there
You once called as your own
When we would lean and watch the moon
Rise while the huge sun set,
When midnight came on all too soon
For those that loved as yet.

Now Arnold Wood lies white with snow
Where Arnold Wood lay green,
And from the north the four winds blow
Along the winter scene,
And I still walk where we both walked
Together last in May,
But I am silent where we talked
Out all the things to say.

The Fugitive

Merrill Moore

O, VERY SOON, NOW

O very soon, now, over earth and sky,
Will come a special light, till it will seem
That hills and dim horizons where they lie
Wear once again some quality of dream.
And cool, keen odors where the ploughlands are
Will seek us out and make us strange and still,
Till we shall grow too thoughtful of a star
In dreamy splendor hurry above a hill.

And young girls strolling in the April street
Will laugh, not understanding half their laughter,
Nor the new light in faces that they meet;
And old men, watching them will think, thereafter,
How warm and friendly, now, the sun will fall,
O, very soon, on doorstep, yard and wall.

N. Y. Evening Post

David Morton

SPRING

Trees have a gesture of departure,
Yet forever stay;
Into what eager land they'd travel
No man may say.

In the spring they stand on tip-toe;
Yet, self-willed, remain
In autumn to let earthward
Their hopes like rain.

Yet forever a new spring cometh,
And their muteness swells
To the voice of one long risen
For long farewells;

Who with steps of eternal patience,
In eternal quest,
Would venture a truth too lofty
To be expressed;

Whose heart at times is burdened,
When no dream consoles,
With a heritage too mighty
For rooted souls.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse *Charles R. Murphy*

THE LAST LABOUR

From your short time of gladness in fair weather
When day and night before your eyes are drawn
And sun and star, arising, share together
The triumph and the meekness of their dawn,
And sweet earth breathes with sounds of life achieving,
And bird and bee and herd are on the hill,
And broad noon is gracious past believing
With peace of sun and grass, and fear is still—
You shall come then to a lost December,
Into the whip and stillness of the snow,
When the failing year's last glowing ember
Fades to white ash of winter, and you know
How cold, how hard, the heartless breast of winter
Is to your numbed and lonely selves that go
Each fruitless to your house where but the splinter
Of a frozen star is, ice, before your low
Unhaunted window, where each of you shall see
Earth shut against you, sky forbidden, traceless,
Where flowers of flame of absent days may be
Hung visions for such as you forever placeless—
There in the stillness, cold, futility
Of faith, awaits you now the final labour,
The venture of the farthest thrust from dearth
Of soul, with your almost despairing sabre,
Into space that is but hope unleashed from earth—
The steeling of your gladness in fair weather
To bravery as sun and flower are brave,
So that with sod and star you share together
The triumph and the meekness of the grave.

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Charles R. Murphy

NEW WORLD

Half-waked I hurried down the stairs to say good-bye;
The imprints of my feet were faint, and almost lost,
In stillness lying on the early morning house
As fragile and as delicately rough as frost.

Outside were last night's lanterns in the windless trees,
Thin blue, unnatural green, and yellow like the fruit
You moved across the room slowly to touch and take.
We held each other, drowsy, close, surprised and mute—

As if that other pendent paper globe, the earth,
Had gone out, too, last night, swayed softly, made an
 end,
And we had waked to morning in another world
Where there was no more need of speech to apprehend.

You went into the sun and may not be possessed
For long by that reality; but it will keep.
The startling, half-forgotten clearness of a dream
For me, who went back through the frosted house to
 sleep.

Louise Townsend Nicholl

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

APPLES FALLING

All night long, in the close September darkness,
The apples fall,
Loosening high,
Dropping with swiftly-muffled thud
Upon the ground.
And there is a line of straightness between that high,
Still, mysterious loosening and the ground,
And at the end of the line the apple,
Let down upon the earth,

Round upon round—
So that all night straight pillars are dropped,
Straight pillars with rounded bases,
Which will not show by day.

*So quiet is the loosening
One cannot tell at all
By the hushed dullness of the thud
How long has been the fall.
Some hung high and some hung low,
Each with a different length to go—
But thud and fall and muffled thud
And every sound the same,
And never a way for an ear to tell
How far an apple came.*
There is no thought now of red on green,
Here in the darkness.
There is no pungency of odor coming in
At the cool, wide square of black.
And the biting into them is unthinkable now—
The crisp sound of teeth in the watery white fibre of the
apple—
The juice, the seeds shaped maddeningly black and perfect—
Their crunching sound when chewed.
There are no vivid things like sight and taste and smell
Here in the thudded dark—
Only the dimmer, deeper, mystic ones
Of sound and an imagined touch.
Now for a little while that thought of touch must
linger—
Of how it feels to the earth to get and hold
Its rounded, dropping treasure.
There is quick, irrelevant need for an apple curved into
The hollow of a palm;
And then the soothing sense
Of the nest-like place the apple makes
In the matted, old September grass.

Then touch, too, goes, and there is only
Sound,
The hush of unseen red onto its unseen green.
The darkness, close and near, is punctuate
With apples dropping to the ground.
*They fall, but I do not see them,
Red on the brown-green ground;
And if my ear were stopped with sleep,
There would be no sound.*

And yet, here in the darkness,
Unseen, unheard, this would go on.
In a hundred long gardens of the earth tonight,
Where no ear is,
The apples fall.
No sight, no taste, no smell—
No rounded touch, no sound—
But apples falling, falling,
Falling to the ground.

Louise Townsend Nicholl

The Measure, A Journey of Poetry

IMPROVISATION

. . . *"the musing organist
... Lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay."*

. . . Out from the silence,
Out from the dim, far, pale-blue spaces
Come dreams lone wandering as a new-born world,
Dreams haunting as half-remembered lilac times
Of a long ago
When youth, hope-footed, sunrise-winged,
Lingered across an eagerness of spring
With all its dear, soft-fingered, passing moments . . .

...Great harmonies come in
Vaster than all the anguish of the moonlight
Roaming upon the fullness of the sea,
Head bowed, and pale hands hanging motionless,
Her grey eyes blurred and glistening steadily
With a heaving love of olden voiceless things...
...Chords strike like crying lightnings million-tined
In the fibred heart of night,
Emblazoning its vast purpureal vaults
With a blackness that is white...
...Gentle as dew in June
Come melodies soft and clinging
Like the scarf of velvet space
On the cool, white shoulders of eternity...
...Now lives a sigh of muted music,
Music like hues beneath a woodland pool
On which a silver breeze combs out her hair...
...From places vaster than twilight,
Vaster than death itself,
Come harmonies soul-mystic with the something-more,
Like lonesomeness watching from the autumn hills
Painting its image in the valley dews...
...Come cooling melodies like mossy curves in fountains
Where stately swans glide dreamily
Among pale rainbow mists of fountain spray,
Shaking shy jewels from their snow-white backs
Into the careless waters...
...Come artless, humble strains
Like old stone walls on long deserted farms,
Tumbled down, vagrant, gathering slow mosses...
...Strains flame like open fires
Eating their own wild hearts
To reach fierce fingers into the scarlet night—
Yet ever empty-handed...
...Comes a rippling, light as laughter
In her gauzy draperies,
Hiding for sheer delight in her own gold tresses
Which snare the urging hearts that follow her...

. . . Timid notes come a-tip-toe, tremblingly,
 Like poplar leaves upon the breath of dawn—
 Grey-green, green-grey . . . a-tip-toe . . .
 . . . Chords bloom like beds of flowers
 In which the full-rounded curves of beauty's breast
 Lie wandering where she has lately lain
 And dreamed alone . . .
 . . . Comes a music wide and wistful as an eastern desert
 Where sands which have kissed the sphinx
 Drift on forever—and forever—
 Seeking tiny spots of greenery
 Where live the fearless little springs . . .
 . . . Sweet notes fall flutteringly
 Like petals from fair blossom-laden boughs
 Still swaying where young love has lately passed
 Fleeing the long-desired lover . . .
 . . . Strains leap more fierce than loveliness,
 More fierce than thirst,
 More fierce than leaps the flame
 Which eats a martyr's breath.—
 . . . Comes a music like the yonderness kneeling in eyes
 Gathering flowers from the petaled soul
 And holding them to other eyes that yearn,
 That see and know, yet cannot reach the gift
 Across life's illimitable gulf of self . . .
 . . . Come harmonies like the heaven of a smile
 Arching with lovely flow of gold and honey
 Over a heart's high brink of happiness
 To drown the upward looking soul in peace . . .
 . . . Come notes like tears
 Whose whirling lavenders
 And pallid, gesturing muteness
 Draw swiftly in upon the burning cheek
 Till they wither to a saltiness of despair,
 Even to dead forgetfulness of God . . .
 . . . Come chords like the roaming trumpet calls of
 thought
 Going among the fanes and lofty columns

In the grey-white marble temple of the mind...
...There are harmonies that throb with the breath of
God...

Thus the dreams come and go—
And beauty will be faring;
From earth's rude hut we hear her shepherd's song,
And our burning brows are ever at the pane
Watching her move along the distant hills.
Father of Loveliness, pull down the shade,
Bid beauty hush her song
And hang her harp aloft a little hour,
That we may know the comfort of four walls
And the goodly, quiet candle-light of earth.
Place Thou the little book of happiness
Upon our knees—Oh, teach us to read the while—
Until the hour for sleep...

The Nomad

Paul S. Nickerson

A YOUNG BOY

THE DECISION

Let him alone, and when he is one year older
We will send him away to school.
This year he is twelve. (His eyes are colder
Than stars in a rainy pool)

Cold and clear, He bends his graceful head
Not to our sadness, nor to any other.
Perhaps, we think, he would have loved his mother;
But his mother is dead.

His round cheek is like a sun-sweetened apple,
And his brown throat is bare.
Is there any sorrow with which he must grapple
That we would not die to share?

He will not help us. He puts his thoughts behind him,
And not of these will he speak.
He is like the waters out of Nameless Creek,
Dark and still. There you may seek and find him.

There he dives like the gull, with the mill-sluice races;
His curving arm, dappled by shade and sun,
Rises and falls. But he comes not back for our praises
When the race is done.

A child is harder to win than any lover.
Let him alone—there is nothing more to say.
Lovely, elusive—when the year is over
We will send him away.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse Jessica Nelson North

THE SLEEPER

Night. O heavy breather in the surf of sleep,
What is that strange and rosy slenderness
You hold against your heart with so much tenderness?

The Sleeper. It is my wife I hold—
I love her more than life.
She has hair of bronze and gold,
And in twin strands divides it;
It lies across her bosom surplice-wise.
This I know to be true though darkness hide it.

Night. Now all things false dissolve beneath the moon!
This is a sheaf of whispering dreams you hold,
Bound by the tawny sinews of your arm.
They nod together with plumes of bronze and gold,
They breathe and are warm;
They speak together in a sibilant tune.

The Sleeper. It is my own wife.
Her mouth, that is merry and wise,

Is shut; and the lids are shut that cover
Her faithful eyes.
Night. A sheaf of dreams—hush!

The First Dream. She is untrue,
Brother and brother!
This one is new—
Where is the other?

The Second Dream. I hear men say
He had ceased to love her.
Even today
His voice can move her.

The Third Dream. I have seen her tremble
When she meets his eyes.
She is deft with lies,
She is quick to dissemble.

The Fourth Dream How is this done,
Brother and brother,
To sleep with one
And dream of another?

Night. A sheaf of dreams, of dreams . . .
The Sleeper. My wife.
My wife.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse Jessica Nelson North

SONS OF ADAM

Adam, wrestler with storms,
Lusted and walked like a man.
Over the wilderness ways
The feet of his questing ran.

He knew how the north rains slash,
The teeth of the winds bite deep;

Knew how the forests war
Over a world asleep.

Swarthy and lean and hard,
Savage as wind and rain,
He knew how the gaunt wolf feels
Gnawed by the hunger-pain.

Adam, wrestler with storms,
Battled and laughed and died.
And still to the savage joust
The rains and the lean winds ride.

But the sons of Adam wax fat:
Flaccid and fearful they drowse,
And count their beads in the dark
When the lean hosts rouse.

Mumble fat prayers in their fear,
Then turn their face to the wall.
Adam walked like a man,
But the sons of Adam crawl.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Wade Oliver

•

EVENTS

The queen of Egypt yawned and frowned
And twisted all her rings around,
Her thoughts were still, her pulse was slow
While kings and courtiers bowed below.
Upon a gem encrusted throne
The queen of Egypt sat alone,
Hating her sterile gorgeous land,
When, suddenly, against her hand,
Between two curves of tortoise-shell,
A sulky little rain-drop fell.
The queen threw back her head and stared,
And on her brow the lightning flared . . .

As Tristan and Isolde lay,
Dreaming their happiness away
Within the forest quiet-boughed,
A thrush came in a morning cloud.
And through the foliage of an oak
A silver fountain rose and broke,
Quivering leaves that drooped afar,
Still drowsing with the night's last star.
Embracing shadows grew estranged,
The dreaming of the dreamers changed;
The thrush sang on and Tristan slept,
But sad Isolde woke and wept.

Napoleon turned his horse about
And down the steepest path set out,
Letting the horse go on alone,
Picking his way from stone to stone.
The trees stood leafless on the hill,
The puddles in the clay lay still.
Napoleon set his gaze below;
The west was streaked with afterglow.
They struck the highway . . . up its side
The horse, without a warning, shied . . .
In scarlet water on the road,
Still as a sea-rock, sat a toad.

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry George O'Neil

SYMBOL

White stillness of an apple tree
Crowning a hilltop, with the sun
Striking this wonder down through me . . .
O delicate, complacent one!

In spring I am the wind that throws
Unbridled ardor up your hill,

And all your frail illusion goes,
And I am desperately still.

I come at autumn when your heart
Runs out its fire on every branch;
I touch you and you sway and start,
Stricken with frost, your torches blanch.

O you are beauty's agony,
But I will turn and speak no word,
Go down until are dead in me
Your foam-bough and your singing bird.

Voices, A Journal of Verse

George O'Neil

FIRST SNOW

Stand still in this strange glimmering
Inclosure of whiteness.
There is no living sight nor sound.
A bodiless lightness
Are we, without form or motion,
Buoyant in the soft and slow
Interlacing, mazing ghost-drift
Of the froth-clusters of snow.

We are cloistered with enchantment:
Steep walls of pearl must be
Encircling us. We are alone.
We two. Draw near to me.
What is this waltz of white myriads?
Moths gay-winged with pearl and lace—
Wilderness of cool blossom-birds—
Brief souls of this dim place?

How solitary each descends!
Almost two meet, then one,

With swift preen of crystal pinions,
Glides to faint death alone.

Draw near to me, lest we be two:
I alone, and alone you.

Martha Ostenso

The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post

ANY TIME, O LORD

The sky is sweet,
And the wind blows fleet.

Any time, O Lord,
When You pass by.

The flowers bloom bright,
And the grass lies light.

Any time, O Lord,
When You pass by.

To shine in a star,
Or flow in a stream,
To sleep another sleep,
Or wake from a dream!

Any time, O Lord,
When You pass by.

The winged shall fly,
And the strong climb high.

Any time, O Lord,
When You pass by.

She who is fair
Shall have roses in her hair.

Any time, O Lord,
When You pass by.

Who could have fear
To see another day,
To sing another song,
Or live another way!

Any time, O Lord,
When You pass by.

The Lyric West

Josephine Van Dolzen Pease

ALL THE DRY-VEINED WATCHERS OF THE SKIES

All the dry-veined watchers of the skies
Raise their frowning chins and whisper to each other,
There is a scar on the moon!
... But I know the name of the mischievous lover
Who painted a black rabbit on the moon
Because a maid pouted,
Thinking the moon whiter than her breasts.

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Vernon Patterson

A CANTICLE

Lovely is daytime when the joyful sun goes singing,
Lovely is night with stars and round or sickled moon,
Lovely are trees, forever lovely, whether in winter
Or musical midsummer or when they bud and tassel
Or crown themselves with stormy splendors in the fall.
But, lovelier than night or day or tree in blossom,
Is there no secret infinite loveliness behind?

Beautiful is water, running on rocks in mountains
Or bosoming sunsets where the valley rivers ponder,
Beautiful is ocean with its myriad colors,
Its southern blues and purples, its arctic gray and silver,
Blown into green frost-fretted or wine-dark in the
evening.

But still more beautiful than waters calm or cloven,
Than ocean thunder-maned or floored for delicate
springtime,
Is there no beauty visible save to our eyes?

Marvellous is the grass, friendly and very clean,
Though intimate with all the dead, the ceaseless dead,
It has great heart and makes the ancient earth forgetful;
It is not troubled by the wind and from the storm
It learns a radiance; all night it wears the dew
And in the morning it is glad with a pure gladness.
More marvellous than dew-strown morning grasses, is
there

No brave immortal joyousness that wrought the grass?

Who lifteth in the eastern sky the dark, gold moon?
Who painteth green and purple on the blackbird's
throat?
What hand of rapture scattereth sunshine through the
rain
And flingeth round the barren boughs of spring returned

Dim fire? Who stencilled with caught breath the moth's
 wide wing,
 And lit the ruby in his eyes? Whose ecstasy
 Set silver ripples on the racing thunder-cloud
 And flared the walls of storm with terrible dead green?
 What dreamer fretted dew upon the flat-leaved corn
 And twined in innocence of useless perfect art
 The morning-glory with its bubble blue, soon gone?
 Was there no hand that braided autumn branches in
 Their solemn brede and stained them with a sombre rust?
 Was there no love conceived the one-starred, rivered
 evening,
 And dipped in crocus fire the gray horns of the moon?
 They say there never was a god men loved but died—
 Dead is Astarte, Astoreth is dead, and Baal;
 Zeus and Jehovah share a single grave and deep;
 Spring comes, but Freia comes not nor Persephone:
 On temple plinth and porch the random grasses run,
 Of all their priests alone the white-stolled stars are
 faithful.
 Dead are the gods, forever dead! And yet—and yet—
 Who lifteth in the eastern sky the dark, gold moon? . . .
 There is a loveliness outlasts the temporal gods,
 A beauty that when all we know as beautiful
 Is gone, will fashion in delight the forms it loves,
 In that wide room where all our stars are but a drift
 Of glimmering petals down an air from far away.

Scribner's Magazine

William Alexander Percy

THE DELTA AUTUMN

Give me an ebbing sunset of the fall
 With chilly flare of cosmos-colored light,
 A white-winged moon in frozen, downward flight,
 Ethereal, naked trees where no birds call,
 Leave me to watch my infinite, gaunt river,

Its solemn width, its willow-purpled coil,
Its floor of hammered brass and azure oil,
Its silence where far strands of wild geese quiver,
And I'll not miss the hopeful, passionate spring,
Spring that knows naught of thought or masterful will
Or conquered grief or peace when cold winds chill,
But sings and struts with sunlight-dabbled wing
And is too sweet where men yet hate and kill.
Autumn as autumn comes in my dim-lustered land;
Of that be my dreaming, under the fennel-cruled sand.

The Yale Review

William Alexander Percy

FOUR CAPRI IMPROMPTUS

I

Sweet as the furze flower fainting in the noon heat,
The yellow furze flower tufted in a cliff above the ocean,
Floating its too sweet perfume over the peacock waters
And weakening the diving swallows half down the air—
So sweet, so weakening the breath of you comes to me,
 beloved,
When I lean over you, or even, even when I dream of
 you, my flower.

II

Mournful and miraculous beauty bathes the sea
When the rose-misted sun melts out
And for one perfect moment—
While two swallows can eddy and plunge their white
 breasts
From the cliff-crest to the beach—
The waters are misty rose for infinite miles

Save for the silver chariot tracks of the winds;
Curving and leading nowhere and always silver,
But edged, how strangely, with keen victorious green.

III

Just over the gray cliffs
In the blue brumal air
Glistens a faint unwilling Hesper,
His curls bound with a fillet of white fire.
Along the sky his steps seem slow
Like a young sulky god's,
So I should see him as he stands a moment
Dreamily on the cliff top, between the two twisted stone-
pines.
There he may pause and watch the blue lilies of the twilight
Like sleep-flowers on the fields of the still sea,
Blue-gray like sleep-flowers on the mountain flanks
And the coves of the unwindy coming night.
There I have stood on other evenings
Watching a long time the lonely twilight.
But the young Hesper has no heart to look.
Barely I saw his silver instep touch the top
And he was gone—
Running, running, not pausing for a glance,
Down the dark other side of the sheep-strewn cliff.
He is no shepherd:
He had no tawny wisp of net over his arm,
No net to cast in the foam-flowered breakers from the beach
Like a fisher-boy.
I think he has some love far down on the tilted side in
the darkness
To whom he hurries—
A nymph perhaps, maybe another star
With floating hair and a girl's silver body.
Surely with such a single amorous haste

Before the night is over,
Even before the Pleiads tremble up,
He will be with her,
Lying, I dare say, greedily,
The sweat-beads pearling still the curve of his shoulders
And his breast still heaving.

IV

I shall bring you blue morning-glories ribbed with purple
Or hazy-blue plumbago flowers.
But they will not please you: they have no perfume.
Shall I search higher and twitch a spray of golden gorse?
The bees cannot leave it
And it is sweeter and more golden than their honey.
Or I know a cleft above the sapphire ocean
Where grows one shoot of the wild oleander.

Its flowers are crimson pink:
Some say it is Adonis' blood that they are dipped in,
Others, more rightly, Aphrodite's own.
And their perfume when full open in the noon heats
Has often made a passing dryad drowsy.
Pan never nears their shadow except on tiptoe—
He has made lucky finds in their sleeping shade.
But you—none of these will content you,
Neither the blue morning-glories
Nor ash-blue clusters of plumbago
Nor gorse that is golden yellow
Nor blood-rose oleanders.
How shall I hope that my heart shall please you
Which is less lovely than these
But not less quickly withered?

William Alexander Percy
The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

We talked, the half-remembered sea beside,—
Blent with our words its murmurous voice and low;
Idly we watched the silvering grasses blow,
And now a sail the beryl harbor ride,
And now a tilting curlew, circling wide.
One moment thus—the next the wind's warm flow
Quickened and chilled; cried one with eyes aglow,
"Oh hark It is the turning of the tide!"

With far clear call the great deep veered once more
With swelling breast to the forsaken shore;
The sea flower drooping in its emptied pool
Lifted and lived in flooding waters cool.
So felt I once faith's turning ebb tide roll
Across the withering blossoms of my soul.

Helen Mowe Philbrook

*The Granite Monthly—The Brookes More
Prize Poem*

THE HARBOR

Boatlights are clustered on the smooth blackness
Like water-lilies,
With long, gold stems of reflections;
Stillness hangs
Like a shell
Over dark water long enchanted,
Except where the ships of war stand off the fort
Invisible
And sound faint broken warnings.
The Captain's barge leaves for town,
And the rat-tat-tat of the motor floats over
As though a gnome drummer rolled his mimic drum.
Then four bells, sweet, and slow and far,
And two bugle notes blown long and low.

An opening marigold
The moon comes up,
Soars changing to pale, lustrous gold
And nightlong pours a cool, blue light
On the June sultriness.
Suddenly the crowds
Drifting along the water front
Can bear it no longer,
They stir and turn homeward, clinging together,
Refugees from too great beauty.

Contemporary Verse

Josephine Pinckney

STORM IN THE HILLS

Close on the heel of night there came
A white witch gone astray—
So wan, so wild she was,
Lost in the solemn circle of the hills . . .
Far up the gorge I heard her come,
Her footsteps in the rush of rain,
Her breath caught in the sudden hush
Of winds that fled before her fierce dismay.
The poplars blanched at her white look
And shuddered back
In terror of her hair . . . her furious, strange hair . . .
The brook was mute—or whispered, and so low
You scarce could hear it as it ran,
Grey-silver to the moon, to hide
Among the watchful firs;
The frightened clouds stole swift and still
Up the black shoulder of the hill,
And then,
While all the valley cringed in fear
Of her mad mood, she wept—
I saw the moonlight on her tears!

The Measure

Frances Dickenson Pinder

MARIGOLD PENDULUM

I

Dear, with this tawny marigold
I send you Ophir,

I send you Spain,
high galleons from Peru
wallowing slow in parrot green water,

I send you the gold house of Nero on the Aventine,
the throne of Babur, the bed of Semiramis,

I send you the dromedaries of Zenobia,
the beryl jaguars of Domitian,
the yellow desert beyond Baalbek,
fresh minted drachmae of Heliopolis,
rugs of Sultanabad, amber and green.

Love, look with favor on the gift
and the rest of my wealth shall be yours
by the next caravan.

II

Will no one deliver me from the haunted moon?
When I lie abed thinking chaste thoughts
she crosses the floor, slips under the sheet,
and cuddles her icy flank against mine.
If I move to another room she is there before me.
If I flee to the other side of the house
she looks at me from a neighbour's window,
or stands on a rain barrel to wink at me.
Now I am always listening for her step.
On dark nights I fancy her hiding in the garret.
In the cellar I look to find her flushed and tipsy,
sitting cross-legged on a claret cask.
She is faithful as an unloved wife.

Once when her scattered hair lay on my pillow
I threatened to kill her. In derision
she drew a cloud over her breasts
and hid in the water jug on my washstand.
My thirsty knife severed only a long tress.
For a week now I have not seen her.
One of these summer nights I must find the way
to slip a knotted cord under her ears.

III

All night the wind ran round the house
hugging his sides with laughter.
Thunder tramped clumsily to and fro in the garret
dragging trunks and old bookcases over the ceiling.
The women folk pattered up stairs and down,
closing draughty doors, seeking each other's beds
to mix their long undone hair
and gibber like bats in cavernous twilight
when lightning thrust a yellow paw
in at the window.
I alone was glad of the tumult,
glad of the storm that kept me awake
to put my arm around the lightning's neck,
and clasping the tawny leopard against me,
to hear once more overhead,
through the hiss and crackle of rain
on the smouldering world,
the apple tree's gnarled hands
caressing the weathered shingles
on a night when I held
in the circle of two arms
all the sun's hoarded gold.

IV

Who tethered that white balloon
to the hilltop grainfield?
How it bellies and tugs,

whipping the guy ropes,
bending the oak tree pegs,
swelling rounded and higher,
crowding the very swallows out of heaven.

Knee deep in the hayrick
the sun at rest on his pitchfork,
in overalls stitched from a double breadth
of blue sky denim,
watches the glistening bag of silk
that fills and fills
with mounting vapour of ripe meadows.

Oh, love, to climb with you
into the wicker basket of the wheatfield.
Oh, to loose the straining ropes of twisted sunlight
that tie the white cloud to the hillcrest,
and rise and sail
dazzlingly over houses and steeples,
to see red barns and zigzag fences,
pastures shouldering green elm parasols,
rumbling carts that yellow dust clouds lope behind,
dangling thirsty tongues,
chugging engines that pant
sweating up long hills in nodding bonnets
of curled ostrich or aigrette,
snaky rivers striped with bridges
writhing across the haze of level plains
till the sea sets an icy green heel
on their envenomed heads,
while swarming houses run to crowd the wharves
and dabble their toes in the surf,
where the sailing ships
clap shining hands on the horizon
and steamers toss dark windy hair.

Then at evening to rise yet higher,
rung after rung up the laddered atmosphere,

through emptiness like a hollow dish
to the highest shelf of thunder,
and there above cockcrow, above cannon,
peeping over the world's tanned shoulder
down the pale abyss where the sun stables at night
to brighten his rusting harness,
and the stars polish their silver cups by day,
to loose a pigeon of lightning
from a hamper of storm.

V

On the barn's peak the moon sits washing her whiskers.
Now she blinks a green eye, slowly arches her back,
and walking along the gable on satin pads
glares at me hungrily.
All day she looked so demure.
When I lay on my back in the deep grass,
watching her prowling the sky eaves, and leap
over fences of blue
I never guessed she could show so thirsty a tooth.
To-night I am afraid of her.
I wish she had not seen me here at the window
observing her antics.
She is not nearly so attractive as by day,
sly creature, rusted with mange,
and one ear gone, I see, in the fight she had
with the orange leopard that owns the morning.

VI

Thunder hops on the garret roof,
rain scampers over the shingles,
old father God with a flash of his testy eye
slams the gold window of Paradise,
pulls a torn shade across eternal splendour.

On these rotted silks
where the moths' scissors slashed and snipped,
the years have wiped their yellow brushes.
Fold them away, dear, with the wasp-waisted spoons
in their flannel dressing gowns.
Let us wonder no more to whom they belonged.
It is enough to remember they will still be here
when we and our love are dust.
But let us sit with an open book on our knees
turning pages the pedantic worms have annotated
with crabbed wisdom and obscure geometry,
where mildew inscribes with a blue pencil
poems in forgotten alphabets,
and when the storm pauses
to shake the dank hair from his eyes
and resin the bow of his cracked fiddle,
we shall hear through the green humming of rain
as it lays a cold cheek on the cobwebbed glass,
all those curious noises that the dust makes
gently settling
on the cracked furniture of discarded lives.

VII

Summer's gold pendulum slower swinging
gleams through the fog-dimmed glass
of the year's tall clock.
Come with me, love, wrap your bright shoulders
warm in the swallow's cloak, and fly with me
over the brown stubble of reaped fields,
to rest side by side on a telephone wire
watching the loaded hay carts crawl important
like fat caterpillars down a leafblade of road,
or at evening to bend against the silver trance
of still pools where the sunset holds
long and long
the print of our wing tips,
till we find a lost blue key

that winds the intricate spring
behind a red pumpkin moon
and a nipped marigold sun.

VIII

They are all yours:
images plucked with the wild Turk's-cap lily
in deep reedy meadows guarded
by the darting regiment
of dragonflies in burnished cuirass.

Yours the songs I make
when weary with searching
I come with the tang of salt winds on my lips
and the beating of moth wings in my blood,
to hold my joy in the blue leaping world
and the tall dancing sun with yellow hair
against the wheel of my mind,
as the Greek cutter wrought
in the hard translucence
of sard or of jasper
the body of Eros.

Yours because all loveliness
is a polished shield in whose hollow
I see your eyes.

And my poems are a fire
lighted on the brink of night and death
where I hurl like driftwood
moon, stars, and sun,
kingdoms, galleons, caravans,
with hell and god and the four archangels,
the better to see your face.

The Dial

Dudley Poore

MAROUF

Was it Marouf who found at the roots of the mountain
a palace of glass
where he lay with a Peri
tasting ripe figs, spicy quinces, luscious melons,
while sleek-breasted nightingales
hatched in the gardens of the moon
warbled officious approbation?

That was a feast no doubt
to gladden the bowels of Nebuchadnezzar,
yet now I remember
I was never extravagantly fond of melons.

Not for me those imperishable gardens,
those uncrumbling palaces.
Something better there is here,
something in the green moss gently covering
the cupids in the weed-choked pool,
little by little defacing their pudgy nakedness,
something in the eating lichens rose and grey
whose spreading arabesques
gnaw little by little through the ochre walls,
something in the delicate marigolds
whose creeping roots slyly wrench from the gate
stones the brown hands of workmen toiled to raise
a thousand years ago,

something fugitive that troubles me with such beauty
that even the odour of agony dropping from the clouds,
the stench of anguish darkening the air,
the memory of iron fingers inexorably tearing
the milky pulp of the brain,
cannot tarnish the bronzed glimmer
of shadows on the apricot-flushed paths,
or the shimmer of wind silvering the olive branches,
or through the heavy sunlight of untroubled afternoon,
the distant shrilling, faint as crickets,
of children's voices.

The Dial

Dudley Poore

WHO IS IT?

Who is it waves to you out of the trembling tountain?
Through flakes of blue that have fallen
between scurrying grey cloud
someone smirks and beckons.

Who can it be is making signs at you?
Between the plump-thighed cupids that cavort
with conches at their swollen cheeks
bestriding mossy dolphins,
someone in anguish clutches towards the sun
like a cat snatching at a moth.

Someone down there is trying to escape,
some too inquisitive tenant of this garden
vanished before our time,
who craning over the grass grown edge
to see the sparks of hazy sunken sun
catch the blood opals of the Inca brooch
the old Infanta lost there years ago,
slipped on the treacherous moss and tumbled in.

And now,
tired of the gold trees and the singing flowers,
tired of the topaz fruits and amethyst paved walks,
tired of the ceaseless glitter
in that unchanging, unlaborious paradise
all fountains lead to,
where no one sweats in the sun of burning wheat-fields,
or wrenches the lurching plough in spring
through the steaming earth on ruddy hillsides,
or comes home weary through the plum-blue dusk,
he hovers wistfully under the brink,
tortured with longing.

And whenever you lean to touch the lily pads
he darts a thin, crooked arm

hungrily at your fingers,
but always before you grasp his hand,
the steel edged wind flashing between
shatters from the mirrored glass
his despairing image.

The Dial

Dudley Poore

THE HARVEST OF TIME

Time winnows beauty with a fiery wind,
Driving the dead chaff from the living grain.
Some day there will be golden sheaves to bind;
There will be wonder in the world again.
There will be lonely phrases born to power,
There will be words immortal and profound;
Though no man knows the coming of the hour,
And no man knows the sower or the ground.

It may be even now the ranging earth
Lifting to glory some forgotten land
Feels there deep beauty quickening to birth,
Sprung from the sowing of a hidden hand.
Beauty endures though towering empires die.
O, speed the blown chaff down the smoking sky!

The New Republic

Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer

IN PROCESS OF A NOBLE ALLIANCE

Reduce this lady unto marble quickly,
Ray her beauty on a glassy plate,
Rhyme her youth as fast as the granite:
Take her where she trembles, and do not wait,
For now in funeral white they lead her
And crown her Queen of the House of No Love.
A dirge then for her beauty, Musicians!
Ye harping the springe that catches the dove.

The Fugitive

John Crowe Ransom

PHILOMELA

Procne, Philomela, and Itylus,
Your names are liquid, your improbable tale
Is recited in the classic numbers of the nightingale.
(Ah, but our numbers are less felicitous,
It goes not liquidly for us.)

Perehed on a Roman ilex and duly apostrophized
The nightingale descanted unto Ovid;
She has even appeared to the Teutons, the swilled and
gravid;
At Fontainebleau it may be the bird was gallicized;
Never was she baptized.

To England came Philomela with her pain,
Fleeing the hawk her husband. Querulous ghost,
She wanders when he sits heavy on his roost,
Utters herself in the original again,
The untranslatable refrain.

Not to these shores she came! this other Thrace,
Environ barbarous to the royal Attic;
How could her delicate dirge run democratic,
Delivered in a cloudless boundless public place
To a hypermuscular race?

I pernoctated with the Oxford students once,
And in the quadrangles, in the cloisters, on the Cher,
Precociously knocked at antique doors ajar,
Fatuously touched the hems of the Hierophants,
Sick of my dissonance.

I went out to Bagley Wood, I climbed the hill,
Even the moon had slanted off in a twinkling,
I heard the sepulchral owl and a few bells tinkling,
There was no more villainous day to unfulfill,
The diuturnity was still.

Up from the darkest wood where Philomela sat
Her fairy numbers issued—what then ailed me?
My ears called capacious but they failed me,
Her classics registered a little flat!
I rose, and venomously spat.

Philomela, Philomela, lover of song,
I have despaired if we may make us worthy,
This bantering breed sophistical and earthy;
Unto more beautiful, persistently more young
Thy fabulous provinces belong.

The Fugitive

John Crowe Ransom

CONRAD AT TWILIGHT

Conrad, Conrad, aren't you old
To sit so late in a mouldy garden?
And I think Conrad knows it well,
Nursing his knees, too rheumy and cold
To warm the wrath of a Forest of Arden.

Neuralgia in the back of his neck,
His lungs filling with such miasma,
His feet dipping in leafage and muck:
Conrad! you've forgotten asthma.

Conrad's house has thick red walls
And chips on Conrad's hearth are blazing,
Slippers and pipe and tea are served,
Anchovy toast, Conrad! 'Tis pleasing,
Still Conrad's back is not uncurved,
And here's an autumn on him, teasing.

Autumn days in our section
Are the most used-up thing on earth,
(Or in the waters under the earth),

Having no more color nor predilection
Than cornstalks too wet for the fire,
A ribbon rotting on the byre,
A man's face as weathered as straw
By the summer's flare and the winter's flaw.

Conrad, rise up and steel your soul
And smite an anvil, draw a sword
(See William James and Henry Ford)
And point you to a mightier goal!
But Conrad has not answered a word.

The Fugitive

John Crowe Ransom

HERE LIES A LADY

Here lies a lady of beauty and high degree,
Of chills and fever she perished, of fever and chills,
The delight of her husband, her aunts, her infant of
three,
And of medicoes marveling sweetly on her ills.

For either she burned, and her confident eyes would
blaze
And her fingers fly in a way to puzzle their heads—
What was she making? Why, nothing; she sat in a
maze
Of old scraps of laces, snipped into curious shreds—

Or this would pass, and the light of the fire decline,
Till she lay discouraged and cold as a thin stalk white
and blown,
And would not open her eyes, to kisses, to wine:
The sixth of these states was her last, the cold settled
down.

Sweet ladies, long may ye bloom, and toughly I hope ye
may thole,

But was she not lucky? In flowers and lace and
mourning,
In love and great honor, we bade God rest her soul
After six little spaces of chill, and six of burning.

John Crowe Ransom

The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post

WEATHER SIGN

Where wrinkled plain and upland meet,
And fences straggle to the high
Horizon line, the kildeers fly
And keening run on rosy feet
About their nesting place;
Where warm spring rains go boiling down
Between high banks of crumbling clay
The weather sign has hung all day,
A ragged scarf of purple blown
Over the land's wet face.
A ragged scarf that coils and clings
And wraps the naked twigs about,
Coaxing the willow-catkins out
And hiding all green pushing things
Within a warm embrace.
The tidings of the glad release
Scarred hill is signalling to hill;
While over bare fields sound the shrill
Strange cries of birds that never cease
To run their windy race.

All's Well

Bernard Raymund

THE KISS

Heap slumber on your eyes;
Stop your mouth with dust;
Be all that you were not,
As dead folk must.

Be all that you were not,
Unmindful, cold, apart—
The kiss you gave that dusk,
Tears at your heart!

The Nation

Lizette Woodworth Reese

DEAD MEN

I stoop and pluck the tansy's gold,
Stacked in the gusts along my lane;
A shadowy hand plucks there with me;
Some dead man claims his own again.

Not anything is wholly mine;
Platter, or book, or stretch of clod;
The hurt in the dusk's tumbling red;
Or even the texture of my God.

Gesture, and mood, and whim of tongue,
I share with them. About my door
The battle shrieks, and ere I know,
Two wage, where was but I before.

And when the wind limps by my sill,
And heaps the village dust, and goes,
Whose phantom cloak is left behind,
Or whose great ship, or long-gone rose?

The Lyric

Lizette Woodworth Reese

MARIE

Marie's face is a weathered sign
To the palace of gliding cars
Over the bend where the trolley dips:
A dime for a wired rose,

Nickel-a-ride to the zig-sag stars,
And then men in elegant clothes
That feed you on cardboard ships,
And the sea-floats so fine!—
Like a green and gorgeous bubble
God blew out of his lips.

When Marie carries down the stair
The ritual of her face,
Your greeting takes her unaware,
And her glance is timid-bold
As a dog's unsure of its place.
With that hair, or the rubbed-off gold
Of a wedding-ring worn to a thread,
In a halo about the head,
And those luminous eyes in their rims of paint,
She looks a bedizened saint.

But when the worn moon, like a face still beautiful,
Wavers above the Battery,
And light comes in, mauve-gray,
Squeezing through shutters of furnished rooms
Till only corners hold spots of darkness—
As a table-cloth its purple stains
When a festival is ended—
Then Marie creeps into the house.

The paint is lonesome on her cheek.
The paint is gone from off her mouth
That curls back loosely from her teeth.
She pushes slackly at the dawn
That crawls upon the yellow blind,
And enters like an aimless moth
Whose dim wings hover and alight
Upon the blurred face of the clock,
Or on the pallor of her feet—
Or anything that's white.
Until dispersed upon the sheet,

All limp, her waxen body lies
In its delinquent grace,
Like a warm bent candle
That fears about its place.

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Lola Ridge

A BEAUTIFUL LADY

We like to listen to her dress;
It makes a whisper by her feet.
Her little pointed shoes are gray;
She hardly lets them touch the street.

Sometimes she has a crumpled fan.
Her hat is silvered on the crown,
And there are roses by the brim
That nod and tremble up and down.

She comes along the pavement walk,
And in a moment she is gone.
She hardly ever looks at us,
But once she smiled and looked at John.

And so we run to see her pass
And watch her through the fence, and I
Can hear the other whispering,
"Miss Josephine is going by."

Elizabeth Madox Roberts

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

AUTUMN

Dick and Will and Charles and I
Were playing it was election day;
And I was running for president,
And Dick was a band that was going to play,

And Charles and Will were a street parade.
But Clarence came, and said that he
Was going to run for president,
And I could run for school-trustee.

He made some flags for Charles and Will,
And a badge to go on Dickie's coat.
He stood some cornstalks by the fence
And had them for the men that vote.

Then he climbed on a box and made a speech
To the cornstalk men that were in a row.
It was all about the Dem-o-crats,
And "I de-fy any man to show";

And "I de-fy any man to say",
And all about "It's a big disgrace".
He spoke his speech out very loud
And shook his fist in a cornstalk's face.

Elizabeth Madox Roberts

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

AVENEL GRAY

Avenel Gray at fifty had gray hair,
Gray eyes, and a gray cat—coincidence
Agreeable enough to be approved
And shared by all her neighbors; or by all
Save one, who had, in his abused esteem,
No share of it worth having. Avenel Gray
At fifty had the favor and the grace
Of thirty—the gray hair being only a jest
Of time, he reasoned, whereby the gray eyes
Were maybe twenty or maybe a thousand.
Never could he persuade himself to say
How old or young they were, or what was in them,
Or whether in the mind or in the heart

Of their possessor there had ever been,
Or ever should be, more than room enough
For the undying dead. All he could say
Would be that she was now to him a child,
A little frightened or a little vexed,
And now a sort of Miss Methusaleh,
Adept and various in obscurity
And in omniscience rather terrible—
Until she smiled and was a child again,
Seeing with eyes that had no age in them
That his were growing older. Seneca Sprague
At fifty had hair grayer, such as it was,
Than Avenel's—an atoll, as it were,
Circling a smooth lagoon of indignation,
Whereunder were concealed no treacheries
Or monsters that were perilous to provoke.

Seneca sat one Sunday afternoon
With Avenel in her garden. There was peace
And languor in the air, but in his mind
There was not either—there was Avenel;
And where she was, and she was everywhere,
There was no peace for Seneca. So today
Should see the last of him in any garden
Where a sphynx-child, with gray eyes and gray hair,
Would be the only flower that he might wish
To pluck, wishing in vain. "I'm here again,"
Seneca said, "and I'm not here alone;
You may observe that I've a guest with me
This time, Time being the guest. Scythe, glass, and all,
You have it, the whole ancient apparatus.
Time is a guest not given to long waiting,
And, in so far as you may not have known it,
I'm Destiny. For more than twenty years
My search has been for an identity
Worth Time's acknowledgment; and heretofore
My search has been but a long faltering,
Paid with an unavailing gratitude

And unconfessed encouragement from you.
What is it in me that you like so much,
And love so little? I'm not so much a monkey
As many who have had their heart's desire,
And have it still. My perishable angel,
Since neither you nor I may live forever
Like this, I'll say the folly that has fooled us
Out of our lives was never mine, but yours.
There was an understanding long ago
Between the laws and atoms that your life
And mine together were to be a triumph;
But one contingency was overlooked,
And that was a complete one. All you love,
And all you dare to love, is far from here—
Too far for me to find where I am going."

"Going?" Avenel said. "Where are you going?"
There was a frightened wonder in her eyes
Until she found a way for them to laugh:
"At first I thought you might be going to tell me
That you had found a new way to be old—
Maybe without remembering all the time
How gray we are. But when you soon began
To be so unfamiliar and ferocious—
Well, I began to wonder. I'm a woman."

Seneca sighed before he shook his head
At Avenel: "You say you are a woman,
And I suppose you are. If you are not,
I don't know what you are; and if you are,
I don't know what you mean."

"By what?" she said.

A faint bewildered flush covered her face,
While Seneca felt within her voice a note
As near to sharpness as a voice like hers
Might have in silent hiding. "What have I done
So terrible all at once that I'm a stranger?"
"You are no stranger than you always were,"

He said, "and you are not required to be so.
You are no stranger now than yesterday,
Or twenty years ago; or thirty years
Longer ago than that, when you were born—
You and your brother. I'm not here to scare you,
Or to pour any measure of reproach
Out of a surplus urn of chilly wisdom;
For watching you to find out whether or not
You shivered swallowing it would be no joy
For me. But since it has all come to this—
Which is the same as nothing, only worse,
I am not either wise or kind enough,
It seems, to go away from you in silence.
My wonder is today that I have been
So long in finding what there was to find,
Or rather in recognizing what I found
Long since and hid with incredulities
That years have worn away, leaving white bones
Before me in a desert. All those bones,
If strung together, would be a skeleton
That once upheld a living form of hope
For me to follow until at last it fell
Where there was only sand and emptiness.
For a long time there was not even a grave—
Hope having died there all alone, you see,
And in the dark. And you, being as you are,
Inseparable from your traditions—well,
I went so far last evening as to fancy,
Having no other counsellor than myself
To guide me, that you might be entertained,
If not instructed, hearing how far I wandered,
Following hope into an empty desert,
And what I found there. If we never know
What we have found, and are accordingly
Adrift upon the wreck of our invention,
We make our way as quietly to shore
As possible, and we say no more about it;
But if we know too well for our well-being

That what it is we know had best be shared
With one who knows too much of it already,
Even kindness becomes, or may become,
A strangling and unwilling incubus.
A ghost would often help us if he could,
But being a ghost he can't. I may confuse
Regret with wisdom, but in going so far
As not impossibly to be annoying,
My wish is that you see the part you are
Of nature. When you find anomalies here
Among your flowers and are surprised at them,
Consider yourself and be surprised again;
For they and their potential oddities
Are all a part of nature. So are you,
Though you be not a part that nature favors,
And favoring, carries on. You are a monster;
A most adorable and essential monster."

He watched her face and waited, but she gave him
Only a baffled glance before there fell
So great a silence there among the flowers
That even their fragrance had almost a sound;
And some that had no fragrance may have had,
He fancied, an accusing voice of color
Which her pale cheeks now answered with another;
Wherefore he gazed a while at tiger-lilies
Hollyhocks, dahlias, asters and hydrangeas—
The generals of an old anonymous host
That he knew only by their shapes and faces.
Beyond them he saw trees; and beyond them
A still blue summer sky where there were stars
In hiding, as there might somewhere be veiled
Eternal reasons why the tricks of time
Were played like this. Two insects on a leaf
Would fill about as much of nature's eye,
No doubt, as would a woman and a man
At odds with heritage. Yet there they sat,
A woman and a man, beyond the range

Of all deceit and all philosophy
To make them less or larger than they were.
The sun might only be a spark among
Superior stars, but one could not help that.

"If a grim God that watches each of us
In turn, like an old-fashioned schoolmaster,"
Seneca said, still gazing at the blue
Beyond the trees, "no longer satisfies,
Or tortures our credulity with harps
Or fires, who knows if there may not be laws
Harder for us to vanquish or evade
Than any tyrants? Rather, we know there are;
Or you would not be studying butterflies
While I'm encouraging Empedocles
In retrospect. He was a mountain-climber,
You may remember; and while I think of him,
I think if only there were more volcanoes,
More of us might be climbing to their craters
To find out what he found. You are sufficient,
You and your cumulative silences
Today, to make of his abysmal ashes
The dust of all our logic and our faith;
And since you can do that, you must have power
That you have never measured. Or, if you like,
A power too large for any measurement
Has done it for you, made you as you are,
And led me for the last time, possibly,
To bow before a phantom in your garden."
He smiled—until he saw tears in her eyes,
And then remarked, "Here comes a friend of yours.
Pyrrhus, you call him. Pyrrhus because he purrs."

"I found him reading Hamlet," Avenel said;
"By which I mean that I was reading Hamlet.
But he's an old cat now. And I'm another—
If you mean what you say, or seem to say.
If not, what in the world's name do you mean?"

He met the futile question with a question
Almost as futile and almost as old:
"Why have I been so long learning to read,
Or learning to be willing to believe
That I was learning? All that I had to do
Was to remember that your brother once
Was here, and is here still. Why have I waited—
Why have you made me wait—so long to say so?"
Although he said it kindly, and foresaw
That in his kindness would be pain, he said it—
More to the blue beyond the trees, perhaps,
Or to the stars that moved invisibly
To laws implacable and inviolable,
Than to the stricken ears of Avenel,
Who looked at him as if to speak. He waited,
Until it seemed that all the leaves and flowers,
The butterflies and the cat, were waiting also.

"Am I the only woman alive," she asked,
"Who has a brother she may not forget?
If you are here to be mysterious,
Ingenuousness like mine may disappoint you.
And there are women somewhere, certainly,
Riper for mysteries than I am yet,
You see me living always in one place,
And all alone."

"No, you are not alone,"
Seneca said: "I wish to God you were!
And I wish more that you had been so always,
That you might be so now. Your brother is here,
And yet he has not been here for ten years.
Though you've a skill to crowd your paradigms
Into a cage like that, and keep them there,
You may not yet be asking quite so much
Of others, for whom the present is not the past.
We are not all magicians; and Time himself
Who is already beckoning me away,
Would surely have been cut with his own scythe,

And long ago, if he had followed you
In all your caprioles and divagations.
You have deceived the present so demurely
That only few have been aware of it,
And you the least of all. You do not know
How much it was of you that was not you
That made me wait. And why I was so long
In seeing that it was never to be you,
Is not for you to tell me—for I know.
I was so long in seeing it was not you,
Because I would not see. I wonder, now,
If I should take you up and carry you off,
Like an addressable orang-outang,
You might forget the grave where half of you
Is buried alive, and where the rest of you,
Whatever you may believe it may be doing,
Is parlously employed." As if to save
His mistress the convention of an answer,
The cat jumped up into her lap and purred,
Folded his paws, and looked at Seneca
Suspiciously. "I might almost have done it,"
He said, "if insight and experience
Had not assured me it would do no good.
Don't be afraid. I have tried everything,
Only to be assured it was not you
That made me fail. If you were here alone,
You would not see the last of me so soon;
And even with you and the invisible
Together, maybe I might have seized you then
Just hard enough to leave you black and blue—
Not that you would have cared one way or other,
With him forever near you, and if unseen,
Always a refuge. No, I should not have hurt you.
It would have done no good—yet might perhaps
Have made me likelier to be going away
At the right time. Anyhow, damn the cat."

Seneca looked at Avenel till she smiled,
And so let loose a tear that she had held

In each of her gray eyes. "I am too old,"
She said, "and too incorrigibly alone,
For you to laugh at me. You have been saying
More nonsense in an hour than I have heard
Before in forty years. Why do you do it?
Why do you talk like this of going away?
Where would you be, and what would you be doing?
You would be like a cat in a strange house—
Like Pyrrhus here in yours. I have not had
My years for nothing; and you are not so young
As to be quite so sure that I'm a child.
We are too old to be ridiculous,
And we've been friends too long."

"We have been friends
Too long," he said, "to be friends any longer.
And there you have the burden of a song
That I came here to sing this afternoon.
When I said friends you might have halted me,
For I meant neighbors."

"I know what you meant,"
Avenel answered, gazing at the sky,
And then at Seneca. "The great question is,
What made you say it? You mention powers and laws.
As if you understood them. Am I stranger
Than powers and laws that make me as I am?"

"God knows you are no stranger than you are,
For which I praise Him," Seneca said, devoutly.
"I see no need of prayer to bring to pass
For me more prodigies or more difficulties.
I cry for them no longer when I know
That you are married to your brother's ghost,
Even as you were married to your brother—
Never contending or suspecting it,
Yet married all the same. You are alone,
But only in so far as to my eyes
The sight of your beloved is unseen.
Why should I come between you and your ghost,

Whose hand is always chilly on my shoulder,
Drawing me back whenever I go forward?
I should have been acclaimed stronger than he
Before he died, but he can twist me now,
And I resign my dream to his dominion.
And if by chance of an uncertain urge
Of weariness or pity you might essay
The stranglings of a twofold loyalty,
The depth and length and width of my estate,
Measured magnanimously, would be but that
Of half a grave. I'd best be rational,
I'm saying therefore to myself today,
And leave you quiet. I can originate
No reason larger than a leucocyte
Why you should not, since there are two of you,
Be tranquil here together till the end."

"You would not tell me this if it were true,
And I, if it were true, should not believe it,"
Said Avenel, stroking slowly with cold hands
The cat's warm coat. "But I might still be vexed—
Yes, even with you; and that would be a pity.
It may be well for you to go away—
Or for a while—perhaps. I have not heard
Such an unpleasant nonsense anywhere
As this of yours. I like you, Seneca,
But not when you bring Time and Destiny,
As now you do, for company. When you come
Some other day, leave your two friends outside.
We have gone well without them for so long
That we shall hardly be tragedians now,
Not even if we may try; and we have been
Too long familiar with our differences
To quarrel—or to change."

Avenel smiled

At Seneca with gray eyes wherein were drowned
Inquisitive injuries, and the gray cat yawned
At him as he departed with a sigh

That answered nothing. He went slowly home,
Imagining, as a fond improvisation,
That waves huger than Andes or Sierras
Would soon be overwhelming, as before,
A ship that would be sunk for the last time
With all on board, and far from Tilbury Town.

Edwin Arlington Robinson

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

THE INTRUDERS

High on the Sierra, while the snow-wind blew,
The storm-tree spoke: it asked me if I knew
Precisely who I was, exactly why
I trudged this breathless trail up to the sky;
In fact, by just what title I stood there
Drinking deep flagons of the mountain air.

I have my pride; I am not one to be
Confounded by the candor of a tree.
The rudenesses of junipers and such
Have lost their power to irritate me much.
"Granted," I said. "You're hardy, brave, and bold,
And, so they say, incontinently old;
In fact, of all the talking trees I know,
The juniper's most wisely learned to grow.
Your roots go deep to feed on granite—well,
Some folk ask little more in heaven or hell.
Why do I seek this sky? Perhaps for blue
To use in painting canvases of you;
And when, in time, the falling mountain flicks
From off this crumbling rock your whitened sticks,
My hand will keep, for sight of human kind,
Those valiant, gaunt limbs woven with the wind.
You'll hang within a frame, immortally
Enduring winds that never set you free."

I paused expectantly; the audience stirred,—
Squirrel and chipmunk and a junco bird,—
When from the air an iron humming woke
The silence of the peaks; a new voice broke
Upon our high debate: the air-mail passed,
Drumming its steady way along a vast,
Unbending highway in the windy blue;
But what it said we neither of us knew.

The Century Magazine

James Rorty

PRAYER

Thou bringest the rainbow and the purple morning.
Bring me the love of a brooding hill.

Thou bringest the singing sycamore and the wind.
Bring me the joy of a wind-drenched soul.

Thou bringest the ivory tusk of moon.
Bring me the humility of stars.

Thou bringest this beauty to me if I were God.
Bring me . . . O bring me nothing but the love of
serving thee.

Contemporary Verse

Benjamin Rosenbaum

MY PEOPLE

Thou hast not come from the ghettos of Paris and the
villages of Russia.
Thou art not the Rejected.
I have seen the sun throw his cloak about thee and the
rain huddle close to thee.

Who art thou?
Art thou the torch-bearer in the dimness of the mist?
Art thou the music from old, love-worn parchment?

Who art thou
Who has placed me
On this strange page of life?

Contemporary Verse

Benjamin Rosenbaum

GRANITE MAN—A PRAYER

Bind me in the cloud of thy glory and ask me to go
through unknown trails. I shall stumble but not
fall.

Sear me with thy fire. I shall not murmur against thee
though I weep again and again.

Let loose thy four winds and whip me.

Push me.

Flail me.

Mark me.

I am without rebellion.

I would be the white silent one.

I would be the granite man.

Thou makest the great, great things.

I would make the great little ones.

Have thy fire hot

And thy tools strong

That I may be a perfect piece

For who can cut thy diamonds

But diamonds

And who can mould thy granite

But granite men.

Contemporary Verse

Benjamin Rosenbaum

CLASSIC NIGHT

This classic night was made for men
Like Dante. This awful silence beats
More bronze to epic thoughts than weak,
Glad men can bear. The cold moon heats

Strong hearts and sends big hands to cut
A beauty from a starless sky
Of grey. This night was made for men
Who love to watch the Present die

In bearing memories of great
Eternal things. The shadowy lyre
Of wind could rock the moon with song.
Cold sky might blaze in words of fire.

This classic night was made for men
Like Dante

Contemporary Verse

Benjamin Rosenbaum

WIND FANTASIO

The wind swept the prairies with a cry of joy;
the prairies with yellow loam hidden by
house forms, human forms and green.
The prairie people did not need the wind. They
have their electric fans.
The prairie people did not need the cry of joy.
They have their comic moving pictures,
their parks, their children.
The wind, then, must have a secret with the
prairies, sweeping it with a cry of joy.
The wind must have an old friend, a boon
companion to lock arms with and saunter

miles in the easy, careless manner of chums.
The wind's secret must be older than fifty April
moons, older than the coming of the Spanish
to San Salvador . . .
Someday the wind will come very slowly, inquiringly
as a man returning to his birthplace after
thirty years absence; as a man, apprehensively,
looking for tomb stones.

Voices, A Journal of Verse Benjamin Rosenbaum

RAIN

The sound of the rain is like the voice of a mystic
touched with sadness;
Or old women speaking softly, sobbing quietly over a
young mother dead of child birth;
Or a grey-bonneted quaker maiden, wistful as a May
mist, lonely for a great lover.

In the solemn stride of the rain,
The dead walk.
When the rain murmurs and sobs,
The dead talk—
The mystic, the women, the girl, the other dead.

The rain is no falling cloud, no cloud burst merely,
But a weak protest:
The dead say life costs too high a price . . .
Then the dead stand up and live again.

Voices, A Journal of Verse Benjamin Rosenbaum

I WAS MADE OF THIS AND THIS

(I was made of this and this—
An angel's prayer, a gipsy's kiss.)

My mother bore me prayerfully
And reared me sweet as a gift for God,
And taught me to look shudderingly
On ways my father trod.

They buried him long and long ago
(I just remember his eyes were blue),
He always did—they say who know—
Things it was wrong to do.

He prayed no saints but the Little Folk,
Pan was his only god; ah me,
The times he laughed when my mother spoke
The beads on her rosary!

(I tend my roof-tree and I pray
The Maid who knew a mother's woe
To keep my feet in the gentle way
Her Son would have me go.)

He swore round oaths and drank black gin;
He held four things to his heart's delight:
The hills, the road, his violin,
An open sky at night.

He told strange tales that were never true
(They buried him long and long ago!)
It always seemed the things he knew
Were things it was wrong to know.

He scoffed at walls and a garden plot;
He held three things to his heart's desire:
The river's song, an open spot,
The smoke from a driftwood fire.

(I wonder would I greatly care—
Mary, keep my heart from sin!—
If babe of mine should come to swear
Round oaths and drink black gin?)

I grieve for my mother's every tear,
I weep for the hurt in my mother's breast,
But ever and ever at bud o' year
I love my father best.

(That I had never been made of this—
The angel's prayer, or the gipsy's kiss!)

The Nation

Gertrude Robinson Ross

EARTHEN URN

O when I hear a hill-far drum I'll know
How to succumb. My arms imprisoned now,
Like hungry plants for light, will arch and bow.
I'll climb the breathless final edge and go
Into dark night as into a swift light.
For I have sunned myself in sunless skies;
I've needed freedom only for my eyes,
Those I can close. Those I can blindfold quite.

I shall sink back where broken Time is whole—
A shadow in between two walls, a roll
Of smoke in smoke, a burrowing sure mole.
Unshuddering, I'll drop without a thud
Into the earth, as petals in a bowl,
Into the earth, into the cradling mud.

Voices, A Journal of Verse *Kathryn White Ryan*

A MINUET

ON REACHING THE AGE OF FIFTY

Old Age, on tiptoe, lays her jeweled hand
Lightly in mine. Come, tread a stately measure,
Most gracious partner, nobly poised and bland;
Ours be no boisterous pleasure,
But smiling conversation, with quick glance,
And memories dancing lightlier than we dance—
Friends, who a thousand joys
Divide and double, save one joy supreme
Which many a pang alloys.
Let wanton girls and boys
Cry over lovers' woes and broken toys.
Our waking life is sweeter than their dream.
Dame Nature, with unwitting hand,
Has sparsely strewn the black abyss with lights,
Minute, remote, and numberless. We stand
Measuring far depths and heights,
Arched over by a laughing heaven,
Intangible and never to be scaled.
If we confess our sins, they are forgiven;
We triumph, if we know we failed.

Tears that in youth you shed,
Congealed to pearls, now deck your silvery hair;
Sighs breathed for loves long dead
Frosted the glittering atoms of the air
Into the veils you wear
Round your soft bosom and most queenly head;
The shimmer of your gown
Catches all tints of autumn, and the dew
Of gardens where the damask roses blew;
The myriad tapers from these arches hung
Play on your diamonded crown;
And stars, whose light angelical caressed
Your virgin days,
Give back in your calm eyes their holier rays.

The deep past living in your breast
Heaves these half-merry sighs;
And the soft accents of your tongue
Breathe unrecorded charities.

Hasten not; the feast will wait.
This is a master-night without a morrow.
No chill and haggard dawn, with after-sorrow,
Will snuff the spluttering candle out
Or blanch the revelers homeward straggling late.
Before the rout
Wearies or wanes, will come a calmer trance.
Lulled by the popped fragrance of this bower,
We'll cheat the lapsing hour
And close our eyes, still smiling, on the dance.

The Century Magazine

George Santayana

BREAKERS OF BRONCHOS

So!—breakers of bronchos!—with miles of barbed wire
fence

You seek to tame the spirit of these hills;
You hope, with your lariat of shimmering wire,
To break its heart, and with your iron heel,
Hot from the desert, to sear upon its hip
Your molten brand—as wranglers at a round-up,
With bit and spur and lasso, strive to curb
And brand an outlaw fresh from winter range.

O breakers of bronchos—listen! Can't you hear
The north wind sniggering at you? The coyote
Upon the mesa, jeering? The waterfall
Chuckling among the rocks? The croaking magpie,
The hooting owl, the shrike, the curlew? Look!—
The alkali lilies, the sage, the mustard weeds,
Bending with mirth, wag their heads and laugh

At you! Even the pinto cayuse kicks
His heels against the mountain sky, and snorts!
O breakers of bronchos, we fling you on the wind
This handful of dust, this bitter alkali!—
As well attempt to rope the bucking stars,
To burn your bars upon the flank of the moon!
When will you whirl your lasso at the sun?
Or bridle it? Or straddle the lightning flash?

Lew Sarett

The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post

THE GAMECOCK

Gorgeously arrayed, the fire-backed
jungle fowl,
skulked like crimson shadows
through the tangled thickets of India,
where lurked venomous Cobras,
and ravenous pythons,
together with rapacious hawks,
bloodthirsty cheetahs,
greedy foxes
and sly jackals

Fire-backed jungle fowl
had need of great courage,
sharp eyes,
speed,
strong pinions,
pugnacity,
and gameness.

These valiant feathered beauties
were your forbears, strutting gamecock,
these feathered denizens of the jungle
gave you your great beauty;

together with your bravery,
and will to battle to death

It is a far cry
from the wilderness of Siam
to this stuffy wire bound prison;
reminding me
that only yesterday,
I saw a stalwart copper-hued Sioux,
bedecked with feathers and war-paint,
seated on a platform staring stupidly,
acting as an advertisement,
while a wordy faker
vended bottled nostrums.

(But all this is a part of evolution:
the world and its creatures
are improving.)

As to you gamecock:
With your rich mantle of flaming velvet,
I have mingled in a mob
amid blue tobacco smoke clouds,
while one of your kind struggled and bled in a
pit,
finally to die gasping,
impaled on a sharp steel gaff
that brutes
might have a thrill!

He thought he *must* fight
as did his ancestors
to defend themselves
against enemies!

Tigers and leopards are caged to please man,
(Man sometimes imprisons his brother
for little else but his own amusement)

sables and seals are slaughtered to
bedeck his mate,
egrets are shot on their nests that
vanity may be appeased,
You, gamecock, fight to the death
to amuse man!

Yet we ultra cultured ones
give much of our time and money
to send missionaries
to the South Sea Island—
that the poor savage
may learn our ways
and become civilized!

The Rock Island Argus

Jay G. Sigmund

PORTRAIT IN SINISTER LIGHTS

Doom walks with her
Born eager for the offerings of all ages
And unmatched with her own;—
With her, amorous of she knows not what,
Blind to the world which rules her.

Only the small souls flourish
On an earth luminous in star-light;
Black-hilled with shoulders supporting the sky,
Holding in its lap the music of running streams.
Here, on an earth sown with the gold seed-lights of
cities,
An earth where the mile-wide wheat fields bend under
winds
And thunderstorms are lost in mountains—
Here only the small souls flourish!

Millions of them, the small souls:
Sand grains in a dune.

The wind blows
 and they creep creep
A dune moves slowly and trees vanish,
Bright-leaved trees once gay in the sun are lost;
Houses are buried, houses where men loved and children
 were born
Are eaten as a dune moves slowly.

Sand grains in a desert, millions there are.
A hurricans whips and death
For the lonely traveller
Rides fiercely over the desert.
They are hard, these sand grains, hard and little and
 sharp.
There is a bright sparkle to the mass of them flashing
 under the sun,
And they cannot be hurt.

In this woman is the folly of yearning
And doom walks beside her
Cloaked in a cold wind and unseen
But seeing.
He will mark her brown with his sign
And she will walk in a sand grain world
To her death.

And no Homer will sing her
(Homer himself, with the other great,
Was marked by doom and begged
In his seven cities)
For she shares but the sadness of outcast souls,
Nought of their mightiness.

Helen was great and a Homer sang her,
Chronicled loveliness born to suffer,
Terrible beauty avenging itself
While Greece, long-desolate,
Waited for sons who never returned;

While burning Troy in the shrill black night
Smouldered like a giant ruby by the sea.

But in this woman (unmatched with her own time
And unaware its menace)
There is nothing great—
Only a fine eagerness: crisp and sweet and fresh
As tendrils of young plants,
Equally helpless against wind-blown sand.
She will come sweet and eager,
And doom will walk with her.

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry *Royall Snow*

JUGGERNAUT

(Mengelberg conducts Beethoven's Eroica Symphony.)

. . . . Then I rose up,
And swept the dust of planets from my eyes;
And wandered singing down that singing hour,
Pausing to pluck a mountain like a flower
That grew against the skies.

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry *Leonora Speyer*

DUET

(I sing with myself)

Out of my sorrow
I'll build a stair,
And every tomorrow
Will climb to me there;

*With ashes of yesterday
In its hair.*

My fortune is made
Of a stab in the side,
My debts are paid
In pennies of pride;

*Little red coins
In a heart I hide.*

The stones that I eat
Are ripe for my needs,
My cup is complete
With the dregs of deeds;

*Clear are the notes
Of my broken reeds.*

I carry my pack
Of aches and stings,
Light with the lack
Of all good things;

*But not on my back,
Because of my wings!*

Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

Leonora Speyer

THE KLEPTOMANIAC

She stole his eyes because they shone,
Stole the good things they looked upon;
—They were no brighter than her own.—

She stole his mouth—her own was fair—
She stole his words, his songs, his prayer;
His kisses too, since they were there.

She stole the journeys of his heart,
—Her own, their very counterpart—
His seas, his sails, his course, his chart.

She stole his strength so fierce and true,
—Perhaps for something brave to do—
Wept at his weakness, stole that too.

But she was caught one early morn!
She stood red-handed and forlorn,
And stole his anger and his scorn.

Upon his breast she laid her head,
Refusing to be comforted;
“Unkind! Unkind!” was what she said;

Denied she stole; confessed she did;
Glad of such plunder to be rid;
—Clutching the place where it was hid.—

As he forgave, she snatched his soul;
She did not want it . . . but she stole.

The Forum

Leonora Speyer

LITTLE LOVER

You made your little lover kind,
And quick of word and kiss and tear,
And everything a woman craves;
You could not make him big, my dear.

And so you made your great self small,
As only a great woman can,
Nor cared a jot; but he, he knew,
And cared a lot, the little man.

He knew, and hated you at last . . .
Let me be fair! He left you then.
That one big, generous thing he did;
Left you to grieve to heights again.

Contemporary Verse

Leonora Speyer

WITCH'S CONFESSION

Ashes of me,
Lift on the fires I may not name;
Lick, lovely flame.

Will the fagot not burn?
Throw on the tired broom,
Stabled still in my room.

I have ridden wide and well,
Shall I say with whom?
Stop the town bell!

Hard eyes that stare,
I have lain with hope,
I have suckled Judas' rope
As it swung on the air;
*Go find the silver pieces in the moon,
I hid them there.*

Rhythmus

Leonora Speyer

I'LL BE YOUR EPITAPH!

Over your dear dead heart I'll lift
As lightly as a bough,
Saying, "Here lies the false high song,
Cruelly quiet now."

I'll say, "Here lies the lying sword
Still dripping with my truth;
Here lies the lovely sheath I made,
Embroidered with my youth."

I'll sing, "Here lies, here lies, here lies!"
—*Ah, rust in peace below!*—
Passers will wonder at my words,
But your dark dust will know.

The North American Review

Leonora Speyer

TWO PASSIONATE ONES PART

Why stamp the sovereign fires out?
They would have burned themselves away;
Finally flickered red to gray.

Had you but let them race and roar,
Scorch and consume you as they willed,
Tossing the hot ash far, fulfilled,

Where it had lain inviolate,
On pyres of peace like an ardent dew . . .
Pity, pity, impatient two!

Now you go reeling out of love!
Look, as you stumble on alone;
This is the way you would have gone.

Why not have walked it hand in hand,
One-time lovers and all-time friends?
Love has a hundred gentle ends.

Ends, and beyonds . . . oh ghosts of flames
That never lived, that never died,
Bitter and bright, unsatisfied!

These are the fires shall warm you now,
Sit and dream at them, dream and sigh,
These are the dead that cannot die.

Fires are meant to leap and fade,
Who are you to rule otherwise,
Monarchs with madness in your eyes?

Who are you to challenge change?
What, would you carve love's wings in stone?
Fling them your sky! Their course is their own.

Grieving, impetuous, passionate two,
You would canonize a kiss,
What would the good saints say to this?

Trample your fires! Kindle your ghosts!
Sit and speak with them, groan and weep,
But I know a cave where centuars sleep:

High, purple home of the learned beast,
Echoing wisdom and arched to bear
The weight of the voices rumbling there.

And there I learned of contented hearts
Too close to see when dreams burn low,
Too safe to care, too wise to know.

The Nation

Leonora Speyer

TO A HYACINTH SONG

It captured me beyond the color's riot,
The chime and clash
Of crimsons, and beyond the petalled quiet
Of ash to its own ash.

It was a spray of white for me to borrow,
A thought's cool rest,
When a high noon knows but a fevered morrow,
And I am unconfessed!

The Lyric

Virginia Stait

TO THE ONE OF FICTIVE MUSIC

Sister and mother and diviner love,
And of the sisterhood of the living dead
Most near, most clear, and of the clearest bloom,
And of the fragrant mothers the most dear
And queen, and of diviner love the day
And flame and summer and sweet fire, no thread
Of cloudy silver sprinkles in your gown

Its venom of renown, and on your head
No crown is simpler than the simple hair.

Now, of the music summoned by the birth
That separates us from the wind and sea,
Yet leaves them in us until earth becomes,
By being so much of the things we are,
Gross effigy and simulacrum, none
Gives motion to perfection more serene
Than yours, out of our imperfections wrought,
Most rare, or ever of more kindred air
In the laborious weaving that you wear.

For so retentive of themselves are men
That music is intensest which proclaims
The near, the clear, and vaunts the clearest bloom,
And of all vigils musing the obscure
That apprehends the most which sees and names,
As in your name, an image that is sure,
Among the arrant spices of the sun,
O bough and bush and scented vine, in whom
We give ourselves our likest issuance.

Yet not too like, yet not so like to be
Too near, too clear, saving a little to endow
Our feigning with the strange unlike, whence springs
The difference that heavenly pity brings.
For this, musician, in your girdle fixed
Bear other perfumes. On your pale head wear
A band entwining, set with fatal stones.
Unreal, give back to us what once you gave:
The imagination that we spurned and crave.

The New Republic

Wallace Stevens

THE SHAPE OF THE CORONER

It was the morn
And palms were waved
And the brass was played
Then the coroner came
In his limpid shoes.

The palms were played
For the beau of illusions.
The termagent fans
Of his orange days
Fell, famous and flat,
And folded him round,

Folded and fell
And the brass grew cold
And the coroner's hand
Dismissed the band.

It was the coroner
Poured this elixir
Into the ground,
And a shabby man,
An eye too sleek,
And a biscuit cheek.

And the coroner bent
Over the palms.
The elysium lay
In a parlor of day.

Wallace Stevens

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

ET SA PAUVRE CHAIR

The moonlight filled them both with sundry glamors,
Filtered silver in between white birches,
Blood whispered, like the stream, with urgent clamors,
And bells were struck that never rang in churches.

She would not when he wished, and so the scene
Progressed as aimless as the wind-blown sands:
He bit a box-bush leaflet tart and green
She disciplined a rosebud with white hands.

When he had soothed this war to some accord
What then remained of what was quick or breathless?
What came of scorn? What of the bitten word?
What of the wings, the flight they two called death-
less?

The breaking of a smile when day was dim,
And her poor flesh awake, adoring him.

The Fugitive

Alec Brock Stevenson

POINT LOMA BREEZES

Our South breeze is an actress, who skips with
practised grace;
This West's a coyish lassy, who dreams beside the sea;
The East's a flirt, a fliskmahoy, a flippant brazen-face;
And our North's a giant dancing, a gay gray giant
dancing,
A defiant giant dancing—
Dancing frenziedly.

It's joy to watch the South breeze trip down Gill's field
of grass;
I thrill to have this West breeze whispering love to me;

But one still more diverting than the East up Gage's
Pass

Is our foggy cold one jazzing, our groggy bold one jazz-
ing,

Our frampold flogging North breeze
Jazzing shamelessly.

The Lyric West

Yetta Kay Stoddard

SHELLEY

For the Centenary of his death, July, 1922

A rebel for Faith,
A traitor for Love,
I braved the wrath
That men's lips approve,
I soared and snatched from a dead god's hand
A torch that flamed like the dawn-light's brand.
Then I cried to the world that Love was king
And law without love an infamous thing.

But as I spoke
With the torch held high,
The dull mob woke
To defend their lie:
"Sieze him and bind him, the impious youth
Who, stealing Love to seek for Truth,
Would throw the gleam of eternity
On the hidden heart of the things that be."

Whined a scholar, shrinking,
"How has he caught
The pretence of thinking
As Plato thought?
Where is the honor of Learning's shrine
If the heart of a child is wiser than mine?"

Knowledge is good when stark and dead,
But brought to life 'tis a thing of dread."

And a pale priest muttered,
"Beware this blaze!
Old prophets have uttered
What he now says.
Fearful the vision of one so young,
Blaspheming our God with a god's own tongue
'The church is a tomb,' all men will cry.
Scourge him! Ah, would we might crucify!"

And statesmen trembled
And general paled,
For the words resembled
Some that had failed,
But, failing, had broken kings and lords
And the mingled strength of a million swords;
Words whose fire might flame again
If the Spirit of Truth still lived in men.

So, mad with the gleam
Of the torch I carried,
On the wings of my dream
Forth, forth I hurried.
Alas! the radiance at random thrown
Dazed others' eyes and blinded my own.
The flame by the gusts of the world flung back
Stifled my breath with its pitch fumes black.

Choking, I turned
Mid the throng that pressed.
Unwitting, I burned
Whom I loved the best.
Men struck at me, wounded me, sought to bind,
But I burst away and fled mankind,
Till I sank down faint in a twilight land,
While the torch burned low in my trembling hand.

But from the thunder
Of headlong streams
I drank the wonder
Of mightier dreams.
Spirits of water and earth and air
Wept with me, spoke with me, sang to me there.
I learned in that realm of peace and awe
That Love was not license but holier law.

In mountain recesses
Eerie and dark
Of the wildernesses
I nursed the spark,
Till steady it burned as dawn's dim star
That pierces the veil of the dusk afar,
For the Powers of solitude purged its fire
From the fierce red stain of its first desire.

Its ardor fed me
With milder lore,
Its beams then led me
To men once more.
I was wafted away in phantasy
To the birth-lands of art and of history,
And spite of the frown the cold world showed
With purer beauty my love-torch glowed.

I have trembled with fears
Too deep for thought,
I have wept wild tears
For the wrongs I wrought,
When chained for the talons of fiends to tear
I have screamed in a spasm of black despair.
But this power abode with me soon and late:
Though stripped, though tortured, I could not hate.
When I gave, I grieved
That my gifts were scorned.
Of friends bereaved,

My sad heart mourned.

Yet my brothers that laughed at my unguessed woe
I pitied, rebuked: but hated? No!

I cried, "You may bicker and snarl and slay,
But Love will triumph on Love's good day."

I sang that learning

And strength were vain,

And void the yearning

Of blood and brain,

If the eyes of the spirit could not behold

The guiding torch, like the dawn-star's gold,

The earthly sign of celestial morn

That glowed with the fire of the day unborn.

I held high the flame,

Though few could see;

Till the dark waves came

And closed over me,

But I felt with the stab of the final gasp

The torch caught up from my failing grasp,

And my soul streamed into the living fire

That was lifted higher and ever higher,—

Lifted sublime

By a cherub strong

From the sea of Time

To the sky of Song,

Where it glows unfading, ever more bright

As it throbs out the wine of its golden light,

And shall pour down hope into hearts of clay

Till it swoons with joy in the flood of day.

Phi Beta Kappa Key

Charles Wharton Stork

Browning Society of Philadelphia Prize Poem

DAVID

Did you go this way? The alders trembled.
All of a sudden the katydids kept still.
Did you take the short cut through the dead tansy,
And no moon to help you down the steep hill?

Hours together the panther on the mountain
Has cried like a woman, sounding very near.
I went down the lane once to touch the warm oxen.
Did he go this way? No, not here.

The barn cat walked the wall along the cornfield,
Hunting like a shadow. The owl peered low.
I'm looking for the dark boy—Did he go this way?
The corn shocks rustled. The field breathed No.

The bats had gone. The horses never heard me
Coming through the pasture; they stamped in their sleep.
Did you leave a footprint here in the lowground?
No one could find it; the hardhack's deep.

Hardhack and boneset, brown-lipped snakeroot,
Paths that my feet know, help my sight!
Didn't you feel him? Did he go this way?
Who else would stir you in the middle of the night?

A black frost is harvesting; clips off the shagbarks;
Crumples up flowers with a crazy hand.

He went past me with a face like silver
And a word I could not understand.

The New Republic

Marian Storm

RUNNER

You are not for valleys. Or for any maiden.
You are a runner. I have seen. I know.
You were never made to move, laden, heavy-laden;
I have seen you clear the wind. Some day you will go.

Swift wind is your wind. You were made to finger
Forms in the air, sightless, hard to hold;
No one ever held you, ever made you linger,
Ever even ran with you, young or old.

Run against the white wind, runner unladen,
Battle for your breath with hers, dry as a windy drouth.
She comes from a thirsty place. The mouth of any
maiden
Will cool your blood. But not the wind's. Hers will
parch your mouth.

Lean on the white wind, runner, young lover;
Plunge and go forward and down, mouth to mouth.
Hold her quiet, cover her, let your kisses cover
The body of the white wind cut from the air of the south.

She is like a sickle, cutting swathes with rasping,
Swishing as she comes—and the trees lie down like
wheat.
Go to meet your woman, plunging on and gasping,
Runner, Runner, Runner—Wind and Runner meet!

Voices, A Journal of Verse Genevieve Taggard

ESCAPE

"Just a little while to wait," she said, "and I'll be back,
Back to make your bed, trim the hearth and sweep the
floor—
There's something I must run for till my breath goes
slack,
I must find one thing and I'll rest me evermore!"

Out through the garden in a silver swirl of smoke,
Her gold hair flying like the sun shining through—
What could I say? She was gone before I spoke;
I cleaned the house myself, there was nothing else to
do . . .

April fluttered by on the wing of a swallow,
June caught May in the echo of a tune,
There were novel flowers to dazzle me, another gleam to
follow,
Lips framed in question like the crescent of the moon.

So, I'll rake dead leaves up all through October,
I'll shake the red rug out and I'll tidy up the hall;
And I'll think this thing: "Be I drunk, be I sober,
She may come again or stay away, I shall not care at
all!"

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Paul Tanaquil

NON OMNIS MORIAR

I ask you: Has the Singer sung
The drear quintessence of the Song?
John Ford knew more than I of death,
John Ford to death has passed along.

I ask you: Has the Singer said
Wherefore his greatness is not dust?
Marlowe went muttering to death
When he had done with song and lust.

And so I speak no other word,
Nor ask where go the jaunty throng,
For laughter frames the lips of death—
Death frames the Singer and the Song.

The Fugitive

Allen Tate

THE SCREEN

*"And travellers, now, within that valley
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody . . . "*

Dusk creeps in the parted shutter—
Spreads a silver shadow-screen:
Dinner is ended and the walls
Of the tired mind depict a scene
Of palaces no longer golden,
Of slippered years that patter down
Black marble stairways to the grey
Cold silence of a broken town:
Where boys and girls were quickly fair,
And boys lurked once in perfumed halls,
Cursed with ancient funerals,
Lost in blind avenues of hair.
I shall not ever hold again
The rapture of their last night—
One stricken night so endlessly
Marted for pinnacles of stone,
Motors and steel, in Tennessee:
Where now the cat-like limousine
Purrs to the prinkling Belle Meade grass
(Rouged with geraniums, slashed with rills),
Superior to the age of ruffles
In an age of jazz and chills . . .

I am not dead . . . I am alone,
Teasing a live corpse with a dream.

I am not dead. Shall I die?
Her eyes are open and she laughs
Like the hard quiet in an autumn dawn,
With lips hammered on old medallions—
Mute souvenirs of time and war
And beauty's vagrant cenotaphs . . .

I shall not die if this be sleep,
I shall not weep nor shall I die,
I will seek the golden blood
Of rivers, at sunset; I will drink.
For, athirst of golden hair,
I will drink with the evening star—
Walk a fearful road while a vision passes
Like a headlong flash of a motor-car.

Will the night be filled with footfalls . . .
With boys and girls and funerals?
She is dead now? Spring will not burst
Over the lawns and terraces
Stirred to magnolia bloom again
By an uncharted wayward thirst.
Spring is not happy now. And now,
With an echo of dead years, the night
Falls down from bitter stars and palls
The mind descanting to the dark
Of boys and girls and golden rivers,
Of a hammered lip that never quivers—
Pale eyes, black faces in a tree.

Hope I have clutched beyond death,
Stretched fingers down a street for light,
Panted for a stronger breath—
Cast jewels into a desolate sea.
And afterward, like a brutal song
Stabbing the young dusk to stillness,
Comes the after-dinner hour,
Bringing the years that patter down
The streets of a broken empty town,
Bringing the bellman to the tower
Of a final gong for weariness—
Bringing, at last, the ivory hand
I have lived for, a lonely customer.

The Fugitive

Allen Tate

PERIMETERS

I

In the cold morning the rested street stands up
To greet the clerk who saunters down the world.
In the smoke mist, in the five-pound coffee-cup,
Thin gorgeous ladies promenade, ungirled.
Hang out your heads, O small unthirsted crowd!
The band is passing, blaring to the mighty—
Down from the skyscraper flutters death's shroud
Draping the shoulder of a wrinkled Aphrodite. . . .
Well, Jenny, yes—you're right, now let's walk home.
Could these bells ringing now be wedding-bells,
When we get married I'll buy you a pearl side-comb—
It's a mean world, with shivers and racks and spells . . .
In the cold morning, while the unsure razor sings,
I have seen ledgers and lights and folded wings.

II

THE DATE

Come to me, Jenny, let's dance a bit tonight,
The long small tremor's at my back again;
Distend your fingers to the sleepy light,
Hide your pink knees from the gaze of other men.
You must be pure—go slow with that home-brew,
Yet sometimes, like tonight, you *will* be gay,
And then I can't, for the artistic cheeks of you,
Drown this unholy vision of your clay.
Wind up the vic, life one heel from the floor,
Cushion one breast against a lonely heart,
For I, with prophetic deftness, closed the door.
There will be music jazzing as we start—
And after that, when wax eyes fix on waste,
There will be staring and drinks without taste.

The Fugitive

Allen Tate

A REPLY

Four people know the soul in me.
Four is enough; so let it be:
For the rest I make no chart;
There are no highroads to my heart.
The gates are locked; they will not stir
For any ardent traveler.
I have not been misunderstood,
And on the whole I think life good;
So waste no sympathy on me
Or any well meant gallantry.
I have enough to do to muse
On memories I would not lose.

The Century Magazine

Sara Teasdale

I SHALL LIVE TO BE OLD

I shall live to be old, who feared I should die young,
I shall live to be old;
I shall cling as the leaves cling to the creaking oak
In the rustle of falling snow and the cold.
The other trees let loose their leaves on the air,
In their russet and red—
I have lived long enough to wonder which is the best,
And to envy sometimes the way of the early dead.

Rhythmus

Sara Teasdale

NEW YORK

Come to me Children of Men!
You will be stunned with wonder!
I am the City Gigantic!
I am the City of Thunder!

I am the City of Light.
I am the City of Darkness.
I am the City of Height.
I am the City of Starkness.

Come to me, Children of Men!
My towers lean into Dawn.
Over my limbs, restless hours
Creep into sunshine, to spawn.

Above my head, the Universe
Breaks into billions of worlds—
Under the weight of my pavements
Sweetness of flowers is furred.

I am the City Tremendous!
I am the Way of Despair!
I am the First of your Pleasures!
I am the Last that is fair.

I am the Shrine of Desire!
I am the Dream unregained—
Out of both star-shine and mire
Was dipped the cup that I drained.

Come to me, Children of Men!
Plunge in my being, and weep!
Oh! I can pierce you with living!
Oh! I can crush you with sleep!

Come to me, Youth of the Ages!
Come to me, clear-eyed and free!
I shall awake you and break you,
And make you suffer, with me!

Out of the depths of my coffers,
Studded with diamonds and gold,
I will heap unto you offers—
Jewels of knowledge untold . . .

And you will know all my madness
Stinging your blood into flame,
And you will know all my sadness,
And you will know all my shame.

Come to me, States and Kingdoms!
Come to me, Empires yet wet
With the hot blood of soldiers!
Come to me! I can beget

Out of your corpses, a Poem—
Out of your lusts, a Play—
Out of your crumbled Vastness
Wild laughter for a day.

Of Athens and of Babylon,
And of Rome's majesties
I listen with a smile—behold!
I was—I am—all these!

Upon my breast the Navies rest,
My limbs embrace the sea;
My people run from sun to sun
And eat the heart of me.

I swallow Death. I breed on Wars.
I hold, and I release.
I take and give. I live! I live!
And demand not surcease.

With energy, relentlessly,
My veins burst out;
Eternally, eternally,
I writhe about.

For Life with so much surfeit flings
Itself on me,
I cannot meet its lips nor greet
It passively.

I am the City Splendid,
The Focus beyond Time—
Unto me has descended
The pomp of every clime.

Within me yet the Caesars,
And all the Poets are—
The sins and loves of Ages
I know, and scatter far.

Cruel and lovely, wanton—
Seductive, tender, sweet—
Magnificent and stupid,
Evasive, wise and fleet . . .

I am all things. I seek all things.
I draw all things to me.
I suck a human heart, and lo!
What it is, I can be.

Come to me, Children of Men!
Come to me, Tired and Bruised!
Come to me, Eager and Young!
Come to me, Old, Confused!

Come to me, Emperors, Princes!
Come to me, Harlots and Queens!
Come to me, Murderers, Idiots,
Poets, Philosophers, Fiends!

Out of your raptures and sorrows,
Out of your dim agonies
I would contrive me Tomorrows—
I would be sated with these.

Give me your Hates and your Horrors
Give me your Dreams and your Youth,
Give me your bodies, though naked,
Give me your Gods and your Truth!

Give me your Goodness, and Badness—
Give me whatever you are . . .
Neither your Fineness nor Lowness
Out of myself do I bar.

Court me or spurn me—I care not.
Stab me—caress me—I live!
I am the Best and the Worst of you—
What you have given, I give.

Contemporary Verse

Mary Dixon Thayer

HAPPINESS

This is Happiness—to lie
In a field, where pointed grasses
Scrape the sky,
And no-one passes;
Where there is a little sound
Of things stirring; and around—
Nothing but the warm, sweet air
And blue silence, everywhere!

This is Happiness—to feel
Tender, new born perfumes steal
Past my face;
And to touch the hot, white sand
With my hand.
It is Happiness to hear
Little ripples very near,
Pressing with their gentle lips
Coolly, where the bare world dips
To the sea.
It is Happiness to be
Only me!

Contemporary Verse

Mary Dixon Thayer

THE OTHER SIDE

I want to push behind silence
Where sound is,—
I want to slip into the singing crack
When a noise goes through,
I want to hear what I loved to hear
Yesterday . . .

The comforting creak of a rocker on bare boards,
The excitement of a brook going down a water-fall,
The watery happiness of ducks among reeds,
The rush of a sky-rocket into the night,
The bubbling break of stars . . . !
Yet more than these
I want to hear something I *know*
But cannot remember !

Holland's Magazine

Martha Banning Thomas

TIME'S PICTURE-BOOK

Out on the edge of the worlds,
Silent in sorrow or mirth,
Child-Time sits and leisurely turns
His picture-book of the Earth.

Oh, Troy was a tall town, so I have heard men say
And there was clash of sword on shield both night-time
and day,
And there was love and laughter as well as tears and woe,
Fighting and love and laughter a many years ago—
(The desert sifts its sands above where Troy towers lie
low.)

In from western wonderlands, purple sails afire,
Galleys with their benches full came to busy Tyre;

Dye-stuffs and sandalwood, silks and cedar trees,
Ankle rings a-tinkling on the crowded quays—
(Green waters lapping soft there, now in place of these.)

On the long white highway leading up to Rome,
Past the Victory Altars marched the legions home;
Chariots and horsemen, captains, slaves and lords,
Treasures from the Orient and the Northern hordes—
(The drifting bloom of many springs has stilled the
clanging swords.)

Up and down the Harbour now the giant liners ply,
Above the heaven-pointing towers the great planes go by,
In streets below we moderns seek the goals that they
sought then,
Cities and customs all may change, but not the hearts
of men—
(Soon Child-Time, wearied, turns a page of his picture-
book again!)

Out on the edge of the worlds,
Silent in sorrow or mirth,
Child-Time ponders the pages o'er
In his picture-book of the Earth.

Contemporary Verse *Edna Valentine Trapnell*

BYRON

Outlaw of the genteel-sounding name
England foreswore—England the insular;
Model and lord of outlaws making war
Upon the fenced-in herd, fattening, tame;
Voluptuary worsted at love's game,
Harold and Juan, Cain and Manfred are,
Between your loves and hates, the simple bar
You interposed whenever tedium came!

Apollo's face, and feet of weakest clay,
Genius and pride, the sore-encumbering clods
Of kin and love—these were the crushing odds.
Proudly unbroken you went on your way,
And from your death-bed by the Grecian bay
You took your place among the deathless gods!

Albert Edmund Trombly

Voices, A Journal of Verse

TO THE DISCUS THROWER

(Seen in a distant room, beyond a fashionable
assemblage.)

Shimmering fabrics, broidered with bright threads
Of gleaming metal, and the winking eyes
Of jewels, caught in cunning webs of gold
And burnished silver, delicately wrought;—
Lustre of satin, tawny depths of fur,
Gay plumage of strange birds, and sly perfume
Which sets a silken snare to catch the will,
And bends the mind to strange and soft devices;—
All these I knew and loved, but suddenly
Beyond the crowd I saw your alien grace,
Heroic youth, austere and passionless!

What fellow had you in the ancient town,
Or what competitor to spur you on
To do brave deeds for Zeus, and on what fare
Was fed your shining length of flesh and brawn?
Did young eyes sparkle when you triumphed there,
And was your mother proud to see her son
A man full grown, an athlete to be feared,
Contender in Olympian games, who led
The bay wreathed hosts of the victorious?

For victor you must be, although unthrown
Your discus. A kingly mold is yours,
And all the lineaments of your face
And head were fashioned for the laurel crown!

Oh conqueror of time and dust and death,
Bright avatar of immortality,
Hurl, hurl your discus! Let the modern world
Of smug conceit and dull indifference
Be shattered by its impact, and let man
Wake to the vision, hearken to the dream!
Let him find joy in simple things again,
In games and laughter, poetry and song.
Teach him to know his body as a shrine,
A holy place where burns the vital spark
Of that great fire which warms humanity.

All this I pondered, and the dusty soul
Beneath the fine array surrounding me
Stood suddenly revealed a tawdry thing,
And you alone were high and clean and pure,
Wrapped in your cloak of stainless nudity!

The Lyric

Virginia Lyne Tunstall

SPINSTER SONGS

I

I mind me it was this very room,
I was making bread at the table there.
"It's a fine wife that you'd make," he said,
Then she came by with her curly hair.

Queer how life goes. Why I might have
A man, and a brood of boys and girls,
If she had only made the bread,
And I had had the yellow curls!

II

A single woman's a lonesome thing,—
Often I'm lonely day and night.
I miss, when the world's on fire with spring,
Another face in the candle light.

And yet when I see some lad I knew,
With a wife who's tired to death of him,
I know that dreams that never come true
Are better than dreams all broken and dim.

III

It's a mournful tune the rain is making,
Over and over, over and over.
Will it never have done at my window?
Where is your lover? Where is your lover?

And why should I know or care where he is?
Except for the rain I'd not be thinking
Of him, "Good riddance," my people said,
"He with his lights o' love, and his drinking."

"Good riddance," they said. Lord, Lord, how it rains!
I should be thankful enough for a cover
Above my head, and a fire to warm me,—
Over and over. Where is your lover?

I had my pride as a girl should have.
I have it still. If I am crying,
It's the rain. I'd shed no tears for him,
And his smiling lips that were made for lying.

It's a morunful tune the rain is making.
Over and over, over and over.
While the fire burns low, and the ashes fall.
Where is my lover? Where is my lover?

The Lyric West.

Virginia Lyne Tunstall

FIRE AND SNOW

No, not as a draped majestic figure,
Dark adagio of stone;
But as a wafted petal,
White gem, a flake of snow,
Prima assoluta, the sole star, faintly—
White against white—in profile
Is borne across the snowy stage of earth
Out beyond the last black trees;

So, lightly, softly you walked,
To mute the crunching of footsteps.
(You were all white)
You sank beneath the black twisted boughs
To listen for the murmuring snow.
And the sweet, faint music of the snow-notes
Fell insistently upon your ear.
(How strangely you are like the snow!)
"I heard their murmur
And their music," you said;
"I could have nestled
Quite warmly forever to sleep."

I freeze in the cold blue sleet
Cleaving to your obdurate image
Here in the April of my longing.

Mark Turbyfill

Prairie (formerly The Milwaukee Arts Monthly)

COUNTRY SCHOOL-ROOM ADIRONDACK MOUNTAINS

"Turn to page ten in your arithmetics."
Rustle of yellow pages like a snake
Among old leaves. The small boy tries to make

His mind go through its jumbled bag of tricks.
But how can he lay hands on eight times six
When mountains fill the window and a lake
Nudges his dreams, when autumn and the ache
Of color, noon, and the numbers meet and mix?

Puzzled, he asks the tree-tops, but the sun
Covers his desk with blots and yellow scrawls.
A woodchuck mocks him. If he had a gun!
Last year he brought down two of them. The walls
Dissolve. Vague thoughts bemuse him, one by one,
As numberless and nameless as their calls.

The Century Magazine

Louis Untermeyer

YOU SAID

You said, "I will put a glowing armor about you
And wrap you secure in the visible flame of my love."
The garment may shine, but it has no fire without you.
I am cold in a lonely city. I look for you. Where
have you gone?

You said, "I will always be with you whatever the distance."

Yet here, for all of the crowd, is an empty room.
Night gnaws through the music and talk with a hungry
insistence.

Where have you gone? I call you. You do not reply.

You said, "I will come in the dark at your heart's lightest quiver;

My lips will be laid on your forehead wherever you are."

The talkers have gone; but you—you are further than ever.

I plunge through a nightmare of hours that prod me
awake.

You said—but what does it matter? If sayings could
heal me

I would be stronger than thought or promise of words.
Where now is the blaze to surround, the white armor to
steel me?

Keep your answer awhile . . . yet awhile . . .
I am coming to you.

Louis Untermeyer

The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post

TANGENTIAL

(For E. A. R.)

The eyes of more than Tilbury Town,
Seeing too much to trust their ears,
Had watched him, with a ghostly frown,
Walking among his ghostly peers.
For years, they saw him dim, distraught,
Torn by himself and various labors;
But what they said or what they thought
Could not be gathered from his neighbors.

Yet there were some who told of strange
Communion at incredible hours,
In which, one heard, he would exchange
Small talk with far from heavenly powers.
Rumor, in dark and dubious tones,
Had croaked, though no one would affirm it,
He brewed new wine from old dried bones
And sang queer ballads for a hermit.

And others, still more circumspect,
Controlled themselves with his control;
Or if they chanced to recollect
The vision of a fettered soul
That burst its bonds and, unafraid,
Struck out to save itself from drowning,
Chose to consider it a shade
And crossed themselves and muttered "Browning."

Meanwhile, the rest of us who stood
Gnawing our fingers in confusion,
Busied ourselves as best we could
And hurried him to his seclusion.
We could not stop to see him rise,
We who could only see the prison,
Heedless of unsuspected skies
In which another star had risen.

The Fugitive

Louis Untermeyer

CHILD AND HER STATUE

Your living glass is this unpolished stone
That looks at you with unappraising eyes.
Only the smile is different. It is wise
As things inanimate are wise, from having grown
In fire and ice ten thousand years alone.
You will turn shrewd, change with the volatile skies,
Cheapen yourself, snatch at the moment's prize . . .
Knowing all this, its smile remains its own.
Here where the light is almost leaping through,
The bust is real as you will never be.
You will grow harder than this marble, true
To nothing long, not even your effigy;
While all the impulsive radiance that was you,
Imprisoned in the stone, will still be free.

Rhythmus

Louis Untermeyer

FIVE TREES

Five pine trees held up on the nape of a broken hill

Huddle and dream in a pattern of disarray.

The first is twisted with thought; it is gnarled and still;

It has nothing to throw to the winds that tore its
branches away.

The second is restless with youth. It answers the wind

With laughter of leaves; it claps its green hands

At every air stirring, no matter how fetid or thinned;

It sings, with impatient abandon, of all that it scarce
understands.

The third is expansive, a generous mother of trees.

All day it keeps crooning an old wives' patter of
charms.

And the cold moon is held, for a spell, on compassionate
knees,

And the wind is a child that it hushes to sleep in its
arms.

The fourth has a taunt for each breeze; it dares to be
taken,

Sure of its roots in the solid, respectable earth.

The fifth is a dying trunk, too old to be shaken

By winds that are less to it now than half-hearted
whispers of birth.

Five pine trees held up on the nape of a broken hill

Huddle and dream in a pattern of disarray . . .

And you pass among them. They touch you; you alter.

Stand still!

Which are you today?

The New Republic

Louis Untermeyer

CHESTNUT STREET, BOSTON

Beyond the bulge of his tall candles you sit
Reading Henry James. The walls are stern
With lithographs. There is a blur of glassware about you
And straight between the windows,
Portrait of your grim Presbyterian.

Lodged in this swing of splintered bric-a-brac
You sit a goddess, reading in his room,
Above your sloping shoulders at the right
Of his long line of volumes is a bust
Of a Bacchante, starting from the gloom.

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Harold Vinal

SEA BORN

My mother bore me in an island town,
So I love windy water and the sight
Of luggers sailing by in thin moonlight—
I wear the sea as others wear a crown!
My mother bore me near the spinning water,
Water was the first sound upon my ears,
And near the sea her mother bore her daughter,
Close to a window looking on the weirs.
Ever a wind is moaning where I go,
I never stand at night upon a quay,
But I must strain my eyes for sails that blow,
But I must strain my ears to hear the sea.
My mother bore me in a seaport town,
I wear the sea as others wear a crown!

So I have loved the sea as other men
Have loved the way of women who were dear;
Think it not strange that I should turn again
Back to the water and a windy pier.

For men turn back to women and so I,
Turn to the sea that I have loved the best,
Back to the waves and salty spume flung high,
Back to the furious beating of her breast.
So am I stifled now by streets and trees,
That have no space for breathing; I would wear
The splendid look of ships and breathe sea air,
Vessels and schooners, I am one with these.
My mother bore me in an island town,—
I wear the sea as others wear a crown!

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Harold Vinal

WIND

Sway over the trees, wind, if you will, start them burn-
ing,

Toss the leaves up in the slanting meadows,
Sway over the breast of the unmoving water,
Break the bushes into thin lines of shadows.

Sway like a lover, wind, pinion the hill grass,
Under your strength, till it bear again,
Sway over the mountains, wind, let the hollows expand
Into wideness, let the torpid grass ache for the swell
of the rain.

Beat, beat upon the heads of young lads riding to mar-
ket,
Fan the faces of girls, toss their hair wild,
Blow the tansy to fragrance by the roadside,
Soothe the woman with child.

I know you wind, long ago you tore me,
Limb from limb, wind, wind at my heel;
I know what these lovers are aching and thirsting for,
I know what these twigs and these birds feel.

This is the time for sweethearts to go to the meadows,
Blow the twilight back over the springing land,
Blow the clover to redness where they wander,
These new lovers, hand in confident hand.

Tree to tree you move them, lovers and swallows,
You urge them to ripeness, you scorch them with your
burning,
Till the buds burst from the ground and the prairie
Burns in the shun. Hush for the child is growing.
Hush for the child stirs, trembling and unknowing.

They shall defy you, these stalwart men and these
women,
They shall defy you, these lovers that go to the fields
now,
These young children running down to the water,
This fecund hill wearing a tree at its brow.

Wind, stop your running down the quickening orchard,
Stride no more over the hills, quiet your loom,
Blow the rain no longer along the house rafters,—
Hush your breath, the child is asleep in the womb.

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Harold Vinal

CLOTH-OF-GOLD

Ferries never go to sea like the steamers
That are frilled with soft smoke, that curtsy to the
town,
And turn towards Spain with a stir of lacy streamers—
For all of that, a ferry, cracked and brown
And wistful as an old shoe, though it only scuttles
Over a steel river worn to rusty red,
Is the same as any steamer if you say that both are
shuttles
On one enormous loom, but with different lengths of
thread.

Steamers' wakes are fine-spun silk, moon-spotted
And sun-striped, unrolling over spools of clear blue
glass;
And ferries' tracks, as coarse as hemp, and clotted
With the grit of minutes, jerk through tarnished brass.
This is a heavy cloth they weave with horror, pity,
Tenderness and courage in every 'sagging seam—
Yet in the dusk it falls across a tired city
In plaids of gold and silver, lighter than a dream.

The New Republic

Winifred Welles

HUNTING DOGS

No other animal, not dog nor bull,
Could be more noble or more beautiful
Than these, who are more courteous than people
Whose heads are higher and whose bodies ripple
More silkily than any of their kind.
No other dogs so tensely take the wind
As these, who stretch their long necks on the air
As if on water; so weedily the hair
Fringes each tail, floats from each delicate limb,
So hard they breathe and stare, they seem to swim.

And, swiftness softened, muscles at their ease,
When one of them, with gentle hope to please,
Trots quaintly up, and, with a humorous grace,
Drops on my hands the velvet of his face.
The petals of his ears and tongue, I lack
All hateful thoughts—Surely the howling pack
Is not of these; surely no terrible trouble
Was ever sought for wild things in the stubble
By eyes so tender; never, through such soft breath,
Flashed, like man's steel, the savage teeth of death.

Winifred Welles

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

THE BLACK NUN

Her part at vespers was to light each candle—
A wick herself in those black robes, she came,
Lonely and dark across the dusk to handle
These beads, which were God's rosary of flame.
Like a great moth, her shadow, melancholy,
Wounded, blind, fluttered along the stone
Close to the candles' Holy! Holy! Holy!
As each tiny tongue rang out in silvery tone.

Once only did her waxen fingers falter
In their scattering of sparks across this space;
One time she paused to stare beyond the altar
Into the niche where Magdalen's white face,
Bedevilled with the shadows, nodded to her to listen
To a statue's lips that mocked her where she stood,
With half the chancel dark and half aglisten,
Still as a figure carven of charred wood.

Darkness softer than this, more richly embered,
With fire enough in her ten fingertips
To candle whole cathedrals, she remembered—
And that faint shadow from the marble lips
Of Magdalen slid, flickering, to hers; her lashes,
Closed on the tapers, as against cool tears,
Were singed by eyes, that, from her face of ashes,
Leapt up as hotly as the points of spears.

Her sleeve need not have wavered, she was jagged
With her own stabbing breath, long before the claws
Of candles caught her robes and made them ragged—
This was the veil twice-taken; such a gauze,
As to a sombre nun is seldom given,
Twisted her body in its rustling fold;
This, her last candle lit to God in Heaven,
Spattered the loftiest saint with drops of gold.

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Winifred Welles

THE FISH-HAWK

On the large highway of the awful air that flows
Unbounded between sea and heaven, while twilight
screened

The majestic distances, he moved and had repose;
On the huge wind of the Immensity he leaned
His steady body in long lapse of flight, and rose

Gradual, through broad gyres of ever-climbing rest,
Up the clear stair of the eternal sky; and stood
Throned on the summit! Slowly, with his widening breast
Widened around him the enormous Solitude,
From the gray rim of ocean to the glowing west.

Headlands and capes forlorn of the far coast, the land
Rolling her barrens toward the south, he, from his
throne

Upon the gigantic wind, beheld: he hung—he fanned
The abyss for mighty joy, to feel beneath him strown
Pale pastures of the sea, with heaven on either hand,

The world with all her winds and waters, earth and air,
Fields, folds, and moving clouds. The awful and adored
Arches and endless aisles of vacancy, the fair

Void of sheer heights and hollows hailed him as her
lord
And lover in the highest, to whom all heaven lay bare!

Till from that tower of ecstasy, that baffled height,
Stooping, he sank; and slowly on the world's wide way
Walked, with great wing on wing, the merciless, proud
Might,

Hunting the huddled and lone reaches for his prey
Down the dim shore—and faded in the crumbling light.

Slowly the dusk covered the land. Like a great hymn
The sound of moving winds and waters was; the sea

Whispered a benediction, and the west grew dim
Where evening lifted her clear candles quietly . . .
Heaven, crowded with stars, trembled from rim to rim.

Scribner's Magazine

John Hall Wheelock

HAUNTED EARTH

Heaven at last
Is bared, and the whole world one radiant room—
Black are the shadows, in great pools of gloom
By copse and thicket cast.

The cattle browse
With sound of gentle breathing, and their breath
Is mild in glimmering meadows, or beneath
Drooped branches where they drowse;

While 'mid the chill
Shadows and cold, clear moonlight all about
A single bat goes dipping in and out
Softly, and all is still.

Silence around—
Save for a cricket! Lapped in slumb'rous peace
Lie hill and meadowland, the shining seas
Lap on them without sound.

It is earth's cry
Lifted in adoration; the old dream,
Beauty, is with her, and her hour supreme
That goes so swiftly by.

Too well she knows
The sweet Illusion, from no earthly shore
Visitant, the bright word that evermore
Troubles her dark repose.

Her heart lies bare,
Drunken, drunken, she lifts a dreamy breast;
Hour by hour in rapture and unrest
Flows the unending prayer.

The path of night
Reaches, from rim to rim, a radiant road
Whereon the exalted Beauty walks abroad
In wonder and wild light.

Upon what eyes,
Lifted in homesickness, now falls again
The loveliness that haunts the world with pain,
Remembering Paradise!

The Yale Review

John Hall Wheelock

THE LION HOUSE

Always the heavy air,
The dreadful cage, the low
Murmur of voices, where
Some Force goes to and fro
In an immense despair.

As through a haunted brain,
With tireless footfalls
The Obsession moves again,
Trying the floor, the walls,
Forever, but in vain.

In vain, proud Force. A might,
Shrewder than yours, did spin
Around your rage that bright
Prison of steel, wherein
You pace for my delight.

And oh, my heart, what Doom,
What mightier Mind has wrought
The cage, within whose room
Paces your burning thought
For the delight of Whom?

John Hall Wheelock

The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post

PROVINCIAL

I

Before you came I got the papers read
So I could talk to you of diplomats,
And I could say just what the papers said.
And then you asked about the tiger cats,
And said you liked my waving mane of hair,
And said the old town had not changed a bit.
It's nice and restful for you, isn't it?
I know just how Miss Mary in her chair
Feels when folks call—and now you've gone again.
If you lived here and I lived over there
I would come back from dealing with great men
To see you and the "dear old town" again,
But I'd not talk to you of tiger cats!

II

I hate to hear the others praise you so,
And ask me if I noticed your hair curled,
And how, when you got mad, your eyes would glow.
They'll never find out what you meant to me.
I wish they hated you, and I could be
Your only single friend in all the world.

III

I dreamed last night an angel pushed
With both hands on the apple tree
Under my window, till he crushed
The black bark, and the rings of wood
Split at his touch, and there you stood
Inside; your eyes danced merrily
As you reached out your arms to me.
But now by day the tree looks just the same
As it did before you came.

IV

I wish I'd never met you, never seen
That look of yours, as if you got some fun
Out of the frozen mountains and the sun.
Whatever I do, it comes in between.
Well, look then, keep on looking, and much good
You'll get from it! I'm going to bring the wood
And then wash up the dishes, and then clean
The garbage pail, and scrub down every floor
And whisk the dust specks out of every room
Of this old tomb, and polish the front door,
Mix up the batter—the bought bread gets stale—
And look inside the oven door to see
If what I put in puffs sufficiently,
Ready for lunch; and after lunch I'll mend
Torn clothes, then walk down-town and get the mail,
Cook dinner, and perhaps at night I'll go
To prayer-meeting, or to the movie-show—
I've that much choice at least for the day's end.
What is the use of having you in sight
When nothing else will ever change a mite?

V

If it were land between us I'd not be
Discouraged. If I never had the fare

Still I could always walk and find you there.
But now—how could I ever cross the sea?
Green water it is, mile and mile and mile.
The boats keep moving all day steadily;
All day, all night, the people wake and sleep,
Get up and go to bed, and the boats keep
Moving, just on green water, all the while.
I'll never earn enough to come to you.
I try to make my thought rise up and fly
Over the sea to look at what you do.
It flies a little way through winter sky
And then green water closes endlessly
Around it, and it sinks too deep for memory. . . .
You might as well be dead for all of me.

VI

I had more sense than you had, anyway,
When we stood laughing at the butting lamb,
And when we let the pail down in the spring,
And when we raced beside the beaver dam.
I'm glad I never heard your whispering,
I'm glad I never let you play with me
And set the neighbors' tongues a-gossiping.
You'd be as distant as you are today,
And I'd be that much worse off than I am.

The Nation

Viola C. White

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

As though a potter made his clay too fine
To hold the bread of daily life, or wine
Poured for the common use; so she was frail.
The silken hair that crowned her little head, was pale
As flowers are, that grow in shadow, and her look
Gave back your own, as pictures pass
Within a glass,

Or the clear surface of a brook.
Yet in your heart she left a subtle thing,
As though a dream were there—and whispering.

She seemed compound of fragile unrealities,
Like the first glimmering image that one sees,
Who lights a waxen candle in the dark,
And stays to mark
The merging shadows, where they fall
Across the wall,
Within a room not sombre, nor too bright.

Her smooth hands had the whiteness of magnolia flowers;
Their gracious curves, and loveliness too pure,
Too poignant to endure
Beyond a single morning's flying hours.
Too slender was her body, and too pale
Her face; the wistfulness upon it too intense.
Yet have I seen the silver filaments
That make a spider's latticed dwelling, fine and frail,
Withstand a gale.

And she? This being, fragile as a dream
Could seem;
This slender shape of mystery and pale gold,
Has lived, endured, and suffered,—and grown old.

Contemporary Verse

Mary Brent Whiteside

A BALLAD OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

Queen Elizabeth sat on her threshold
Before she had quite grown old,
The gown she wore was of scarlet satin
And her coif was of silk and gold:

The Lord of Leicester knelt at her shoulder
And a lute-child played by her knee—

It was one of those hours that are never forgotten,
And nothing to hear or see;

Lord Leicester talked of a day they remembered
When they were little together,
Of young Queen Jane and a robe she wore,
And the old King's chain and feather:

The child with the lute leaned close to the Queen
And laid his head on her knee
To hear their stories of once-on-a-time
When they were little as he,

And the Queen put a hand on Lord Leicester's shoulder
And a hand on the lute-child's head . . .
Yet there was little she seemed to hear
Of the things they sang and said. . . .

And the trumpets blew from under the window,
Calling the Queen to rise,
And her face turned back to a Queen's again
And her eyes turned hard and wise,

And she said, "I think I hear England calling,
That I wedded while I was fair,
And England is calling, that is my child":
And she went and left them there.

But Leicester was only a man after all,
And the boy was a man-child too,
So the thing she was feigning before she left them
I think they never knew.

Voices, A Journal of Verse

Margaret Widdemer

REVISITANTS

We who went where Dante went
And Persephone,
You can know us by the bent
Brow, and shadowy,

By the eyes that still would dream
(Through your loudest word)
Of the kindness in some stream
Or some singing-bird:

Soft our words to all who live,
Courteously we go
(There's so little to forgive,
Knowing what we know!)

Yet have patience if we stare
At your whimpering crowd . . .
Where the Nine Great Circles were
No man cried aloud.

The Double Dealer

Margaret Widdemer

VESPERS

Of three
Who sat in the dooryard sun,
One said, "I'd like a hill,
When this is done,
A place where I can look around,
Provided I'm not sleeping sound."

And one:
"Hill or vale, what's that to me?
I'd like a place beneath a tree,
And when the spring is here about,
I'd climb up with the sap and shout."

But the third said:
"I'll take the dip
In the old wood lot,
Where I can lie in peace and rot
Until, some day, as those things go,
Some one will pinch my dust, just so,
And say, 'Why, man, this stuff will grow!' "

The Century Magazine *Albert Frederick Wilson*

AT GRANDFATHER'S

My son, upon this curving stair
Whose balusters are slim and white,
Your mother scurried from the bear
That sometimes follows you at night.
And later, (though you do not care,)
She kissed me here by candle light.

So shake the spindles with your hand
And pound them with your chubby fist.
But I would have you understand,
You, with your eyes of amethyst,
That this is an enchanted land
Where bears have lurked and lovers kissed.

Contemporary Verse *John French Wilson*

TO HIS TEACHER

Dear Humanist, this roaring street
Is far enough from your still garden close;
And here we move on hastier feet;
Much like the feet of those
Who fear to miss what they pursue.

The same old Beauty, as no doubt you guess,
But moving with unwonted liveliness,
And, like the ladies on the avenue,
All given just now to changeful thoughts of dress.

I find on every hand this tendency
To lay new stress upon the new;
The past has very decently
Interred its dead for us;
We cultivate the curious,
And rather seek to leave behind
Those universal points of view
That always had a charm for you
Who loiter down more tranquil ways,
Still musing on the ancient days
And with the eternal years in mind.

From the becoming flux of things,
Our livelier inspiration springs;
And while we do not doubt
That men have had a common history,
We hold that the immediate Me
Is art's concern, and still unique.
Our effort must be to express
An egocentric consciousness
That leaves tradition absolutely out,
And never blurs originality
With echoes of conventions not its own,
Or derivation's tiresome overtone. . . .

And yet, sometimes there comes to me
The thought of the brave revels that you hold—
Those feasts where new and old
Make up one gallant company;
And then I find myself remembering
A bit of classic genealogy—
A tale so ancient that it may be true—
Which says the Muses did not spring

From the young Inspiration that we woo,
Nor any pert Originality,
But all are daughters of that Memory
Who gravely walks with you.

The Freeman

Anne Goodwin Winslow

THE SINGING SHADOWS

I

These things that star a casual day's beholding—
The sight of cattle drowsing in the shade,
The chase of moon-washed waves, in endless folding,
The stars in endless, measureless parade—
These things—earth, sea, and sky—by us are blent
Into a harmony that lays a duty
Upon our souls to serve, till we are spent,
That oneness of all things that we call beauty.

Beauty is one and all things, at all hours:
The trembling noon, the smoky tempest's scourge,
The stir of farms, the windy dance of flowers,
The clash of angry men, the throb and surge
When the dark sea leaps to enfold a star:
Beauty is all we know and all we are.

II

I am a tongue for beauty. Not a day,
And not a night, but is a face of her:
The leafy surf of spring, with petal spray;
The nights when snowflakes are too stiff to stir.
She laughs in sunlit waters, and she smiles
In trembling moonlit pools that break the moon;
Her soft face shines above the herded miles
Where slums shrink from the stifling breath of noon.

Her hand is in your hand at every turning;
She slips unseen beside you in the press;
But she will break the brittle heart with yearning,
When, trembling in the glare of loneliness,
You dread to learn you are remote from worth—
And find you are her shadow on the earth.

III

We are the singing shadows beauty casts;
Nor shall the shadow live to see its source,
Nor her invisible sun, whose morning lasts
Long after life has spent its feeble force:
No more than waves burned silver by the moon
Shall lift to see their shining silver one,
Or her enkindling sun, whose whitest noon
Shadows some fierier and farther sun.

Trap beauty in your net, she still is flying;
Know her, she is radiantly unknown;
Slay her, she is reborn out of her dying,
To cleave those heights only her wings have flown;
Flee her, till earth ebbs to a vanishing star,
You are her shadow; she is where you are.

IV

O fly before me. You have fled me long;
For you I left a home and built a home,
Seeking to net your glory in a song
Frailer than bubbles born and dead in foam.
I have sought you on starry mountain spaces,
Bright with the memory of your flying feet,
And deep in tortured shadows of lost places,
Which your forgotten passing had left sweet.

A fly before me, till my eyes are dim,
Too tired to pace you to your radiant west,
Where still you waken man, and beckon him

To the unending ardor of your quest—
Where you at last alone shall hold your place,
With only death to seek your deathless face.

Scribner's Magazine

Clement Wood

TWO SONNETS

Since all is vanity—O shrewdest preacher!—
Since death and dust are sure, for all our hoping,
Why then should man, discriminating creature,
Continue in his unproductive groping?
What is the gain of all the painful scramble,
The hours of patient building in the sun,
When the sure sea, the hour alone a gamble,
Will wash away our ramparts one by one?
Why taste the joy embittered by the pain?
Why starve the spirit pale, in serving duty?
What use the chase of good repute or gain,
And the mad hungry servitude to beauty?
This life is worthless: then why wait to spend it?
Surely the wiser part would be to end it!

That which made me was bred of ache and bleeding,
Of ageless agony that shrieked and tore:
And since all this has gone into the kneading,
My substance can endure a little more.
What if men labor for deceitful prizes,
Or if no prizes crown the thorny strife?
We know, beyond the last remote surmises,
That life itself is the reward of life.
We know each day goes deathward robed in splendor,
That night is deep and still and ever dear,
That men are warm in friendship, women tender,
And that their love brings brimming harvest here,
A bright rebirth before the old soul perish,
An immortality to touch and cherish.

The Yale Review

Clement Wood

ANTINOUS

(A statue at Delphi.)

In sullen sweetness he stands, the fairest frail boy of
the world,
His languid head downbent with the hyacinthine curled
Heavy load of his hair, in grape clusters shading his face
Still dreaming, even in marble, over his body's grace.
The rhythm of limbs that spring, like a silver birch on a
hill,
Eternally poised to move, eternally still.
Wrapped in a dream of his beauty, unshaken by clashing
years,
He is grown too languid for love, too mournful for tears;
And the stone that was white as a star when the sculp-
tor's chisel sang
Is stained with the colours of Time, till the weight of
curls that hang
Over his brow, are tarnished to gold that an Emperor
knew
And his limbs are flushed as a sunburnt peach to his own
sweet hue. . . .
So the greatly beloved lives, his beauty a flame in the
mind
When the ancient pitiful sins are blown as dust down the
wind.

The Lyric West

Narcisse Wood

BENVENUTO'S VALENTINE

Not for the child that wanders home
So wasted by barbaric kings,
So wearied by imperial Rome,
That he will clasp my apron strings.

Not for the ghost that never is
And never will be known by me,
Whose heel is on the precipice
Before its print has left the sea.

And not for darling Harlequin
Spinning in stars of diamond shape,
Nor Hamlet, exquisite and thin
As moonbeams in an inky cape.

Not for the legend latest-born
Of Chivalry and Virgin, whom
Roland has knighted with a horn
And Richard with a sprig of broom.

Not even for the man who climbed
A thousand miles to thrust a torch
Among forgotten fagots, rimed
By winter in an iron porch.

But for the thought, that wrought and planned
Such intricate and crystal things,
My kiss is set upon your hand
As softly as a silver ring's.

The Yale Review

Elinor Wylie

THE PURITAN'S BALLAD

My love came up from Barnegat,
The sea was in his eyes;
He trod as softly as a cat
And told me terrible lies.

His hair was yellow as new-cut pine
In shavings curled and feathered;
I thought how silver it would shine
By cruel winters weathered.

But he was in his twentieth year,
This time I'm speaking of;
We were head over heels in love with fear
And half a-feared of love.

My hair was piled in a copper crown—
A devilish living thing,
And the tortoise-shell pins fell down, fell down,
When that snake uncoiled to spring.

His feet were used to treading a gale
And balancing thereon;
His face was brown as a foreign sail
Threadbare against the sun.

His arms were thick as hickory logs
Whittled to little wrists;
Strong as the teeth of terrier dogs
Were the fingers of his fists.

Within his arms I feared to sink
Where lions shook their manes,
And dragons drawn in azure ink
Leapt quickened by his veins.

Dreadful his strength and length of limb
As the sea to foundering ships;
I dipped my hands in love for him
No deeper than their tips.

But our palms were welded by a flame
The moment we came to part,
And on his knuckles I read my name
Enscrolled within a heart.

And something made our wills to bend
As wild trees blown over;
We were no longer friend and friend,
But only lover and lover.

"In seven weeks or seventy years—
God grant it may be sooner!—
I'll make a handkerchief for your tears
From the sails of my captain's schooner.

We'll wear our loves like wedding rings
Long polished to our touch;
We shall be busy with other things
And they cannot bother us much.

When you are skimming the wrinkled cream
And your ring clinks on the pan,
You'll say to yourself in a pensive dream,
"How wonderful a man!"

When I am slitting a fish's head
And my ring clanks on the knife,
I'll say with thanks, as a prayer is said,
"How beautiful a wife!"

And I shall fold my decorous paws
In velvet smooth and deep,
Like a kitten that covers up its claws
To sleep and sleep and sleep.

Like a little blue pigeon you shall bow
Your bright alarming crest;
In the crook of my arm you'll lay your brow
To rest and rest and rest."

*Will he never come back from Barnegat
With thunder in his eyes,
Treading as soft as a tiger cat,
To tell me terrible lies?*

Rhythmus

Elinor Wylie

SEAWARD

I will ride on a white stallion
To your tent. I will be naked
And the beast eager
For the inswing of the foam-flowers.
Like a single cloud
That floats toward the Islands
Peace will sit in my face.
A wreath, and the buds will stir
In little winds from the sea,
I will bring of my last songs
For you in your tent,
For your quiet temples,
O death.

Anthony Wrynn

The Measure, A Journal of Poetry

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Part II

**Yearbook of American
Poetry**

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Abbreviations

<i>Al. Wl.</i>	All's Well
<i>Am. Poetry</i>	American Poetry Magazine
<i>Amer. Heb.</i>	The American Hebrew
<i>Atlantic</i>	The Atlantic Monthly
<i>Bost. Chron.</i>	The Boston Chronicle
<i>Bost. Post</i>	The Boston Post
<i>Bost. Transcript</i>	Boston Transcript
<i>Cath. World</i>	The Catholic World
<i>Casem'ts</i>	Casements
<i>Ced. Rap. Rep.</i>	Cedar Rapids Republican
<i>Ch. Cent.</i>	The Christian Century
<i>Ch. Sci. Monitor</i>	The Christian Science Monitor
<i>Ch. Herald</i>	The Christian Herald
<i>Chi. Post</i>	Chicago Evening Post
<i>Ch'man</i>	The Churchman
<i>Cong'st.</i>	The Congregationalist
<i>Cont. V.</i>	Contemporary Verse
<i>Cos.</i>	Cosmopolitan
<i>Dbl. Dlr.</i>	The Double Dealer
<i>Em. Quar.</i>	Emerson Quarterly
<i>Fgte.</i>	The Fugitive
<i>Figs from Calif.</i>	Figs from California
<i>F'man.</i>	The Freeman
<i>Gd. Hskpg.</i>	Good Housekeeping
<i>Granite M.</i>	The Granite Monthly
<i>Guild Pnr.</i>	Guild Pioneer
<i>Ind. Illust.</i>	Industry Illustrated
<i>Ind. Univ. Alum.</i>	Indiana University
<i>Led. Dis.</i>	Norfolk Ledger Dispatch
<i>Lin. Lore</i>	Lincoln Lore
<i>Lit. R.</i>	The Literary Review, N. Y. Evening Post
<i>Lit. World</i>	The Literary World

<i>Liv. Church</i>	The Living Church
<i>Lyric</i>	The Lyric
<i>Lyric West</i>	The Lyric West
<i>M. A. M.</i>	Milwaukee Arts Monthly
<i>Mag'at</i>	Magnificat
<i>Mdn. Rev.</i>	Modern Review
<i>Measure</i>	The Measure, A Journal of Poetry
<i>Messngr</i>	The Messenger
<i>Mil. Arts Monthly</i>	The Milwaukee Arts Monthly
<i>N. W. Ry. Mag.</i>	North Western Railway Magazine
<i>National</i>	National Magazine
<i>New. Rep.</i>	The New Republic
<i>Ocon. Ent.</i>	Oconomowoc Enterprise
<i>Oklah'm'n</i>	The Daily Oklahoman
<i>Per'st.</i>	The Personalist
<i>Pic. Rev.</i>	The Pictorial Review
<i>Poetry</i>	Poetry, A Magazine of Verse
<i>R. I. Argus</i>	Rock Island Argus
<i>Rd. Bk.</i>	The Red Book
<i>Revr.</i>	The Reviewer (Richmond)
<i>S. At. Qr.</i>	The South Atlantic Quarterly
<i>Smt. Set.</i>	The Smart Set
<i>So. Meth. Univ.</i>	Southern Methodist University
<i>South'n Lit.</i>	The Southern Literary Magazine
<i>Sur. Grphc.</i>	Survey Graphic
<i>T. Tales</i>	Telling Tales
<i>Tex. Rev.</i>	The Texas Review
<i>U. Amatr.</i>	The United Amateur
<i>V. Pilot</i>	Norfolk Virginian-Pilot
<i>Wand.</i>	The Wanderer
<i>Wld. Tmrow.</i>	The World Tomorrow
<i>Wrtts M.</i>	The Writers' Monthly
<i>Yale Rev.</i>	The Yale Review
<i>Yr. Bk. of P. S. of S. C.</i>	Year Book of the Poetry Society of South Carolina

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The Unknown God,	<i>Ch. Cent.</i> , Jan. 18, '23
Caravans,	<i>Ch. Cent.</i> , Feb. 15, '23
Lincoln,	<i>Ch. Cent.</i> , Feb. 22, '23
Sonnet,	<i>Ch. Cent.</i> , May 8, '23
To a Mocking Bird,	<i>Lyric</i> , Jun., '23
The Poet,	<i>Lyric</i> , Nov., '22
The Ghost; Lowly Lives,	<i>Lyric</i> , Mar., '23
Song,	<i>Pegasus</i> , Mar., '23
New Altars,	<i>Al-Wl.</i> , Feb.-Mar., '23
The Statue of Liberty Speaks,	<i>Al-Wl.</i> , Oct.-Nov., '22
BLANDING, HENRIETTE DE S.—Exile	<i>Cont. V.</i> , Jun., '23
BLISS, MARTHA HART—Prophets,	<i>Sur. Grphc.</i> , Apr., '23
BLOCK, LOUIS JAMES—Outlooks,	<i>Caprice</i> , May, '23
BLUNDEN, EDMUND—Rural Economy (Flanders, 1917),	<i>Lyric</i> , Jun., '23
BOCK, FRANCES MACFARLAND—Up from the Dry Ar- royo,	<i>Am Poetry</i> , Feb.-Mar., '23
BODENHEIM, MAXWELL—New York City,	<i>Nation</i> , Feb., 21, '23
City Streets,	<i>Nation</i> , Mar. 21, '23
A Visitor from Mars Smiles,	<i>Nation</i> , Apr. 4, '23
Office Girl; Envious Poet,	<i>Nation</i> , Jul. 4, '23
The Incurable Mystic Answers Western Ambi- tions; The Sword Converses with a Philoso- pher,	<i>Dbl. Dlr.</i> , Oct., '22
Challenge,	<i>Dbl. Dlr.</i> , Mar.-Apr., '23
Landscape,	<i>Bookman</i> , Sep., '22
Flapper,	<i>Bookman</i> , Nov., '22
Realistic Creator (Dedicated to Mr. T. S. Eliot),	<i>Bookman</i> , May, '23
Advice to My Young Wife,	<i>Cent.</i> , Nov., '22
And If I Say,	<i>Lit. Rev.</i> , Mar. 10, '23
Inevitable,	<i>Mdn. Rev.</i> , Autumn, '22
Decadent Cry,	<i>Dial</i> , Apr., '23
Definitions,	<i>Rev.</i> , Apr., '23

BODENHEIM, MAXWELL (*Continued*)

- Portrait, *Broom*, Mar., '23
 Cry, Naked and Personal, *M. A. M.*, Dec., '22
- BODINE, WILLIAM LESTER**—Lake Geneva,
N. W. Ry Mag., Jul., '23
- BOGAN, LOUISE**—The Changed Woman, *Rhythmus*, Jun.-Jul., '23
 The Stones; Trio, *Measure*, Jun., '23
 To a Dead Lover; Leave-Taking; Knowledge;
 Resolve; Elders, *Poetry*, Aug., '22
 The Romantic; The Frightened Man, *Measure*, Feb., '23
 Last Hill in a Vista; Stanza, *Measure*, Nov., '22
 Song, *Voices*, Dec., '22
- BOISSEVAIN, MYNHART J.**—Adagio, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
- BOLLING, BERTHA**—The Spirit of the Dawn, *Scribner's*, Dec., '22
- BOND, GEORGE D.**—Late Autumn, *So. Meth. Univ.*, '23
- BOND, JOSIAH**—Arizona; Drilling Song; Our First
 Born; Why Evolution Is Slow; Crystal Robes;
 The Merciful Nimrods; The Holy Birthday;
 Homer; From Days of Old, *Ariz. Lyrics*, Nov., '22
- BORST, BEATRICE WEST**—The Soul of a Woman, A Cycle
 (Flight, Wooing, Together, The Stopping
 Place, Expectation, To the Village and Home
 Again, Hope Fulfilled) *Lyric West*, Dec., '23
- BOSELEY, RUTH WALSWORTH**—"Chaque Nuit je Quitte
 la Maison"; One Passes By; Singing; in the
 Night; *Figs from Calif.*, '22
- BOSSEE, MARY E.**—A Cousin to Tithonus,
Yr. Bk. of P. S. of S. C., '22
- BOULTON, HILDA BRANN**—Beggars, *Lyric West*, Mar., '23
- BOUTWELL, EDGAR**—Conscience; Work, *Dbl. Dir.*, Oct., '22
- BOWDOIN, PETER**—"Love in Whose Name—" *Measure*, May, '23
- BOWEN, STIRLING**—Voltaire; Marat; Danton; Napol-
 eon, *Bookman*, Jan., '23
 Evening Song, *Liberator*, Aug., '22
 Autumn, *Liberator*, Oct., '22
- BOWLES, O. J.**—Walls, *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
- BOYCE, FAITH**—The House of Our Dreams; Shadows,
South'n Lit., Jul., '23
- BOYLE, KAY**—Monody to the Sound of Zithers,
Poetry, Dec., '22
 Morning, *Broom*, Jan., '23
- BRADBURY, BROOKS**—Vice Versa, *Lyric*, May, '23
- BRADFORD, GAMALIEL**—Song of the Sea Rover,
Minaret, May-Jun., '23
 The Cicada, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
 The Problem; Life's Honey; Her Great-Grand-
 mother, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '23
 Roses, *Bookman*, Aug., '22

BRADFORD, GAMALIEL (*Continued*)

- Mare Amoris, *Lyric*, Oct., '22
 Mary Stuart, *Casem'ts*, Mar., '23
 BRADLEY, MARY D.—Bethel, *Lariat*, May, '23
 BRAINERD, CLARENCE J.—The Yellow Streak,
Country Bard, Summer, '23
 BRAITHWAITE, WILLIAM STANLEY—I Saw the First
 Ploughing; Damsons, *Em. Quar.*, Jun., '23
 Old Winds; The Warning, *Lyric*, Oct., '22
 An Old Moon, *Lyric West*, Mar., '23
 The Hanging House; Eyes, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
 BRALEY, BERTON—The Dash After the Period, *Cos.*, May, '23
 BRANDT, ZELMA CORNING—To Henrietta Rodman,
Sur. Grphc., Jun., '23
 BRANT, IRVING—A-Wing, *Bost Trscrpt*, Oct. 14, '22
 BREHM, ALBERT G.—Sympathy, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
 BREWER, WHEATON HALE—Red Embers; Equinox,
Lyric West, Oct., '22
 BRIDGES, ROBERT—Buch Der Lieder, *Yale Rev.*, Jul., '23
 BRIGHT, VERNE—Free *Lariat*, Jun., '23
 BRINTNALL, EDNA GOIT—Deathless, *Lyric West*, Jan., '23
 BROCKMAN, LUCY N. W.—The Solstices; A Suite;
 Loss; Gain, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
 BROCKMAN, ZOE KINCAID—Land of Dreams,
Am Poetry, Oct., '22
 BRODERSEN, HELEN HICKS BATES—Mona Kinsella (His
 Plea), *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
 BRODY, ALTER—Grandmother *Poetry*, Dec., '22
 BROOKS, FANNIE—The Thief, *Country Bard*, Autumn, '22
 The Beginning, *Country Bard*, Spring, '23
 BROOKS, WILLIAM E.—The Song in the Night,
Sur. Grphc., Dec. 1, '22
 BROMBERGER, ANNA—In the Subway, *Guild Pnr.*, Jul.-Aug., '23
 BROWN, ABBIE FARWELL—Grandser,
Cont. V., Jul., '23
 Berries, *Em. Quar.*, Feb., '23
 BROWN, GRACE EVELYN—Nocturne, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
 River Wraiths, *Voices*, Autumn, '22
 Window, *Nomad*, Winter, '22
 BROWN, ELLEN LUCY—The Oriole, *Granite M.*, Sep., '22
 BROWN, MARION FRANCIS—Wayfarer's Prayer; Ident-
 ity, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
 BROWN, SYDNEY BARLOW—Romance, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
 Question, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
 BROWNE, HARRIET AUGUSTA—Famine, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
 BROWNE, P. W. STELLA—Epitaph by Pierre Louys;
 Shepherd's Song by Pierre Louys, *F'man*, Feb. 28, '23
 Refuge, *Sur. Grphc.*, Jan., '23

- BROWNE, P. W. STELLA (*Continued*)
 On a Statue of Lincoln, *Sur. Grphc.*, Feb., '23
 Memorial Day, *Sur. Grphc.*, Jun., '23
- BROWNELL, BAKER—Soil; Words; School-Teacher;
 Work-Horse, *Poetry*, May, '23
 Be a Sport, *Dial*, May, '23
- BRUNCKEN, HERBERT GERHARD—The Town Clock,
Minaret, May-Jun., '23
- BRYAN, GEORGE S.—Anathema, *Bookman*, Oct., '22
- BRYDEN, J.—Memory, *Casem'ts*, Mar., '23
- BUCKLEY, NANCY—"Laughter and Longing,"
Lyric West, Apr., '23
- BULL, LOIS M.—Three Fantasies, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
- BUNCH, AUDRED—A Daughter of the Dust, *Lariat*, Apr., '23
 Sacrament, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
- BUNNER, ALICE L.—Premonition, *Scribner's*, Dec., '22
- BUNTEN, FLORENCE HINES—The Night Path,
Scribner's, Feb., '23
- BURGESS, GELETT—Ballade of the Derby Hat, *Harper's*, May, '23
- BURGESS, ROBERT LOUIS—I Rejoice That the Swallow,
Lyric West, Jun., '23
 Girls, *Measure*, May, '23
- BURNHAM, ELEANOR MCC.—A Promise.
Am Poetry, Jun.-Jul., '23
- BURKE, KENNETH—Two Portraits, *S4N*, Dec., '22
- BURKE, BARBARA—On Reading "Attitudes" by Paul
- BURKS, BARBARA—Freckles, *Palms*, Spring, '23
- BURNS, AUBREY—Sunsets and Dawns; Sunsets: I, Texas
 Silhouette; II, Lava; III, Reminiscence;
 Dawns: IV, Wet Pavements; V, Sunrise; VI,
 The Sky at Dawn, *So. Meth. Univ.*, '23
- BURNS, MARY PAUL—Twilight; The Poet Muses,
Am Poetry, Jun.-Jul., '23
- BURE, AMELIA JOSEPHINE—Florence, *Scribner's*, Jul., '23
- BURT, JEAN BROOKS—The Things Divine, *Lariat*, Apr., '23
- BURT, MAXWELL STRUTHERS—Mountain Prayer,
Scribner's, Dec., '22
- "I Know a Lovely Lady Who Is Dead,"
Scribner's, Mar., '23
- BURTON, CLARA MOORE—Grand-Pop's Girl,
Country Bard, Summer, '23
 Love Versus Ambition, *Country Bard*, Autumn, '22
- BURTON, RICHARD—Birds' Nests, *Em. Quar.*, Jun., '23
 Tanaquil, *Palms*, Summer, '23
 If I Had Time! *Ch. Cent.*, Oct. 19, '22
 By Night and Day, *Harper's*, Aug., '22
- BUSHNELL, NELSON S.—The Pianist, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
 The Inn, *Mag'et.*, Jun., '23

- BYERS, VELMA**—Mid-Summer Rose Garden; Remembering, *Lariat*, Jul., '23
BYNNER, WITTER—Secret Cellars, *Palms*, Spring, '23
 Wistaria, *New Rep.*, Jun. 18, '23
 At His Funeral, *Bookman*, Feb., '23
 On Mokamshan; Out of Peking; By the Lake; Into Space; Through the Bamboo, *Century*, Feb. '23
 The Unknown Soldier; Christians; Fruits; Lincoln, *F'man*, Oct. 18, '22
 "The Great Iron Cat"; Leave Some Apples, To a Novelist, *Fgte*, Dec., '22
 The Big White Bird, from the French of Charles Vildrac, *Fgte*, Feb.-Mar., '23
 A Good-Bye from the Ship, *Nation*, Oct. 11, '22
 As to Moonlight; Flying-Fish; This Wave; A Truant; Imperialists; Premonition, *Nation*, Feb. 7, '23
 Around Robin Hood's Barn, *Nation*, Jun. 20, '23
 To an Inquirer (R. L. R.) *New Rep.*, Oct. 25, '22
 The Holy Ghost, *Outlook*, Nov. 22, '22
 Temples, *New Rep.*, Dec. 27, '22
 Oats, *New Rep.*, Feb. 7, '23
 The Blind Signer, *New Rep.*, Jul. 11, '23
 On a Bench by the River, *Lit. Rev.*, Jan. 6, '23
BYNNER, WITTER AND KIANG KANG-HU (trans.)—On Climbing to Phoenix Terrace in Ching Ling by Li Po, *Prairie*, Jan.-Feb., '23
 Thinking of a Friend in the Foreign War, by Chang Chi; Looking at the Moon and Thinking of One Far Away, by Chang Chiu-Ling; A Night Mooring by the Bridge of Maples, by Chang Chi, *Dbl Dlr*, Mar.-Apr., '23
 Poems of the Court by Li Shang-yin: The Sui Palace; The Palace of the Sui Emperor; The Jade Pool; In the Camp of the Writing-Brush; To the Moon-Goddess; *Palms*, Spring, '23
 On a Gate Tower at Yu-Chou (by Ch'en Tzu-ang), *Dial*, Dec., '22
 Inscribed in the Inn at Tung-Kuan on an Autumn Trip to the Capital, (by Hsu Hun), *Dbl Dlr*, May, '23
 North Among Green Vines; Lines Untitled, *Measure*, Feb., '23
 A Song of White Snow: In Farewell of Field-Clerk Wu Going Home, (By Ts'en Sheng), *Nation*, Aug. 30, '22
 A Song of Fair Women, (By Tu Fu) *F'man*, Apr. 4, '23
 To Sub-Official Chang, on the Festival of the Moon, *F'man*, Apr. 25, '23

BYNNER, WITTER AND KIANG KANG-HU (*Continued*)

- Drinking Alone Under the Moon, *F'man*, May 2, '23
 Bringing in the Wine (By Li Po), *F'man*, May 9, '23
 A Song of Peach-Blossom Fountain *F'man*, May 16, '23
 Hard Traveling (By Li Po), *F'man*, May 23, '23
 With Her Beauty (By Tu Fu), *F'man*, Jun. 27, '23
 Early Autumn, (By Hsu Hun); Seeing Li Po
 in a Dream (By Tu Fu), *F'man*, Jul. 4, '23
 At Chin-ling Ferry, (By Chang Hu); On the
 Terrace of Assembled Angels, (By Chang
 Hu); An Old Song, (By Chang Hu),
Outlook, Aug. 30, '22
 On Hearing an Wan Shan Play the Reed Pipe;
 A Poem to Palace-Attendant Fang, On Hear-
 ing Tung the First-Born Play the Flageolet;
 A Lute Song; A Farewell to My Friend Ch'en
 Chang-Fu, *Voices*, Spring, '28
 To My Friends Vice-Prefects Li and Wang, De-
 graded and Transferred to Hsia-Chung and
 Ch'ang-Sha, (By Kao Shih); Lines, (Anony-
 mous); The Yen Song (By Kao Shih), *Wave*, No. 4, '22
 BYNNER, WITTER AND NIEH SHIH-CHANG (trans.)—
 These Flowers Are Not Flowers, (By Po
 Chu-yi, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '23
 BYRNE, M. ST. CLARE—In After Days, (from Alde-
 baran), *McClure's*, Oct., '22
 C., G. H.—Renaissance, *Am. Jour. Clin. Med.*, Jul., '23
 C., M. P.—Through the Cajon Pass, (Summer-time),
Lyric West, Jul.-Aug., '22
 CAIN, CHARLES—Street Picture, *Mil. Arts*, Oct., '22
 CAIN, MILDRED PALMER—Dead Trees, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
 CALKINS, MARION CLINCH—Winter Night, *Sur. Grphc*, Jun., '23
 CALLAND, ALICE—Desert Lure, *Pegasus*, Mar., '23
 CALLAND, ANNICE—Lady in Green, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
 On the Pecos, *Lyric West*, Feb., '23
 When April Goes, *Lyric*, Apr., '23
 CAMPBELL, DORIS—Anguish, *Poetry*, Dec., '22
 CAMPBELL, MARGARET TROILI—California Mocking Bird,
Lariat, Jun., '28
 CANON, RALPH—Spring Calls, *Country Bard*, Spring, '23
 It's Too Deng Cold, *Country Bard*, Winter, '22-23
 Papa Horse, *Country Bard*, Summer, '23
 Woods, *Country Bard*, Autumn, '22
 CAREW, HAROLD D.—Compensation, *Bost Transcript*, Aug. 5, '22
 CARLETON, ELIZA L.—Apple Tree, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
 CARLIN, FRANCIS—The Golden Nickel, *Measure*, Nov., '22
 Intimacy, *Cath World*, Aug., '22

- CARMAN, BLISS—Where Is Heaven? *Ch. Cent.*, Apr. 26, '28
 CARNEAL, GEORGIE—Bluebirds, *Smt Set*, Jan., '23
 CARNEVALI, EMANUEL—A Lady, *Broom*, Mar., '28
 CARPENTER, RHYE—The Dream of the Ropemaker's
 Son, *Voices*, Autumn, '22
 CARR, LAURA GARLAND—The Hermit Thrush; A Bit
 of Color, *Granite M.*, Oct., '22
 Indian Summer, *Granite M.*, Nov., '22
 CARRERE, ANGELE—To a Jewel Box; Salutation, *Voices*, Dec., '22
 CARRINGTON, MARY COLES—The Vase, *Lyric West*, Mar., '23
 Orchids, (Second prize: Laura Blackburn Lyric
 Contest), *Step Ladder*, Mar., '23
 CARROLL, ELLEN M.—To a Dead Rose, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
 Dusk-Dream, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
 CARTER, A. PEARLE—"Night Gathers the Little Sor-
 rows—!" *Nomad*, Winter, '22
 Gray Dusk, *Lyric*, Aug., '22
 Old Songs, *Pegasus*, Mar., '23
 The Soothsayer, *Lyric*, Apr., '23
 CARVER, GERTRUDE NASON—Song of a Truant Soul,
 Am Poetry, Jun.-Jul., '23
 Morning; Solitude; Weather; Boomerang; Pax,
 Cont. V., Feb., '23
 CASKEY, J. HOMER—Bethesda of Love, *Palms*, Summer, '23
 CASSEL, MIRIAM—Gem-Lighted Temples, *Scroll*, Jul.-Aug., '22
 Lament of the Garbage Man; Autumn Haze,
 Scroll, Sep., '22
 CASSEDY, STEPHANA—Christmas Glory,
 Country Bard, Winter, '22-23
 One Waiting at the Gate, *Country Bard*, Autumn, '22
 CASTLE, CLARA BUSHNELL—The Lute, *Lariat*, May, '23
 CHALMERS, G. K.—Picket Guard, *Casemts*, Jan., '23
 Walking Down the Hill, *Casemts*, Mar., '23
 CHAMBERLAIN, LOWELL C.—Lines to Mount Ranier,
 Lyric West, Oct., '22
 CHAMBERLAIN, WILL—The Old Blind Gardener,
 Sur. Grphc, Apr., '23
 CHAPLIN, RALPH—A Sioux Dies in Prison, *Liberator*, Sep., '22
 CHAVIGNY, MIREILLE—Dawn in the Camargue,
 Mdn Rev., Autumn, '22
 CHEATHAM, ELIZABETH—Mood, *So. Meth. Univ.*, '23
 CHENCY, ELIAS H.—His Little Flock Are We, *Gr. M.*, Sep., '22
 CHENEY-NICHOLS, BETH—Strong Hands, *Lyric*, Sep., '22
 CHERRY, M. L.—Coming Home, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
 CHERRY, MARJORIE LOOMIS—A Ride, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
 CHEYNE, ELIZABETH GIBSON—Labours, *Ch. Cent.*, Dec. 7, '22
 CHODOROV, EDWARD—Phantoum of a Triple Symbol,
 Casemts, Jan., '23

- CHOYCE, A. NEWBERRY—Wanderer, *Smt. Set*, Jan., '23
 CHRISTOPH, CHARLES—Mood for Pianiste, *Dial*, Feb., '23
 CHRYSLER, JOSEPHINE LEE—The House on the Hill,
Am Poetry, Jun.-Jul., '23
 CHUBB, THOMAS CALDECOT—The Romancer, *Scribner's*, Apr., '23
 Portrait of the God, *Rev.*, Jan., '23
 CHURCH, B. B.—Maybe, *Crisis*, Apr., '23
 CLANCY, HOLLING ALLISON—Joke, *Broom*, Jan., '23
 CLAPP, MARY BRENNAN—Honey 8300 Years Old (Tut-
 ankhamen), *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
 A Discovery, *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
 CLARK, MARTHA HASKELL—Child's Christmas,
Scribner's, Dec., '22
 New Goods, *Scribner's*, Feb., '23
 CLARK, THOMAS CURTIS—To Charles Granger Blanden,
Chi Post, Oct. 9, '22
 In Shakespeare's Town, *Chi Post*, Oct. 10, '23
 To Mark Twain, on Rereading "Huckleberry
 Finn!" *Chi Post*, Oct. 18, '22
 Lyric, *Ind. Univ. Alum. Qr.*, Oct., '22
 In An Age of Science, *Chi Post*, Oct. 21, '23
 After Reading a Volume of Modern Verse,
Chi Post, Oct. 30, '22
 To a Thousand Year Old Elm, *Chi Post*, Nov. 13, '22
 Spectres, *Chi Post*, Nov. 18, '22
 Book Magic, *Chi Post*, Jan. 1, '23
 Fundamentals, *Chi Post*, Jan. 12, '23
 Evolution, *Chi Post*, Jan. 19, '23
 Greatheart, *Chi Tribune*, Feb. 12, '23
 Reveille, *Chi Post*, Apr. 13, '23
 For Those Who Paid the Price, *Chi Post*, May 30, '23
 July; When Nations Walk in Darkness,
Ch. Cent., Jul. 19, '23
 A Song for Morning, *Ind. Univ. Alum. Qr.*, Oct., '22
 If Winter Comes, *Ind. Univ. Alum. Qr.*, Oct., '22
 At the Day's Beginning, *Ch. Cent.*, Aug. 10, '22
 In an Age of Science, *Ch. Cent.*, Sep. 14, '22
 Blind Guides; The Death of Summer,
Ch. Cent., Sep. 21, '22
 "If Winter Comes," *Ch. Cent.*, Oct. 12, '22
 Revelation, *Ch. Cent.*, Oct. 19, '22
 The Seer; In Shakespeare's Town; To the
 Poets, *Ch. Cent.*, Oct. 26, '22
 At Evening Time; Autumn, *Ch. Cent.*, Nov. 2, '22
 The Search; At a Crowded Shrine, *Ch. Cent.*, Nov. 9, '22
 Specters; Apocalypse, *Ch. Cent.*, Nov. 23, '22
 The Poet's Call, *Ch. Cent.*, Dec. 7, '22

CLARK, THOMAS CURTIS (*Continued*)

- Winter Harvest; Life Is a Feast, They Say;
 Witnesses; Dead Kingdoms, *Ch. Cent.*, Dec., 21, '22
 Fundamentals, *Ch. Cent.*, Jan. 11, '23
 Evidence, *Ch. Cent.*, Jan. 18, '23
 Rebirth; Release, *Ch. Cent.*, Jan. 25, '23
 The World's Verdict; The Tragedy; The King
 Comes; Destiny, *Ch. Cent.*, Feb. 8, '23
 Lincoln, *Ch. Cent.*, Feb. 15, '23
 Faith and Science, *Ch. Cent.*, Mar. 1, '23
 The Wandering Christ, *Ch. Cent.*, Mar. 8, '23
 Foolish and Wise, *Ch. Cent.*, Mar. 22, '23
 Revolt, *Ch. Cent.*, Apr. 5, '23
 April, *Ch. Cent.*, Apr. 12, '23
 Spring Song, *Ch. Cent.*, Apr. 17, '23
 Evolution; A Prayer, *Ch. Cent.*, Apr. 26, '23
 May, *Ch. Cent.*, May 3, '23
 The Pursuit, *Ch. Cent.*, May 10, '23
 In Blossom Time, *Ch. Cent.*, May 17, '23
 For Those Who Paid the Price, *Ch. Cent.*, May 24, '23
 Who Will Sing Your Songs, America,
Ch. Cent., May 31, '23
 A June Millionaire, *Ch. Cent.*, Jun. 28, '23
 CLARKE, HELEN ARCHIBALD—The Blase Play-Goer,
Am Poetry, Aug., '22
 CLEGHORN, SARAH N.—"Vanity Fair," *Lit. Rev.*, Dec. 9, '22
 On Reading Many Histories of the United
 States, *Wld Tmrow*, May, '23
 Precedence, *Lyric*, Nov., '22
 CLEMENTS, COLIN CAMPBELL—From Seven Plays of Old
 Japan, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
 CLEVINGER, HERBERT LOGAN—Le Commencement
Am Poetry, Jun.-Jul., '23
 CLIFFORD, R.—You, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
 CLUNY, JAMES B.—Address to the Artisans, *Dbl Dlr*, May, '23
 COAKLEY, THOMAS F.—Perfect Condition,
Am Poetry, Jun.-Jul., '23
 COATSWORTH, ELIZABETH—The Proud Dead Ladies;
 Confessional; Dolores Dances; Andalusia,
Cont. V., Aug., '22
 To Think! *Cont. V.*, Jan., '23
 The Ultimate Gift; The Nile; Over Carthage,
Cont. V., Mar., '23
 The Mystic, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
 The Ravens, *Lyric West*, Oct. '22
 Syracuse; Saint John, *Rhythmus*, Jun.-Jul. '23
 Evening, *Dial*, Sep., '22

COATSWORTH, ELIZABETH (*Continued*)

- Sails, *Dial*, Oct., '22
 Spanish Fashion, *Measure*, Feb., '23
 Into the Sunset, *Dbl Dlr*, Oct., '22
 The Knight-Errant, *F'man*, Apr. 18, '23
 Interregnum, *Smt Set*, Jan., '23
 COBLENTZ, STANTON A.—Diverse Gods, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
 City-Weariness; Frailty, *Caprice*, May, '23
 After Life, (A Former Soldier Speaks),
Lyric West, Sep., '22
 As Though, *Cont. V.*, Dec. '22
 COCHRAN, DOROTHY C.—Strength, *Poetry*, Mar., '23
 CODE, GRANT HYDE—Waves on a Beach, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
 COFFIN, ROBERT P. TRISTRAM—The Ship O' Bed,
F'man, Dec. 13, '22
 Singing Cotswold Towns, *F'man*, Oct. 25, '22
 The Plowman, *Sur Grphc*, Apr. '23
 COLE, VERA HEATHMAN—An Offering, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
 COLLIER, ELIZABETH FLEMING—Siskiyou Flowers,
Am Poetry, Feb.-Mar., '23
 COLLINS, DOROTHY E.—Motherless, *Lyric West*, Dec., '22
 Spring Storm, *Lyric West*, Mar., '23
 Night Song, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
 Come, I Have Done with Thought, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '23
 After Absence, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '22
 In a Mountain Garden, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '23
 Spring Sunrise, *Voices*, Spring, '23
 On a Young Thing, *Measure*, Dec., '22
 Foreshadowing, *Caprice*, Nov.-Dec., '22
 COLLINS, JEANNETTE M.—On the Arrival of Mary,
Lyric West, Mar., '23
 COLUM, PADRAIC—The Poor Girl's Meditation (From
 the Irish), *Measure*, Aug., '22
 COLVIN-SALLS, RUPERT—Bricks Without Straw, (in
 Texas); Mountain-Quest, *Guild Pnr*, May, '23
 Threnody, *Guild Pnr.*, Jun., '23
 COLWELL, JANE L.—Sublimated, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
 CONANT, ISABEL FISKE—Chimes; A Queen's Lament;
 Children, *Voices*, Jun.-Jul. '23
 Heroes, *Lyric*, Jun., '23
 Casements, *Casem'ts*, Jan., '23
 Hound of Song, *Outlook*, Jul. 11, '23
 To M. D. C., Who Carries Jonquils,
N Y Post, Apr. 10, '23
 East of Broadway, *N Y Sun*, Jul. 26, '23
 This Is Your Birthday, *Bost Trscript*, Oct. 28, '22
 Lodging, *Ch Sci Monitor*, Jul., '23
 In the Sun (Prize Poem), *N Y Sun*, May, '23

CONANT, ISABEL FISKE (*Continued*)

To a Poet's Passing: In Memoriam, Josephine
Preston Peabody Marks, *Bost Trscript*, '22
Morning Exercise, *Pearson's*, Jul., '23
Across Town, *Ch Sci Monitor*, Jul., '23
Trails in Manhattan, *Ch Sci Monitor*, Jul. 5, '23

CONKLING, GRACE HAZARD—Variations on a Theme,
(Won the Blindman's Prize, 1921-1922),
Yr. Bk. of P. S. of S. C., '23

CONKLING, HILDA—"I Wondered and Wondered";
Field-Mouse; Cloudy-Pansy; Elsa; When
Moonlight Falls; Little Green Bermuda Poem;
What I Said; Snow Morning, *Poetry*, Aug., '22
I Was Thinking, *Nation*, Oct. 18, '22
Lonely Song, *Bookman*, Aug., '22
Song Nets, *Poetry*, Aug., '22

CONNOR, RUTH IRVING—Set to My Hand *Lyric*, Jul., '23
"And His the Glory," *Per'st*, Jul., '23

CONNOR, TORREY—Poinsettias, *Lyric West*, Oct., '22

CONRAD, HARRISON—The Romancer *Lyric West*, Mar., '23

COOK, HAROLD—Standards; Never Did I Dream,
Poetry, Dec., '22

COOK, HAROLD LEWIS—Tension, *Measure*, Jul., '23
The Market Place, Cambridge, England,
Measure, Feb., '23

COOKE, IDA ALEEN—Disappointment, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23

COOKE, LE BARON—Humoresque, *Town and Country*, Dec., '22
At Passing; One Asks, *Town and Country*, Mar., '23
Existence, *Brief Stories*, May, '23
New England Road, *Brief Stories*, Jul., '23
The Wheel of Unimportant Things,
Shadowland, Aug., '22

Group of Poems: To a Guest; The Wind; A
Song of Hate; The Poet; Mummeries; Theatre,
Shadowland, Jan., '23
Futility, *Shadowland*, May, '23
A Confession, *Shadowland*, Aug., '23

COOLBRITH, INA—Stanza, *Lyric West*, Nov., '22

COOLIDGE, EDWIN—The Strong West, *Lariat*, Jul., '23

COOPER, FRANCES L.—Motor Cars at Night,
Lyric West, Nov., '22

Manana, *Wrtrs*, Jan., '23
Inarticulation, *Measure*, Sep., '22

COOPER, HENRI CELESTINA—Gray Ashes, *Smt Set*, Jan. '23

COPE, THOMAS PYM—Retarius, *Guild Pnr.*, Jun., '23

- CORBIN, ALICE—Summer Night, *Dbl Dlr*, Mar.-Apr., '23
- CORLEY, DONALD—The Lost Chateau; In the Tower of Ivory; The Dream House in the Wood; The Homecoming of Astrology, *Rhythmus*, Feb., '23
- CORNELIUS, HENRY H.—Sunshine, *N. Westn*, Feb., '23
- CORNELL, AGNES—Questioning, *Per'st*, Apr., '23
- CORNING, HOWARD MCKINLEY—Epitaph; Oasis; Tragedies; "Listen . . . They Speak" *Palms*, Summer, '23
- Banners in the Sun; A Paradise Tree; What Wisdom?; Spring Magical; Tide Land, *Lariat*, May, '23
- Segments: A Portfolio of the City by Night; Mirage Arc Lights; Dark Alleys; Empty Streets, *Pegasus*, Jul., '23
- Unframed; Dawn in the Woods, *Pegasus*, May, '23
- CORWIN, JOHN HOWARD—To a Youth; A Sunbean in the Barn, *Country Bard*, Spring, '23
- The Country Burial Ground, *Country Bard*, Winter, '22-23
- CORWIN, JOHN HOWARD—Delft, *Country Bard*, Summer, '23
- Katydids, *Country Bard*, Autumn, '22
- COWDIN, JASPER BARNETT—Captive Feet; Flesh and Spirit; When I Am Dead, *Cont. V.*, Mar., '23
- COWLEY, MALCOLM—For a New Hymnal, *Lit. Rev.*, Jan. 20, '23
- Three Hills, (Fontaine-les-Dijon, Aug., 1921); Prophetic; Sudden Encounters; Interment; Nocturnal Landscape; Poem for Two Voices, *Poetry*, Feb., '23
- Starlings; The Fishes, *Dial*, May, '23
- Valuta, *Broom*, Nov., '22
- Mortuary, *Broom*, Feb., '23
- History, *Dbl Dlr*, Feb., '23
- CRAFTON, ALLEN—France: The Towns: I, La Rochelle; II, St. Maixent, the Cathedral: Early Morning; III, Tours, an Airman's Fancy, *Step Ladder*, Mar., '23
- God Unrevealed; God's Song; Resignation, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '22
- The Round of God, *Cont. V.*, Mar., '23
- Retrospect and Vision, *Lyric*, Dec., '22
- Late Afternoon, *Lyric*, Jul., '23
- CRANE, HART—The Springs of Guilty Song, *Broom*, Jan., '23
- CRAWFORD, HELEN WAY—Dead Gods, *Lariat*, May, '23
- CRAWFORD, JOHN—Pianissimo, *Nomad*, Summer, '23
- Sinbad, *Broom*, Oct., '22
- Affinities, *Broom*, Mar., '23
- Gifts; Circe, *Guild Pnr*, May, '23

- CRAWFORD, JOHN (*Continued*)
 Portraits; Dirge for Griselda; Ishmael; The
 Young Bacchus; Pilgrim; Fox-Fire, *Poetry*, Apr., '23
 Tantara (A Portrait of E. S.), *Mod Rev.*, Apr., '23
- CRAWFORD, NELSON ANTRIM—A. Leon Skipwith Takes
 His Soul to Church, *Wave*, Jun., '23
- CRESSON, ABIGAIL—Distance; My Field,
Lyric West, Jul.-Aug., '23
 First Snow, *Voices*, Christmas, '22
 All-Hallows Eve; Leaf Song; November,
Voices, Autumn, '22
 The King, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '22
 Echo, *Cont. V.*, Mar., '23
- CREVER, ANNA ROZILLA—Holy Fear, *Ch. Cent.*, May 24, '23
 The Century Plant, *Lyric West*, Oct., '22
- CRIGHTON, ELIZABETH—Messengers; At Sunset, *Scroll*, Apr., '23
 Candles; Bohemia, *Scroll*, May, '23
- CRISLER, BEN—The Masquerade, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '23
- CROCKER, HELEN COWLES—Design, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- CROCKER, "PATSY" F. S. (Age 8 years)—Spring,
Am Poetry, Jun.-Jul., '23
- CROSBY, ERMINA MORRIS—To a Violin, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
- CROSS, MARGARET VIRGINIA—"Garden of Dreams"
Am Poetry, Oct., '22
- CROTHERS, JANET E.—Renunciation, *Caprice*, May, '23
- CULLEN, COUNTEE P.—Dad, *Crisis*, Nov., '22
 Road Song, *Crisis*, Feb., '23
 The Touch, *Crisis*, May, '23
 Bread and Wine, *Crisis*, Jun., '23
- CUMMINGS, E. E.—Poem, or Beauty Hurts Mr. Vinal,
S4N, Dec., '22
 Seven Poems, *Dial*, Jan., '23
- CUNNINGHAM, NORA B.—Earth's Sweetness,
Lyric West, Jul.-Aug., '23
- Surely I May Come Back, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
 A Voice, *Lyric West*, Sep., '22
 Descent, *Lyric West*, Dec., '22
 Giving, *Poetry*, Dec. '22
 Alma; On Reading Hardy's "Return of the
 Native"; Discretion, *Cont. V.*, Mar., '23
- CURRAN, PAULINE GARNER—A Lighthouse; Neisau;
 Shadows, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
- CURRY, WALTER CLYDE—Magic, *Fgte*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- D., D. D.—Memoriae Aeternae, David Masson—Fran-
 cisci Jacobi Child, hunc libellum auctor,
Em. Quar., Feb., '28

- D., H., (Mrs. Richard Aldington)—Helen, *Bookman*, May, '23
 Thetis, *Poetry*, Jun., '23
 Cassandra, *Rhythmus*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- DABNEY, JULIA P.—The Wind Bloweth Where It
 Listeth, *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
- DACA, DAVID—Or? *Bookman*, Jul., '23
- DAILY, ALPHA B.—Little White Ribbon of Gold,
Country Bard, Autumn, '22
- DALTON, POWER—Noblesse Oblige; Conviction; Nadir,
Voices, Spring, '23
 Undertow; Bound, *Cont. V.*, Sep., '22
 Tree, *Voices*, Autumn, '22
 Relativity, *S4N*, Dec., '22
- DALY, JAMES—Carnival, *Prairie*, Jan.-Feb., '23
- DALY, JAMES J.—Words of The Old Cremator, *Wave*, No 4, '22
 In Coventry, *Bookman*, Nov., '22
 Midnight; To One Afraid; Storm, *Cont. V.*, Aug., '22
 Crematorium; Macabre, *Broom*, Nov., '22
- DALZELL, HUGH—The Little Grey Streret, *Pegasus*, Mar., '23
- DAMON, S. FOSTER—Fête, *New Rep.*, Jan. 24, '23
- DANCER, RUTH—Mystery, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
- D'ANGELO, PASCAL—Song of Night, *Cent.*, Mar. '23
 Sudden Gold, *Bookman*, Oct. '22
 Monte Maiella, *Nation*, Oct. 11, '22
- DARGAN, OLIVE TILFORD—Retarded; To William Blake;
 The Master, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '23
 The Inquisitor, *Lit. Rev.*, Oct. 14, '22
 To a Lady Sitting in Starlight, *Bookman*, Dec., '22
- DATESMAN, MRS. M. LAUGHLIN—The Postman,
Am Poetry, Jun.-Jul., '23
- DAVIDSON, DONALD—Twilight Excursion, *Dbl Dlr*, Jan., '23
 John Darrow; Ecclesiasticus; Iconoclast,
Fgte, Feb.-Mar., '23
- The Man Who Would Not Die; To One Who
 Could Not Understand, *Fgte*, Apr.-May, '23
- In Exilium; Pavane, *Dbl Dlr*, May, '23
- Corymba; Naiad, *Dbl Dlr*, Oct., '22
- Censored; A Dead Romanticist; Pot Macabre;
 Requiescat, (Pathetic Fallacy); The Amulet,
Fgte, Oct., '22
- Postscript of a Poor Scholar; Redivivus; Prie-
 Dieu, *Fgte*, Dec. '22
- Drums and Brass; Avalon; The Swinging
 Bridge, *Fgte*, Jun.-Jul., '23

- DAVIDSON, GUSTAV—Redemption, *Voices*, Spring, '28
 Non Mihi Solus, *Lyric West*, Dec., '22
 Souvenir, *Nomad*, Winter, '22
 High Offering, *Tempo*, Winter, '22-3
 To Paul Darde's "L'Eternelle Douleur,"
Minaret, May-Jun., '23
- DAVIES, J. H.—After Commendation, *Harper's*, May, '28
- DAVIES, MARY CAROLYN—"Coast to Coast" *Sunset*, Jul., '28
 A Week-End Dance, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '28
 The Swimmer, *Bost Trscrpt*, Oct. 10, '22
 "Donna, Mona, Doris, Dolf, Sybil, Marna,
 Maeve"; Lake Coeur d'Alene, *Lyric West*, Mar., '28
 The Wise Lovers, *Poetry*, Jun., '23
- DAVIES, W. H.—The Snowflake; The Two Heavens,
New Rep., Jul. 25, '28
 Love's Payment; Love, Like a Drop of Dew;
 Leaves, *Harper's*, Dec., '22
 The Fates, *Harper's*, Feb., '23
- DAVIS, H. L.—Open Hands; Dog-Fennel, *Poetry*, Oct., '22
- DAVIS, JULIA JOHNSON—"Red Wine Is Beautiful,"
Lyric, Aug., '22
 Loss, *Lyric*, Sep., '22
 She Sews Fine Linen, *Lyric*, Apr., '23
 Blackberry Wine, *Lyric*, May, '23
- DAVIS, LELAND—A Ballad of the Queen's Maying,
Dbl Dlr, Jan., '23
 The Ballad of a Judge in Israel, *Dbl Dlr*, Mar.-Apr., '23
 The Peril of Happiness, *Poetry*, Apr., '23
 A Ghetto Catch, *Poetry*, Apr., '23
 The Ballad of Adam's First, *Nation*, Aug. 9, '22
- DAVIS, MARTHA—A Mining Town, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
- DAVIS, PHILIP RICHARD—Purple Plectron; Legacy,
Wave, Jun., '23
- DAWSON, THOMAS—Impassé; O Turn Your Eyes; Lost,
Measure, Oct., '22
- DAY, CORA S.—Homesick; Dreamers, *Gr. M.*, Aug., '22
- DEAN, AGNES LOUISE—Long Nook (A Sea Road in
 Truro), *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
- DEAN, ELOISE EARL—The Screech Owl; Lullaby; Sally
 Lou, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
- DE FORD, MIRIAM ALLEN—The Torch, *Messngr*, Aug., '22
 Traveler's Ditty, *Poetry*, Jun., '23
 Running Water, *Libertr*, Oct., '22
 A City Night; A Sonnet to Shelley, *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
- DE FOSSETT, THERESA—Night in Old Vermont,
Vermonters, '23
- DEIR, DAVID—The Frost, *Em. Quar.*, Dec., '22

- DE LA MARE, WALTER—The Widow, *New Rep.*, Oct. 18, '22
 Captive, *New Rep.*, Mar. 14, '23
- DE LANCEY, SUSAN—Simple Sounds, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- DE LAUGHTER, MARGARET—Knowledge; A Pantoun, *Poetry*, Jun., '23
 Harlequin Is Overheard Weeping, *Step Ladder*, Dec., '22
 A Certain One Sings of His Lady, *Step Ladder*, Apr., '23
 The Poet, *Lariat*, Mar., '23
- DE NEVERS, LUCILE—I Am Yours, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- DENNEN, GRACE ATHERTON—From a Workshop Window; The Coming of Dawn, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
 The End of the Feud; I Hope That I Remember, *Lyric West*, Jan., '23
 The Riding of Peaceful Henry, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
 From the Workroom Window, *Lyric*, Sep., '22
- DE PINNA, CONSTANCE VIVIAN—Gold; My Freedom; Song of Man to Woman, *Caprice*, Jan.-Feb., '23
- DE RICHEY, TINA MODOTTI—Plenipotentiary, *Dial*, May, '23
- DE RUBIO, DOLORES—Straying Feet; A Isabel, *Caprice*, Nov.-Dec., '22
- DERWOOD, GENE—Older Ecstasy, *Rhythmus*, Jan., '23
- DETZER, KARL W.—Glory, *Outlook*, May 16, '23
- DEUTSCH, BABETTE—Ditch-Diggers, *New Rep.*, Jun. 13, '23
 Colloque Metaphysique, *Measure*, Jan., '23
 To a Silent Man, *New Rep.*, Jan. 3, '23
 Octave, *New Rep.*, Feb. 28, '23
 Apocrypha, *New Rep.*, Mar. 21, '23
 Capriccio, *Rhythmus*, Feb., '23
 In April, *Lyric*, Apr., '23
 In August, *Bookman*, Aug., '22
 Or Not to Be, *Lit. Rev.*, Aug. 26, '22
 Avatars, *Dial*, Aug., '22
 Hibernial, *Dial*, Sep., '22
 Day Laborers, *Bookman*, Nov., '22
- DE VENTADOUR, ARNAULT—Dames of the Old Wager; Cleopatra as Mary Garden; The Cyn-
 dus; Phaedra Pasiphaeia; Dona Ana at the Judgment; Beata Beatrice, *Measure*, May, '23
- DEWEY, MARION R.—Flotsam, *Wanderer*, Jun., '23
- DE WITT, S. A.—To the Other Woman; Surrender, *Nomad*, Winter, '22
- DICKIE, AUGUSTA—Spring at the Perfume Stand, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May., '23
- DICKINSON, CHARLES HENRY—The Divine Presence, *Ch. Cent.*, Jul. 26, '23
- DIER, CAROLINE L.—The Pioneer, *Lariat*, Jun., '23
- DILLER, HENRY CORNEAU—Summer Love and Winter Love, *Step Ladder*, Dec., '22

- DILLERVILLE, HUMPHREY—Seventeenth Century: Being
Some Exercitations on the Circulation of the
Bloud Newly Digested into Sonnets Anatomiz-
ing Phancies and Fevers, *Century*, Jul., '28
- DITMANHAM, JANE LOUISE—My Heart a Plaything,
Scroll, Jan., '28
In Mercy; Peace, *Scroll*, Sep., '22
After the Wedding, *Scroll*, Oct., '22
- DIVINE, CHARLES—Tonight the Gypsies Wait for You,
Measure, Sep., '22
The Summer Walks in Many Ways, *Munsey's*, Aug., '22
Tonight the Gypsies Wait for You, *Measure*, Sept., '22
A Village Far from Cities, *Munsey's*, Oct., '22
My Heart, *Shadowland*, Dec., '22
O, You Belong Upon the Sea, *Munsey's*, Apr., '23
A Mood of a Certain Color, *Reviewer*, Apr., '23
Conflicting Emotions, *Smt Set*, Jun., '23
Never Will You Hold Me, *Lit. Rev.*, Jun. 28, '23
- DIX, FRED KELLER—Who Finds a Sonnet,
Am Poetry, Dec., '22
- DOBBS, JAMES MCBRIDE—Juust Beyond, *South'n Lit.*, Jul., '23
- DOBBY, WILLIAM P.—Red, *Magnificat*, Jun., '23
- DODD, LEE WILSON—Son of Adam,
Bookman, Oct., '22
Animula, Vagula, *Yale Rev.*, Apr., '23
- DODGE, ANNE ATWOOD—The Band Concert, *Measure*, Sep., '22
- DODGE, LOUIS—Derelict, *Scribner's*, Dec., '22
- DOELL, FREDERIC—Silver Rhapsodies, *Rhythmus*, Feb., '23
- DOLSON, CORA A. MATSON—Violets, *Sunset*, Jul., '23
- DON, ANITA E.—Piping, *Fgte*, Jun.-Jul., '23
The Gray Goose Calls, *So. Meth. Univ.*, '23
- DONOVAN, LOIS—Today, If Ye Hear His Voice; Credo
(After Communion), *Magnificat*, Jun., '23
The Language of God, *Magnificat*, Jul., '23
- D'ORGE, JEANNE—Interiors; The Sink; A Child Much
Loved of Poets, *Measure*, May, '23
- DORRANCE, GORDON—French Darkness, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- DOUGHTY, LEONARD, (trans. and paraphrase)—From
the German of Heinrich Heine: By the Fire-
side; Flowers of Fable; Why?; Cessation;
The Beginning of the Fast; Brides of Heaven;
I Dreamed a False Sweet Dream; A Verse for
Youth; An Interlude, *Tex. Rev.*, Jul., '23
- DOUGLAS, MARJORY S.—Inarticulate, *Nomad*, Winter, '22
- DOW, DOROTHY—I Shall Love Lightly, *Bookman*, Mar., '23
I Shall Not Bend, *Voices*, Spring, '23
Threads of Sorrow, *Voices*, Autumn, '22
Covenant, *Poetry*, Jun., '23

- DOWELL, IDA M.—Retrospect, *Pegasus*, May, '28
DOWELL, IVAN T.—August Ninth, *Pegasus*, Mar., '28
Poem, *Dbl Dlr.*, Dec. '22
DOWING, ELEANOR THERESE—The Valley, *Cath World*, Nov., '22
DRACHMAN, JULIAN M.—You Too? *Am. Hebrew*, Oct. 27, '22
New Lamps for Old, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '22
A Hundred Villages, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '23
You Too? *Am Hebr.*, Oct. 27, '22
DRAKE, WILLIAM A. (trans.)—The Cracked Bell; The
Former Life, (By Charles Baudelaire),
F'man, Jun. 6, '23
Ill Luck; Spleen, (trans. from the French of
Charles Baudelaire) *F'man*, Jun. 20, '23
Qui Regna Amore (After Carducci); Invoca-
tion; Man Conversing with His Soul
Nomad, Winter, '22
DRAPER, JANE—Other Springs; I Look Into the Stars;
The Return; Even in Thought; Spoken Words;
Premonition, *Voices*, Dec., '22
DRESEBRACH, GLENN WARD—To the Desert, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '23
Cattle Before the Storm, *Lyric*, May, '23
Cedar River, *Voices*, Jun.-Jul., '23
The Painted Desert, *Lyric West*, Oct., '22
Not to a Temple Dancer, *Dbl Dlr.*, Aug., '22
To a Road Runner, *Dbl Dlr.*, Sep., '22
A Rainbow Over the Desert, *Dbl Dlr.*, Oct., '22
Song, *Dbl Dlr.*, Jan., '23
The Wind in the Maples, *Dbl Dlr.*, Mar.-Apr., '23
Ground, *Al Wl*, Aug.-Sep., '22
Orchard Tragedy, *Al Wl*, Oct.-Nov., '22
Recall, *Al Wl*, Jul., '23
DRISCOLL, LOUISE—Petrograd, *Voices*, Spring, '23
The Owl, *Poetry*, Jun., '23
The Lover, *Cont. V.*, Aug., '22
The Conqueror; Folly Song, *Cont. V.*, Dec. '22
DRISCOLL, MARJORIE CHARLES—Unrepentant *Al Wl*, Jul., '23
DROMGOOLE, WILL ALLEN—A Sonnet of Forgetting,
South'n Lit., Jul., '23
DRURY, JOHN—Sunlight; Autumn in the City; Dead
Sea Weed; After a Night; Dusk Questions,
Caprice, Oct., '22
City Streets, *Caprice*, Nov.-Dec., '22
Three Love Poems, *Caprice*, May, '23
Aside; I Have Loved, *Nomad*, Spring, '23
Spell of Granite (City, After Sundown, Song of
Reality, Dearborn and Madison, Go To It My
City), *Lyric West*, Nov., '22

- DRURY, JOHN** (*Continued*)
 Fantasy, *Mod Rev.*, Autumn, '22
 Incident, *Tempo*, Winter, '22-3
 Traffic, *S4N*, Jan.-Feb., '23
 Snow-Piece, *Pegasus*, Mar., '23
 Morning-Glories, *Stag Folio* 1, '23
 Awakening; Street-Lamps, *Wave*, Jun., '23
DU BOIS, GRAHAM—Haunted, *Lyric*, Nov., '23
DUDLEY, DOROTHY—Fandangle; Interlude; Branch;
 Under-Current, *Poetry*, May, '23
DUFF, DONALD—Verses, *Caprice*, Nov.-Dec., '22
 Four Poems, *Caprice*, May, '23
DUFFY, P. J. O'CONNOR—Holy Women; Magdalen; A
 Shawled Peasant; Mother, *Magnificat*, Jun., '23
 Mother and Queen, *Magnificat*, Jul., '23
DU MAURIER, EUGENIE—Sunset Hour at Old St. Paul's,
 Baltimore, Maryland; The First Easter,
 Poet's Scroll, Mar., '23
 To a Child; Dreams; Egypt's Mystic Lotus; The
 Old Man's Story, *Poet's Scroll*, May, '23
 To My Sister; Clotilde at the Organ; A Lullaby;
 Icecreamland, *Poet's Scroll*, Jul.-Aug., '22
DUMONT, HENRY—Sestina, *Poetry*, Dec., '22
DUNAWAY, M. E.—The Maid of the Mountains; Dream-
 ing; An Arcostic, *Scroll*, Jul.-Aug., '22
 Enchantment; Mission of Gladness; Gone; Mo-
 tive; At the End, *Scroll*, Sep., '22
 City of Roses, *Scroll*, Feb., '23
DUNBAR, ALDIS—Forever and Ever, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
DUNGAN, MYRA BELL—The Answer, *Country Bard*, Spring, '23
DUNN, EMMETT, Rain Forest, *S4N*, Dec., '22
DURHAM, MRS. J. ROBERT—"Arcady" *Bookman*, '23
DURHAM, MALCOLM—La Belle Vie, (Prize Poem),
 Yr. Bk. of P. S. of S. C., '22
- EAGAN, ALICE LIVINGSTON**—Absent; *Scroll*, May, '23
EARLE, BETTY—In the Temples of the Twilight,
 Am Poetry, Dec., '22
EARLS, S. J., MICHAEL—On a Birthday, *Cath World*, Sep., '22
EASTMAN, MAX—The Battle-Fields, *Liberator*, Oct., '22
EBERHART, NELLE RICHMOND—Twilight, *Munsey's*, Oct., '22
EDDY, ROSAMOND—Tree Music; You; Evening, *Scroll*, Feb., '23
 At Dawn, *Scroll*, May, '23
 Twilight Wonder, *Lyric West*, Apr., '23
EDEN, HELEN PARRY—A Dialogue of Devotion,
 Cath World, Sep. '22

- EDGE, MARY ALLEN—Beginnings, *Poetry*, Jun., '23
 EDGERTON, GRACE PADDOCK—Beauty, *Lariat*, Feb., '23
 EDMAN, IRWIN—They Do Not Live, *Harper's*, Jan. '23
 EDWARDS, ZAIDA PACKARD—Coin of the Realm,
Am Poetry, Apr.-May, '23
 EGAN, MAURICE FRANCIS—Democracy, *Cath World*, Oct., '22
 EGGLESTON, AMY W.—Fantasy, *Magnificat*, Jun., '23
 EHRENSTEIN, ALBERT—Suffering, (trans. by Babette
 Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky),
Broom, Dec., '22
 Homer, (trans. by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm
 Yarmolinsky), *Poetry*, Dec., '22
 EICHORN, L. D.—Dear Memory, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
 ELDRIDGE, PAUL—Chou Chang Advises Practicality to
 a Poet, *Dbl Dlr.*, Jan., '23
 Infallibility; Sic Transit Gloria Christi; I Face
 Justice; Verdict; I Die; I Cross the Styx,
Broom, Feb., '23
 Emporor T'Ang-Skeptic; Tsi Ouan Wishes to
 Believe in Resurrection; Yan Yi Explains
 Creation; Ku Hung Refutes His Friend,
Lytic West, Feb., '23
 Ling Ma Answers His Friend Who Complains
 That Things Pass, *Dbl Dlr.*, Mar.-Apr., '23
 Tzu Kung Makes an Error, *Dbl Dlr.*, May, '23
 Egoists, *Nomad*, Spring, '23
 Monkey, *Al Wl*, Jul., '23
 Emperor T'ang-Skeptic, *Dbl Dlr.*, Aug., '22
 Boa-Constrictor, *Al Wl*, Aug.-Sep., '22
 Resurrection, *Dbl Dlr.*, Sep., '22
 We—the Minor Poets; Soul; A Maiden Passes
 By; The Modernist, *Nomad*, Autumn, '22
 You, *Tempo*, Winter, '22-3
 ELDRIDGE, SYLVIA—Impotence, *Nomad*, Spring, '23
 ELLERBE, CECILIA—The Celebrity, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
 ELLIOT, ELLEN COIT—Song of the Waiting Land,
Lytic West, Feb., '23
 ELLIOT, REBECCA STRUTTON—Meditation,
Am Poetry, Feb.-Mar., '23
 ELLIOTT, CLARA H.—Advent of Spring at the Seaside,
Lariat, Apr., '23
 ELIOT, RUTH FORBES—Reassurance, *Munsey's*, Oct., '22
 ELIOT, T. S.—The Waste Land, *Dial*, Nov. '22
 ELLIOT, WILLIAM FOSTER—In Your Dressing Room,
 (To V. B.), *Lytic West*, Sep., '22
 Desert Dusk, *Lytic West*, Jun., '23

- ELLIOTT, WILLIAM YANDELL—Roundhead and Cavalier;
 Epigrams, *Fgte*, Oct., '22
 Mirror Hall, *Fgte*, Apr.-May, '23
- ELLISTON, GEORGE—Armistice Day, *Cin. Times Star*, Nov. 11, '22
 "God Bless Us Every One," *Cin. Times Star*, Dec. 25, '22
 Valentines, *Cin. Times Star*, Feb. 14, '23
 Freedom, *Saxby's*, Autumn, '22
- ELSMIE, DORINE—Nocturne, *Liberator*, Dec., '22
- ENGLAND, GEORGE ALLAN—Saint and Stoker, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '23
- ENSLOW, CONSTANCE—Improvisations: Purple, Profile,
 Lavender, *Poetry*, Apr., '23
- ERIKSEN, C. SVEND—Riverward, Dreaming,
 Rhythmus, Jun.-Jul., '23
- ESLER, ELIZABETH BARNETT—Sunlight, *Cont. V.*, May, '23
- EVANS, ABBIE HUSTON—Sea Fog, *Lariat*, Jun., '23
 The Spread Table; The Light on the Rock,
 Measure, Jul., '23
 Winter Fare, *Lyric*, Feb., '23
 Hill-Born, *Measure*, Feb., '23
 "Was This the Face—," *Outlook*, Mar. 14, '23
 Breton Song, *Poetry*, Jun., '23
 The Servant of the Prophet; Says Life of
 Youth, *Measure*, Oct., '22
- EVANS, GLADYS LA DUE—Two Things, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '23
- EVERTS, ELLA FRANCES—Little Linnet,
 Am Poetry, Feb.-Mar., '23
- EWER, W. N.—Five Souls, *Ch. Cent.*, Jul. 26, '23
- FAGIN, N. BRYLLION—Sung Hunger, *Guild Pnr.*, Jun., '23
 To a Glass Door-Knob; I Sometimes Gaze,
 Lyric West, Apr., '23
 And None Are Silent, *Voices*, Jun.-Jul., '23
 Pebbles, *Al Wl.*, Feb.-Mar., '23
 Compassion, *Voices*, Dec., '22
- FAGNANI, CHARLES P.—Confessio Fidel, *Ch. Cent.*, Mar., '22
- FARKASCH, HAZEL—Waiting; Alone; *Lyric West*, Apr., '23
- FARLEY, GRACE E.—Stanzas, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
- FARWELL, GERTRUDE BRICE—Mother-Heart Songs,
 Lyric West, Dec., '22
- FAUST, HENRI—Respite, *Al Wl.*, Aug.-Sep., '22
 "To Wade When Twilight Deepens in the
 Sedge," *Voices*, Dec., '22
- FAUSET, JESSIE—Dilworth Road Revisited; Song for a
 Lost Comrade, *Crisis*, Nov., '22
 To a Foreign Maid, by Oswald Durand, *Crisis*, Feb., '23

- FAWCETT, JAMES WALDO**—All Fools Address the Artful
 Wise, *Liberator*, Sep., '22
 Barter, *Crisis*, Sep., '22
 Singer Departed, *Crisis*, Aug., '22
FAY, ALICE M.—A Hebrew Love Chant; Mirage,
 Caprice, Jan.-Feb., '23
 Shall We Love Again; Per Ardua Ad Astra,
 Scroll, Apr., '23
FEHL, DELBERT—The Lariat, *Lariat*, Feb., '23
FEIBLEMAN, JAMES—Epigram, *Dbl Dlr.*, Feb., '23
FELDMAN, JESSE HUGO—The Old Quarry, *Lyric West*, Dec., '22
FELSHIN, SIMON—John Reed and Raymond Lefebvre,
 Liberator, Dec., '22
FERGUSON, MRS. L. W.—Evening, *Scroll*, May, '23
FEUERLIGHT, ETHEL—Swallow Song, *Step Ladder*, Jun., '23
FICKE, ARTHUR DAVISON—Serenade at Noonday; Sere-
 nade Across Silence; Serenade from Among
 the Pines; Serenade in Firelight; Serenade in
 Absence, *Rhythmus*, Mar., '23
 Tomb of a Ming Poet, *Dbl Dlr.*, Oct., '22
 Her Hands; Portrait of a Stranger; Marcia;
 Ruth, *Measure*, Nov., '22
 My Princess, *Scribner's*, Dec., '22
FIELD, BEN—Carriso Gorge, *Pegasus*, Jul., '23
 Winged Victory, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
 Come Back, *Caprice*, May, '23
FIELD, MILDRED FOWLER—Magic Chest, *Violinist*, Jun., '23
 Transmutation, *Chi News*, Jul. 13, '23
 Parable, *Chi News*, Jul. 20, '23
 Scrub-Woman, *Davenport Times*, Jul. 6, '23
 Ecstasy, *Chi News*, Mar. 14, '23
 Confession, *Chi News*, Apr. 25, '23
 Blossom Time, *Chi News*, May 8, '23
 Her Talisman, *Chi News*, May 22, '23
 Flower Park, *Chi News*, Apr. 9, '23
 Sleeping Beauty, *Chi News*, Jun. 2, '23
 June Myth, *Chi News*, Jun. 20, '23
 Enough, *Chi Post*, Apr. 22, '23
 Morning Worship, *Chi Post*, May 8, '23
 Garden Magic, *Chi Post*, May 16, '23
 Content, *Chi Post*, Jun. 13, '23
 Peonies, *Chi Post*, Jun. 22, '23
 Reunited, *Davenport Times*, Apr. 18, '23
 Why, *Davenport Times*, May 1, '23
 Super-Feature, *Davenport Times*, Jun. 6, '23
 The Dreamer, *Davenport Times*, Jun. 21, '23
 Elemental, *Ced Rap Rep.*, Mar. 18, '23

- FIELD, WRIGHT—The Nature Lover, *Scroll*, May, '23
 Impressions, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
 The Maple Sings; Lilac Time, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
 Death's Gift, *Lyric West*, Dec., '22
 The Soul of a Garden, *Lyric West*, Apr., '23
- FINLEY, JOHN—"The Swan of Tuonela," *Scribner's*, Dec., '22
- FISHER, CAROLINE—The Light House Light,
Country Bard, Autumn, '22
 In June, *Country Bard*, Summer, '23
- FISHER, CARROLL LOUPE—The White Tulip,
Am Poetry, Jun.-Jul., '23
- FISHER, ELEANOR—Fancies: The Marshland; The Forest; The Wind, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- FISHER, RAYMOND P.—A Tree; Granite Cliffs,
Voices, Jun.-Jul., '23
- FISHBURN, JOSEPHINE REDMOND—Child-Poems: In the Orchard; To Hope; To Buddie; The Storm; The Lady, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
- FITTS, NORMAN—Trinity, *S4N*, Dec., '22
- FITZ, ISABELLE H.—My Chester! (For the Two Hundredth Anniversary), *Granite Mo.*, Oct., '22
- FITZWILLIAM, G. WILLIAM—On Recollecting the Names of Certain Ladies Mentioned in the Odes of Horace, *Lyric West*, Sep., '22
- "FLACCUS"—Rigoletto, *Harper's*, Nov., '22
- FLANDERS, HELEN HARTNESS—Transitory,
Am Poetry, Jun.-Jul., '23
- FLANIGAN, A. H.—Awe, *Step Ladder*, Dec., '22
- FLANNER, HILDEGARDE—St. Augustine, *Dbl Dlr.*, Feb., '23
 Daphne, *Yale Rev.*, Jul., '23
- FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD—The Autumn Horseman,
Measure, Jul., '23
 The Last Frontier; Cro-Magnon, *Fgte*, Feb.-Mar., '23
 Pauper Death, *Rhythmus*, Jan., '23
 Prayers, I-XI, *Poetry*, Apr., '23
 San Antonio; "Dixie," *Dbl Dlr.*, Aug., '22
 Middle Age, *Mil. Arts Monthly*, Dec., '22
- FLETCHER, MYLA—Tell Us, Charon! *Measure*, Apr., '23
 Turns, *Measure*, May, '23
 Treasure, *Nation*, May 30, '23
- FLEXNER, ELEANOR—To the Mediterranean,
Lincoln Lore, Jan., '23
- FLEXNER, HORTENSE—Children's Room, *Lit. Rev.*, Nov. 18, '22
 For One No Longer Three Years Old, *Lyric*, Aug., '22
 Reflected, *Dbl Dlr.*, Aug., '22
 Hour Glass, *Dbl Dlr.*, Sep., '22
 There Is No End, *Voices*, Autumn, '22

FLEXNER, HORTENSE (Continued)

- Judgment, *New Rep.*, Dec. 20, '22
A Funeral, *Bookman*, Dec., '22
- FLEXNER, JAMES**—Nocturne, *Lin Lore*, Mar., '23
Elysian Fields, *Lin Lore*, Mar., '23
Shadows; In the Hours of Darkness, *Lin Lore*, Jun., '23
- FLYNN, JENNIE M.**—In Bethlehem, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
- FOILLARD, HUGO**—Conrad; Galsworthy; Carl Sandburg,
Lyric West, Jan., '23
Lyric West, Jun., '23
- FOOTE, ELVIRA**—Redolence,
FORD, FORD MADOX—Rhymes for a Child,
Yr Bk of P. S. of S. C., '22
- FORTHUN, MYRTLE**—Life to Youth, *Cont. V.*, Aug., '22
- FORTUNE, LLOYD**—Passion, *Caprice*, Jan.-Feb., '23
- FOSTER, KATE QUINAN**—Joyous, *Lyric West*, Mar., '23
Silhouette, *Univ of Cal Chronicle*, '23
- FOWLER, FREDERICK W.**—Just Dreaming, *Granite Mo.*, Nov., '22
- FRANK, FLORENCE KIPER**—Journey, *Wave*, Jun., '23
Interior; Married; Baby; Dialogue, *Poetry*, Nov., '22
- FRANK, JAMES M.**—The Helmeted Minerva, *Fgte*, Apr.-May, '23
- FRANK, WALDO**—A Song of Rahab, *Rhythmus*, Jun.-Jul., '23
Defeat, *Tempo*, Winter, '22-3
Plaint, *Prairie*, Jan.-Feb., '23
- FRANKEL, VALERIE**—Blossoms, *Lin Lore*, Mar., '23
The Vegetable Family, *Lin Lore*, Jun., '23
- FRASER, ABBOT**—Weeping Willow, *Revr.*, Jul., '23
- FRASIER, SCOTTIE MCKENZIE**—Gifts,
Forgotten, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
Fields at Night, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
Am. Jour. Clin. Med., Jul., '23
- FRAZEE-BOWER, HELEN**—Remorse, *Liberator*, Sep., '22
Alchemy, *Lyric*, Oct., '22
Courage, *Lyric*, Feb., '23
Emblematic, *Lyric*, May, '23
The Tiger City; Travelers; New Beauty,
Lyric West, Mar., '23
- Great Thoughts You Weary Me, *Cont. V.*, Mar., '23
Alien, *Voices*, Spring, '23
There Is a Brown Leaf Floating on the Lake,
Caprice, May, '23
- Departure; Trees in the Fog, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '23
There Is No Word; Sea Gulls; Sea Lover,
Lyric West, Jul.-Aug., '22
- Water Lilies, *Granite Mo.*, Aug., '22
Amo Immortalis, *Al Wl*, Aug.-Sep., '22

- FRAZEE-BOWER, HELEN** (*Continued*)
 The Heights; Descent; Flight; Certainties,
Cont. V., Nov., '22
 Love Songs: The Call; Confession; I Have Made
 a Silent Word; The Proposal; Transient,
Am Poetry, Oct., '22
 The Day: Morning; Noon; Evening; Night,
Am Poetry, Feb.-Mar., '23
FRAZEE, ISAAC JENKINSEN—What Is Love? *Lariat*, Apr., '23
 Desert Suite, (Desert Sunrise, Desert Noon,
 Desert Evening, Desert Night, *Lyric West*, Oct., '22
 The Desert Wolf, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
 Old Men, *Los Angeles Times*, Apr. 15, '23
FRAZIER, JOHN—Nocturne, *S4N*, Dec., '22
FRAZIER, SARAH RUTH—"Call to Duty" *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
FREDENALL, LAURA C.—Mission Valley,
Am Poetry, Feb.-Mar., '23
FREEMAN, JOHN—The Meadow Path; The Centaurs,
Rhythmus, Mar., '23
 Renunciation; Be Still Today, *Poetry*, Mar., '23
FRIEDLAENDER, V. H.—Bus-Ride in a Fog, *Poetry*, Nov., '22
FRIESON, WILLIAM—Reactions on the October Fugitive,
Fgte, Dec., '22
FRIPPE, ETHOLLE IONE—Gifts, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
FROST, ROBERT—Our Singing Strength, *New Rep.*, May 2, '23
 Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening,
New Rep., Mar. 7, '23
FRUMKIN, MORRIS—Proem,
Guild Pnr., May, '23
 Resume, *Guild Pnr.*, Jun., '23
FUJITA, JUN—Michigan Boulevard, Chicago, *Caprice*, Oct., '22
FULLER, ETHEL ROMIC—Chinese Beads, *Lariat*, Jul., '23
FULLER, REX GEORGE—The Plowman; The Harvester,
Cont. V., Oct., '22
 Doloroso, *Palms*, Spring, '23
 The Eternal Rebel, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '23
 Fog, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '23
 The Night Rain Comes, *Yr Bk of P. S. of S. C.*, '22
FUNK, MARIAN NEVIN—Garret, *Dbl Dlr.*, Oct., '22
 Madman, *Dbl Dlr.*, Dec., '22
GAFFEY, ERNEST—Pitti San, *Country Bard*, Summer, '23
GALAHAD, JOSEPH ANDREW—Toward the End,
Step Ladder, May, '23
 Light O' Love, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
 The Round, *Lyric West*, Sep., '22
 Promise, *Lyric West*, Jan., '23

- GALAHAD, JOSEPH ANDREW (*Continued*)
 A Poet Thinks, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '22
 Fortress, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '23
 The Commoner Reads the Poet, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '23
 Absence, *Voices*, Dec., '22
- GALE, MONA—Knowledge, *Albany Sun. Dem.*, '23
- GALLATIN, NEAL—The Ballad of a Rented House,
Lariat, May, '23
 Pipes O' Sky, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
 Tumble-Weed Ladies, *Lyric West*, Oct., '22
- GALWEY, CHARLES—Stadium Concert, *Broom*, Jan., '23
 La Rumba Cubana, *Broom*, Mar., '23
- GARD, WAYNE—Songs of a Prairie Lover,
Am Poetry, Apr.-May, '23
 Life, *Ch. Cent.*, May 24, '23
- GARNETT, LOUISE AYRES—Immortal Death; The Bar-
 gain; Young Loveliness; The Teacup; Soul at
 Play, *Poetry*, Feb., '23
 Spring Song; The Little House, *Lyric*, Apr., '23
 Seekin', *Cont. V.*, May, '23
 Myself, *Bookman*, Dec., '22
- GARRISON, THEODOSIA—The Star, *Lyric*, Dec., '22
 Prophets, *Nomad*, Summer, '22
 The Barred Way, *Scribner's*, Dec., '22
- GARRISON, W. E.—Hatred, *Ch. Cent.*, Jan. 11, '23
- GATENS, MINA M.—The Lady of Deceit, *Lariat*, Jul., '23
- GATENS, MINA M.—The Fall of Bacchus, *Lariat*, Apr., '23
- GATES, ALLENE—Concerning a Love of Clothes
Lyric West, Mar., '23
- GAW, ETHELEAN TYSON—The Minor Poet, *Scribner's*, Dec., '22
- GAVIN, HELENA—Disciples, *Ch. Cent.*, May 8, '23
- GAYLORD, MYRTLE LEVY—The Lady, *Voices*, Spring, '23
- GEDDES, VIRGIL—Surf Beat, *Caprice*, Oct., '22
 Old Man; Old Theme; An Hour at Dawn; Be-
 fore Rising, *Caprice*, Jan.-Feb., '23
 Prelude for Darkness; Denouement; Excrucia-
 tion, *Poetry*, Mar., '23
 Old Woman, *Nomad*, Summer, '22
 Prairie Fires, *Lyric West*, Oct., '22
 Summer Movement, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
 The Commentator Commentates to the Wind,
Prairie, Jan.-Feb., '23
- GENN, LILLIAN G.—The Debutante, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
 Moods, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
- GEORGE, LEGARE—Petite Chanson Discrete Pour Celles
 Qui Ont Pleure Les Mechants Gars, *Dial*, Jun., '23

- GESSLER, CLIFFORD FRANKLIN—Three Minute Stop;
 Curriculum; Oahu Shore, *Nomad*, Summer, '23
 GHENT, KATE DOWNING—My World, *National*, '22
 GIBSON, CHARLES HAMMOND—Only the Spirit Lives,
 Am Poetry, Aug., '22
 GIBSON, FRANK H.—The Home of the Soul, *Lit World*, Jun., '23
 GIBSON, WILFRID—En Epilogue; Jocelyn; A Northern
 Homestead, *Harper's*, Aug., '22
 GIDLOW, ELSA—The Solitary, *Mod Rev.*, Jan., '23
 GIFFORD, FANNIE STEARNS—Song, *Casemts*, Mar., '23
 Quaint, *Atlantic*, '23
 GILBERT, WARREN—Editorial: To Writers; Barren
 Ladies; A Girl's Mind; Lyric; Gods; In Ar-
 ticula Mortis, *Palms*, Summer, '23
 GILCHRIST, MARIE EMILIE—Weather Report,
 Lyric West, Oct., '22
 Weather Report, *Lyric West*, Dec., '22
 GILDERSLEEVE, BASIL L.—South Carolina,
 Yr. Bk. of P. S. of S. C., '22
 GILMORE, LOUIS—Improvisation, *StN*, Dec., '22
 Triangle, *Little Rev.*, Winter, '22
 To a Fly, *Dbl Dlr*, Jan., '23
 Improvisation, *Dbl Dlr*, Mar.-Apr., '23
 The High Hat, *Broom*, Jan., '23
 Hero, *Nomad*, Spring, '23
 GILTINAN, CAROLINE—Symbols; Presence, *Penwoman*, '23
 Dread; The Ocean; Homesick; The Shower;
 The Magician, (To My Daughter, Faith Har-
 low), *Cath World*, '23
 Escape; Consecration, *Cont. V.*, May, '23
 The Builder, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '22
 The Interlude, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '22
 The Beggar; The Garden, *Lyric*, Dec., '22
 GILTNER, LEIGH GORDON—Bride Roses, *Lariat*, Jul., '23
 GINSBURG, LOUIS—Heaven On Fire; A Vision,
 Amer Heb., Dec. 1, '22
 Curves, *Liberator*, May, '23
 To My Mother, *Liberator*, Sep., '22
 To a Girl Sweeping; Waterfalls of Stone,
 Liberator, Jun., '23
 GLAENZER, RICHARD BUTLER—It, *Measure*, Sep., '22
 Catalina Days; Indelible, *Lyric West*, Mar., '23
 GLASCOCK, K. IRENE—Daylight, *Poetry*, May, '23
 GLYNN, THOMAS J.—The Woman with the Golden
 Tongue, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
 GOING, CHARLES BUXTON—Taken Ship, *Scribner's*, Dec., '22
 GONDIER, VIOLET BAILEY—Payin' Back, *Lariat*, Mar., '23

- GOODFELLOW, PETER—When Wet Days of November
Come, *Country Bard*, Winter, '22-'23
- GOODMAN, CHARLES—The Dancer. *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
- GORDON, DAVID—To a Greenwich Village Aesthete,
Dbl Dlr, Mar.-Apr., '23
- GORMAN, HERBERT S.—Trance,
Lese-Majeste, *F^man*, Mar. 7, '23
Sylvanus Orientalis, *Outlook*, Aug. 16, '22
F^man, Aug. 23, '22
- GRAHAM, GLADYS WILMOT—Come, Rain! *Lyric West*, Feb., '23
Wait, Heart! *Nomad*, Autumn, '22
Autumnal Rapture, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
Winter-Bound, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
Sophisms: Flattery; Greed; Irony, *Wanderer*, Jun., '23
A City, *Lariat*, Jun., '23
False Tears, *Lariat*, Jul., '23
- GRANNIS, ANITA—Lovers of Earth; The Poet, *Voices*, Dec., '22
- GRAVES, AUBREY ALLAN—Along San Gabriel Way; I
Fear the Waking Moments, *Figs from Calif.*, '22
- GRAVES, ROBERT—The Lord Chamberlain Tells of a
Famous Meeting, *Poetry*, Feb., '23
A Dewdrop, *Harper's*, Mar., '23
Misgivings, on Reading a Popular "Outline of
Science," *Lyric*, Jul., '23
An English Wood, *New Rep.*, Nov. 1, '22
Children of Darkness, *New Rep.*, Nov. 29, '22
The Return; Mirror, Mirror, *Bookman*, Dec., '22
On the Poet's Birth; A Valentine, *Fgte*, Dec., '22
- GRAY, AGNES KENDRICK—The Hill That Is Almost a
Mountain, *Bost Trscrpt*, May 19, '23
Youth, *Lyric*, Jun., '23
At April's End, (Third Prize, Laura Blackburn
Lyric Contest), *Step Ladder*, Mar., '23
- GRAY, KATE JOY—The Poet's Cove, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
- GRAY, PHILIP—Autumn, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
While Strangers Walked and Talked,
Am Poetry, Apr.-May, '23
Mockery, *S4N*, Dec., '22
In the Hospital; The Poet, *Lyric*, Oct., '22
Victory, *Lyric West*, Oct., '22
- GRAYDON, ALICE A.—Unknown, *Magnificat*, Jun., '23
- GREEN, EMMA—Autumn Fields; The Birds of Spring;
My Garden, *Guide*, Oct., '22
Peace, *Liv Church*, Sep. 2, '22
A Lake Michigan Gull, *Mil Sentinel*, Sep. 26, '22
The Birds of Spring; Autumn Fields; *Guide*, Oct., '22
My Muslin Curtains Blow About, *Ocon Ent.*, May 24, '23
- GREEN, JACQUELYN—The Little Breeze *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23

- GREEN, JULIA BOYNTON—A Divine Blunder, *Lariat*, Apr., '28
- GREENE, ROSALIND—Jazz, *Figs from Calif.*, '22
- GREENHOOD, DAVID—A Belt of Bronze Tablets; Chotolate and Figs; The Soil; The Harvest of Heliotrope; Andante; Prayer Before Receiving Honors, *Palms*, Spring, '28
- Sonnet, *Voices*, Dec., '22
- Something Bad, *S4N*, Dec., '22
- Old Refrains, *Palms*, Summer, '28
- GREGORY, ODIN—Ia Nikolai, *Al Wl*, Feb.-Mar., '28
- The Thing, *Al Wl*, Oct.-Nov., '22
- GREGORY, SUSAN MYRA—October Moons, *Ainslee's*, Oct., '22
- GREY, ROBERT MALORY—The Birth of a Flower, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '28
- GRIFFITH, HERMAN J.—Metamorphosis, *Wave*, Dec., '22
- GRIFFITH, WILLIAM—Vale, *Al Wl*, Feb.-Mar., '28
- Resurgam, *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
- Ideal, *Lyric West*, Jun., '28
- Toll and Goal, *Step Ladder*, Feb., '23
- Sacrifice; Circe, *Pegasus*, Jul., '23
- GRISSON, IRENE WELCH—The Prospector, *Lariat*, Jun., '28
- GROKOWSKY, DAVID N.—Spring, *Pegasus*, May, '28
- GRONBERG, FRED—Bombast; First Love, *Pegasus*, Jan., '28
- GROSS, FRANCES WETMORE—Bits of Sand, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
- GROSS, KATHLEEN COTTER—The Courtesan, *Dbl Dlr*, Jan., '28
- GROSS, RAY H.—The River, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '28
- Two Christmas Celebrations, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '22
- GROSSMAN, JEAN SCHICK—The Gulf Between, *Sur. Grphe*, Oct., '22
- GRUDIN, LOUIS—Solitaire, *Rhythmus*, Jan., '28
- Man in the Street, *Rhythmus*, Mar., '28
- Jest; "All Roads Lead to Rome," *Poetry*, Sep., '22
- To a Charlatan; Ulysses, *Caprice*, Nov.-Dec., '22
- Dostoyevski, *Broom*, Dec., '22
- GUE, BELLE WILEY—The Ocean Wind, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '28
- GUERNEY, BERNARD GUILBERT—Prayer For the Lonely Night (For J. S.), *Minaret*, Jul.-Aug., '28
- GUITERMAN, ARTHUR—A Plea to Poets, *Lit. Rev.*, Nov. 18, '22
- The Young Intelligentsia, *Harper's*, Feb., '28
- Barcarole, *Harper's*, May, '28
- Thanksgiving, *Scribner's*, May, '28
- The Pioneer, *Outlook*, Sep. 27, '22
- GUSLING, KALFUS KURTZ—A Kiss in the Rain, *Lyric West*, Mar., '28
- GUTTERSON, EDITH—Yellow Acacia, *Lyric West*, Jun., '28

- GUYOL, LOUISE PATTERSON—The Color of Happiness,
Granite Mo., Oct., '22
 "Chart Showing Rain, Winds, Isothermal Lines
 and Ocean Currents," *Fgte*, Jun.-Jul., '28
- HADDOX, DOROTHY—Wistaria; Verses,
Lyric West, Jul.-Aug., '22
- HADLEY, FLORENCE JONES—Going a Piece; Song of the
 Wayfarer, *Magnificat*, Jul., '23
- HAGEDORN, HERMAN—The Philosopher,
 Roosevelt, *Outlook*, Jul. 4, '28
Outlook, Oct. 25, '22
- HAGER, ALICE ROGERS—Remembered, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '28
- HALL, AMANDA BENJAMIN—Entr'acte, *Bookman*, Nov., '22
 Epitaph, *Bookman*, Mar. '28
 Too Many Songs, *Bookman*, May, '28
 Kingsborough, *Smt Set*, Jan., '28
 "Too Soon the Lightest Feet," *Lit. Rev.*, Feb. 10, '28
 The Haunted Well, *Poetry*, Apr., '28
 "These Are the Gifts"; Overture; Alas!
Voices, Autumn, '22
- Valse Triste; "Oh, For a Clean, Green World,"
Voices, Spring, '28
- Silence; Mary, *Cont. V.*, Sep., '22
 A Woman of Words, *Cont. V.*, May, '28
- HALL, BOLTON—In the Museum, *Al Wl*, Aug.-Sep., '22
- HALL, CAROLYN—Faith,
 In An Empty Church, *Measure*, Aug., '22
Measure, Jun., '28
- HALL, FLORA—Relations, *So. Meth. Univ.*, '28
- HALL, GRACE E.—Beyond,
 Kindness, *Lariat*, May, '28
Lariat, Jun., '28
 Days; Lone Gray Gull; My Natal Day, *Lariat*, Jul., '28
- HALL, HARRIET MCLEAR—Summer; Siberia; Evanescence; Magic,
Figs from Calif., '22
- HALL, HAZEL—The Sea, *New Rep.*, Jun. 20, '28
 Here Comes the Thief, *New Rep.*, Jul. 25, '28
 Footfalls; Pedestrian; They Who Walk in Moonlight; A Whistler in the Night; The Hurrier;
 Shawled; Hunger, *Poetry*, Jan., '23
 Summary, *Lit. Rev.*, Feb. 17, '23
 The Singing, *Lyric*, Feb., '23
 Through the Rain; Destinations, *Bookman*, Feb., '28
 The Hippity-Hopper; Pursuit; Stranger; Profit;
 The Way She Walks, *Lyric West*, Mar., '23
 The Thin Door, *New Rep.*, Nov. 22, '22
 They Will Come, *New Rep.*, Jan. 24, '28
 Words for Weeping, *New Rep.*, Mar. 21, '28

HALL, HAZEL (*Continued*)

- To an Indolent Woman, *New Rep.*, Apr. 18, '23
 Maker of Songs, *New Rep.*, May 30, '23
 Apathy, *New Rep.*, Aug. 23, '22
 Ephemera; More Than Sound, *Measure*, Aug., '22
 Where Others Walk; To an Unpleased Passer;
 They Pass; To One Coming in Sight; The
 Many; Self Inquisition, *Cont. V.*, May, '23
 Moving Show, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '22
 His Eyes Are on the Ground; He Walked On;
 Epitaph For a Neighbor; The Pity of It;
 Arraigned, *Voices*, Spring, '23
 As She Passes, *Outlook*, Sep. 13, '22
 An Old Man's Walk, *Dbl Dlr.*, Oct., '22
 October Window, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '22
 Song to Be Said While Walking, *New Rep.*, Oct. 4, '22
 Ahead of Him; Today; He Went By; Sanity;
 Middle-Aged, *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
 Footfalls, *Measure*, Nov., '22
 HALL, INA E.—The Key, *Country Bard*, Summer, '23
 HALL, LENA—Value *Voices*, Spring, '23
 A Wood Path in Autmun, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '22
 HALL, NORMAN—The Winter Feast, *Harper's*, Mar., '23
 HALTIWANGER, C. B.—Whimseys, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
 HAMILTON, ANN—Chanson d'Or, *Dbl Dlr.*, Oct., '22
 Chanson Noir, *Dbl Dlr*, May, '23
 Nymph, *Nation*, Oct. 11, '22
 Sonnet; Brother Rugino; Song Overheard on
 the Shore; Harlequin to Columbine; Inscription,
 Youth, *Nation*, Dec. 6, '22
 HAMILTON, DAVID OSBORNE—Once More the Moon;
 Creation, *Poetry*, Apr., '23
 The Last Night, *Measure*, Aug., '22
 HAMILTON, FLORA BRENT—Vespers, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
 HAMILTON, MARION ETHEL—Phyllis, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
 HAMMOND, ELEANOR—Etchings: Summer Night; Gulls;
 Children; Sandpipers; Eyes; At Last; To a
 Lover, Dead, *Lariat*, Mar., '23
 Fever; Home, *Scroll*, Mar., '23
 Lady Moon; Love Song, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '23
 From a Street Corner, *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
 HAMMOND, LOUISE S. (trans.)—An Old Man's Song of
 Spring (By Seng Dji-Nan—Sung Dynasty);
 Night Time in Spring, (By Wang Ah-Shih—
 Sung Dynasty); The Sudden Coming of
 Spring, (By Cheng Hao—Sung Dynasty); On

- HAMMOND, LOUISE S. (*Continued*)
 Being Denied Admittance to a Friend's Garden, (By Yeh Shih—Sung Dynasty); Seeing the Hermit in Vain, (By Gia Dao—T'ang Dynasty), *Poetry*, Aug., '22
- HANEY, DR. JAMES PARTON—A Craftsman's Creed;
 HANLINE, MAURICE A.—The Symphony of the Moon, *Cont. V.*, Nov., '22
- HANNIGAN, D. F.—The Dead Boy, *Lyric*, Nov., '22
- HANSEN, J. C.—Change, *Pegasus*, Mar., '23
 On a Lonely Shore, (A Pebble Speaks); Your Love and Mine, *Caprice*, Nov.-Dec., '22
- HARDY, ARTHUR S.—To Daphne, Knitting, *Scribner's*, Dec., '22
- HARE, AMORY—The Theft; April Victorious; The Unseen; To a Garden Overgrown, *Cont. V.*, Feb., '23
- HARKNESS, SAMUEL D.—Told on Easter, Anno Domini, Thirty-Three, *Ch. Cent.*, Mar. 15, '23
- HARMAN, HENRY E.—My Beautiful Sun; Like Messenger Silent and Still, *Sur Grphc*, Jul., '23
South'n Lit., Jul., '23
- HARNES, ALDEN—Nature; Vacation-Time, *Lariat*, Jun., '23
- HARPEL, O. R.—The Lone Wolf's Prayer, *Caprice*, Jan.-Feb., '23
- HARRIER, JESSIE VAUGHN—The Campers, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
- HARRIS, ALBERT MASON—Manhood, *Em Quar.*, Des., '22
- HARRISON, M. CLIFFORD—Sacrifice, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
- HARROLD, FRED—Milady's Feet, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
- HARTLEY, LILLIAN—Ideals, *Lyric West*, Sep., '22
- HARTUNG, A. C.—What? *Casem'ts*, Jan., '23
- HARWOOD, RUTH—Love; Lament, *Figs from Calif.*, '22
 Spring Dirge, *Voices*, Spring, '23
 Mustard Bloom, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
- HASTE, GWENDOLEN—The Little Theatre, *Scribner's*, Nov., '22
 Prayer of the Homesteader, *Measure*, Dec., '22
 Nostalgia; Moonrise; Barricades, *Caprice*, Jan.-Feb., '23
 Biography, *Lyric West*, Sep., '22
 Epitaph; The Revenant, *Lyric West*, Apr., '23
 "Knowest Thou the Land?"; Told at Sunset, *Nomad*, Spring, '23
 Deliverance, *Nation*, Oct. 18, '22
 The Haunted Ring, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
- HASTINGS, CRISTEL—Echoes, *Lariat*, Jul., '23
 Aurora, *Lariat*, May, '23
 Freedom; I Wonder, *Lariat*, Jun., '23
 Blind, *Lariat*, Apr., '23
- HAWTHORNE, HILDEGARDE—Interpreter, *Scribner's*, Dec., '22
- HAY, LENA H.—Neighbors, *Nomad*, Summer, '23

- HAY, LENA JAMISON**—The River, *Nomad*, Winter, '22
HAYNE, WILLIAM H.—Retrospect, *Scribner's*, Jan., '23
HAYNES, CAROL—Binkie, *Harper's*, Dec., '22
 Grandma, *Harper's*, Feb., '23
HAYWARD, H. RICHARD—Love in Ulster, *Tempo*, Winter, '22-3
HAYWOOD, H. L.—Red Rose Song, *Pegasus*, Mar., '23
HEATH, WINIFRED M.—Debussy, *Pegasus*, Mar., '23
 Kinship, *Lyric West*, Apr., '23
 Point Loma, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
HEIDEMAN, MIRIAM—When You Think I Have Died, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
 Prayer; Poplars in Silhouette; Now That My Heart, *Voices*, Autumn, '22
HELLER, SAMUEL—The Stars Will Remember, *Lyric West*, Apr., '23
 Roman Poppies, *Nomad*, Summer, '23
 After Harvest; Autumnal, *Step Ladder*, Jan., '23
 May Passes, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May., '23
HELLMAN, RHODA—Puddle, *Measure*, May, '23
HELMAN, REBECCA—Dream-Fancy, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
 At the Bookshop, *Step Ladder*, Dec., '22
 Inapt, *Country Bard*, Spring, '23
 Once On a Time, *Country Bard*, Winter, '22-23
 The Day; The Harp, *Scroll*, Apr., '23
 The Roving Heart; Spirit; Change, *Scroll*, May, '23
 The Fool, *Country Bard*, Autumn, '22
HELTON, ROY—August Morning; Three Poems About Ghosts, *Cont. V.*, Feb., '23
HEMINGWAY, ERNEST M.—Mitrailatrice; Oily Weather; Roosevelt; Riparto D'Assalto; Champs D'Honneur; Chapter Heading, *Poetry*, Jan., '23
HENCKELL, KARL—Song of the Road Mender, (Ludwig Lewisohn, trans.), *Nation*, Mar. 14, '23
HENDERSON, DANIEL—The Stranger, *McClure's*, May, '23
 Sunset Through an Office Window, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '23
 Trees in February, *McClure's*, Feb., '23
 Melting Brook, *Lit. Rev.*, Mar. 31, '23
 Tenement Children, *Bookman*, Jun., '23
HENDERSON, ROSE—Lynched, *Cont. V.*, Mar., '23
 A Song of Death, *Fgte*, Jun.-Jul., '23
HENRY, EDNA G.—The Dispensary Doctor, *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
 Hesperoyucca, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
HERALD, LEON—In Your Eyes, *Poetry*, Sep., '22
 My Wedding; Beauty, *Poetry*, Sep., '22
HERENDEN, ANNE—Capri; The Observant Captive; Troth; Reunion; Revolution, *Nation*, Sep. 27, '22
 A True Poem, *Liberator*, Sep., '22

- HERSCHDORFER, HELEN—Loves; All, All Are Atoms,
Guild Pnr, Jun., '23
- HERSH, HELEN—Retrospect,
Wave, Dec., '22
- HERZOG, JR., PAUL—The Hermit,
Lin Lore, Apr., '23
- HESSE, HERMANN—Night, (Ludwig Lewisohn, trans.),
Nation, Mar. 14, '23
- HEWITT, ETHEL M.—The Seat of Judgment, *Harper's* Feb., '23
- HEYM, GEORG—Evening, (trans. by Babette Deutsch
and Avrahm Yarmolinsky), *Poetry*, Dec., '22
- HEYWARD, DuBOSE—The Mountain Town, *Outlook*, Apr. 11, '23
- Return, *Lyric*, Jun., '23
- Buzzard Island, *Yr. Bk. of P. S. of S. C.*, '22
- Philosopher, *Rev'r*, Oct., '22
- HICKEY, AGNES M.—Autumn Evening,
Springfield Rep., Oct. 14, '22
- So Comes the Snow, *Springfield Rep.*, Jan. 14, '23
- Transient, *Pittsfield Eagle*, Aug. 25, '22
- The Baloon Man, *Pittsfield Eagle*, Sep. 23, '22
- Fairy Flag Painters, *Pittsfield Eagle*, Oct. 20, '22
- Frank Bacon, *N Y Trib.*, Dec. 26, '22
- HICKEY, EMILY—At Eventide, *Cath World*, Nov., '22
- HICKEY, FLORENCE MAYNE—Sequins, *Lariat*, Jul., '23
- HIGGINS, ANNIE—The Acquired Art, *Voices*, Autumn, '22
- As the Clock Strikes; A Matter of Words;
Something to Do, *Voices*, Spring, '23
- Postponement; Song Against Art, *Lyric West*, Sep., '22
- Indecision; The Next Day; Repose; Futility;
Wave, Dec., '22
- All Night; I Remember, *Lyric West*, Mar., '23
- Early Spring; On Growing Things,
New Rep., Apr. 25, '23
- Pillow Confidence; Confession, *Caprice*, May, '23
- Three Crows; Nausea; Riddance, *Measure*, Dec., '22
- HILL, FRANK ERNEST—Lundy, *Measure*, Jan., '23
- Moonlight-Vermillion Valley, *Lyric West*, Feb., '23
- The Pass, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
- Mirage, *Nation*, Nov. 1, '22
- Formation, *Nation*, Apr. 11, '23
- Her House, *Measure*, Oct., '22
- Midnight Tenement, *Measure*, May, '23
- They Who Are What They Are, *New Rep.*, Nov. 22, '22
- HILL, MARVIN LUTER—March Storm, *Lyric West*, Mar., '23
- HILLIARD, JOHN NORTHERN—Romance, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
- HILLMAN, GORDON MALHERBE—Nightfall, *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
- Lucile, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
- Sea Winds, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
- Variety Show, *Voices*, Autumn, '22

- HILLS, GERTRUDE**—Christmas Tree; Worship, *Voices*, Dec., '22
HILLYER, ROBERT—Yesterday, *Outlook*, Jan. 17, '23
 The Soul Approacheth the Hall of Judgment,
 (The Coming Forth by Day); He Holdeth
 Fast to His Identity, (The Coming Forth by
 Day); He Defendeth His Hearth Against the
 Destroyer, (The Coming Forth by Day); He
 Maketh Himself One with the God Ra, (The
 Coming Forth by Day); He Is Like the Lotus,
 (The Coming Forth by Day); He Maketh
 Himself One with Osiris, (The Coming Forth
 by Day); He Commandeth a Fair Wind, (The
 Coming Forth by Day); He Becometh the One
 God, Whose Limbs Are the Many, (The Com-
 ing Forth by Day); He Singeth in the Under-
 world, (The Coming Forth by Day); The
 Other World, (The Coming Forth by Day),
F'man, Mar. 21, '23
 The Blue Forest, *Voices*, Spring, '23
 The Treadmill, *Lyric*, Sep., '22
 Epitaph, *Lyric*, Apr., '23
 Free Will, *Bookman*, Apr., '23
 Entomology, *Outlook*, Oct. 11, '22
 Scherzo, *Outlook*, May 9, '23
 St. Sylvius, *Outlook*, May 23, '23
 And Now at Sunset, *New Rep.*, Oct. 25, '22
 Interval, *Harper's*, Oct., '22
HIRSCH, SIDNEY MTTIRON—To a Dead Lady, *Fgte.* Oct., '22
 Nebrismus, *Fgte.* Dec., '22
 Quodlibet, To J. H. F., *Fgte.* Apr.-May, '23
HOARD, PRESCOTT—Cobwebbed Trapeze Performer,
Measure, Jun., '23
 Carnival, *Measure*, Aug., '22
 Sky Line; Interruption; Woodcraft, *Measure*, Dec., '22
HOFER, COL. E.—What Shall I Write? *Lariat*, Feb., '23
 Me Want Prime Beef, *Lariat*, May, '23
HOFFMAN, ELLA—The Echo, *SN*, Dec., '22
HOFFMAN, HAROLD—To Thomas Hardy, Dark Poet,
Measure, Jan., '23
HOFFMAN, PHOEBE—The Foolish Virgin, *Lit. Rev.*, Feb. 3, '23
 The Old Pilot Speaks, *Cont. V.*, Aug., '22
 The Old Man, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '22
 Dreams, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
HOFMANNSTHAL, HUGO VON—Two, (Ludwig Lewisohn,
 trans.), *Nation*, Mar. 14, '23
HOISINGTON, MAY FOLWELL—The Children's Flowers,
Country Bard, Summer, '23
 "Queen Anne's Dead," *Country Bard*, Spring, '23

- HOLDEN, ELLA—Dream Poem, *Measure*, Nov., '22
HOLDEN, RAYMOND—Wild Honey; A Glance Toward
 Middle Age, *Measure*, Feb., '23
 Firewood, *Nation*, Aug. 16, '22
 After the Circus, *Yale Rev.*, Oct., '22
 To the Urbane, *Lit. Rev.*, Oct. 21, '22
 Though Almost Anything; Escape; To Nine
 Who Vanished Long Ago, *Measure*, Jun., '23
HOLLIDAY, CARL—A Preface for Any Book, *Granite*, Jul., '23
HOLLIS, BARBARA—The Test, *Harper's*, Mar., '23
HOLLISTER, HILARY—For a Fan, *Measure*, May, '23
HOLLOWAY, JOHN WESLEY—Dar's Gwine to Be a Wed-
 din', *Country Bard*, Summer, '23
HOLLOWAY, ROBERTA—To Those Who Believe in Im-
 mortality; Mist and Fire; Changelings; A
 Sailor's Ballad, *Figs from Calif.*, '22
HOLT, ELIZABETH KENDRICK—Broken Nights,
 Guild Pnr, Jun., '23
HOLT, GUY—. . . ! And I Did Eat, *Revr*, Apr., '23
HOLZ, ARNO—From Phantasus, (trans. by Babette
 Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky), *Poetry*, Dec., '22
HOOD, JOSEPH R.—The Wayfarer, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
HOPE, ETHEL—At Parting, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
HORN, FREDERICA L.—Serenade, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
 A Song for You, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
HOUGH, MARY E.—The Hampshires, *Gr. Mo.*, Aug., '22
 On the Road from Cormicy, *Gr. Mo.*, Sep., '22
 A Degenerate of the Pink Family, *Gr. Mo.*, Oct., '22
HOVORKA, EMILY S.—The Mute, *Scroll*, Feb., '23
HOWARD, KATHERINE—Coast Range, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
 A Sonnet to the Dawn, *Pegasus*, Jan., '23
HOWE, SUSANNE—Immortality; Absence, *Measure*, Nov., '22
HOWES, GRACE CLEMENTINE—The Mountains,
 Lyric West, Jul.-Aug., '23
 The Stairway, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
HOYT, HELEN—I Must Turn My Face from Your Sor-
 row, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
 More Lovely Than a Mountainside; An Un-
 prejudiced Mind, *Measure*, Jul., '23
 O Do Not Fear For Your Life, *Palms*, Spring, '23
 Vita Nuova, *Lyric*, Oct., '22
 Detachment, *Cont. V.*, Nov., '22
 Scars in Air, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '23
 Urania; Muse of Astronomy; Sonnet, *Gr. Mo.*, Nov., '22
HOYT, HELEN UNDERWOOD—Our Favorite Selves,
 Pic Rev., Aug., '22
 The Cynic, *Dbl Dlr*, Sep., '22

- HOYT, HELEN UNDERWOOD (*Continued*)
 Trying to Think by the Water; How Can I Keep
 My Hands?; On the Breakwater, *Voices*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- HUCKFIELD, LEYLAND—The Tramp Girl, *Cont. V.*, Sep., '22
- HUDNUT, WILLIAM HERBERT—The Call Denied,
Ch Cent., Apr. 5, '23
- HUDSON, ADDIE CROSEY—The Singing Trail,
Lyric West, Jun., '23
- HUDSPETH, WILLIS—A Wakened Memory,
Am Poetry, Dec., '22
- HUEFFER, FORD MADDOX—Seven Shepherds, *Poetry*, Jun., '23
- HUGHES, ADELAIDE MANOLA—Cuivre Dore, *Bookman*, Aug., '22
- HUGHES, GLENN—Arizona Night; In the City, *Lariat*, Jun., '23
- HUGHES, LANGSTON—Dreams; Poem, For the Portrait
 of an African Boy After the Manner of Gau-
 guin); Our Land, Poem for a Decorative
 Panel, *Wld Tmrow*, May, '23
- Danse Africaine; After Many Springs, *Crisis*, Aug., '22
- Beggar Boy, *Crisis*, Sep., '22
- Song for a Banjo Dance, *Crisis*, Oct., '22
- Mother to Son, *Crisis*, Dec., '22
- When Sue Wears Red, *Crisis*, Feb., '23
- Monotony, *Crisis*, May, '23
- HUGHES, MAY—Laughter; Magic; Jasminc, *Cont. V.*, May, '23
- HUGHES, RUSSELL MERRIWETHER—Autumn,
Am Poetry, Oct., '22
- In the Mawnin', *Tempo*, Winter, '22-'23
- HUMPHRIES, ROLFE—Solitary, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
- Grey Sunset, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
- Inadequate, *Wanderer*, Jun., '23
- Drowning, *Measure*, Nov., '22
- Indifferent, *Pegasus*, Mar., '23
- A Sad Little Lyric for Vacation; Evening on
 Tahoe, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
- HUNTER, REX—And Tomorrow Comes, *Caprice*, Oct., '22
- Instructions for Entering the Secret Rose Gar-
 den, *Caprice*, Nov.-Dec., '22
- HUTCHINS, M. DORIS—The Yucca, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
- Your Room, *Lyric West*, Mar., '23
- HUTCHINS, MARGARET GROSVENOR—Cynthia, *Harper's*, Jan., '23
- HUTCHINSON, HAZEL COLLISTER—Paris, *Dbl Dlr.*, Dec., '22
- HYATT, JR., JACK—Ching Loo Dreams, *Lyric West*, Sep., '22
- Similia; Blindness, *Lyric West*, Mar., '23
- Steps on the Stair, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
- HYER, HELEN VON KOLNITZ—Beaches,
Yr. Bk. of P. S. of S. C., '22

- IMAM, SYED MEHDI—Harp of My Land That Tuneless
Long Has Hung, *Lyric*, Jun., '23
- INMAN, ARTHUR CREW—The Captive, (A Fragment);
Solitude; The Derelict; As Thru a Veil,
Cont. V., Jan., '23
The Deserted Barn, *Revr.*, Apr., '23
At the Coming of Spring, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '23
From an Abandoned Pier, *Lyric*, Jun., '23
Desert, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '23
Mood, *Voices*, Autumn, '22
The Generation That Is; Georgian Memory,
South'n Lit., Jul., '23
New York,
London Poetry Review (American Section) Jul., '23
- IRVING, MINNA—The Jeweled Sea, *N Y Herald*, '23
- ISENBECK, DOROTHY C.—Spring Snows, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
- ISHIKAWA, KIN-ICHI—After a Long Night; Barefoot
Twilight, *Voices*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- JACKSON, JESSICA—Lines Written by the Sea, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '23
Days: The First Day of School; Days of Clay;
Shelling Peas, *Palms*, Summer, '23
- JACKSON, LOU—At Twilight, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
- JACKSON, WINIFRED VIRGINIA—Dust Song; Red Winds,
Em Quar., Jun., '23
The Sin; Strange Paths, *Lyric*, Nov., '22
- JAMES, BERTHA TEN EYCK—Forest and Sea; Noon;
Night, *Caprice*, Oct., '22
- JANSON, ELLEN—Rhador; We Shall Be Buried Far
Apart, *Poetry*, Jun., '23
- JAVITZ, ALEXANDER—To City Towers, *Nomad*, Spring, '23
- JAVIS, ALEXANDER—A Ship in a Pier,
Diary, *Measure*, Oct., '22
Nomad, Winter, '22
- JELLETTE, ANNE—Photographs of Coney Island: The
Carrousel; The Old Mill; Scenic Railway; The
"Witching Waves," *Ainslee's*, Aug., '22
- JENKINS, N. W.—From Corregidor, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
- JENKINS, OLIVER—Chaconne,
Paganne, *Caprice*, Oct., '22
Silken Doors, *Palms*, Summer, '23
Surcease, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '23
Minor Note; Closed Curve, *Chi News*, Apr. 7, '23
Nomad, Summer, '23
- JENNINGS, AMY S.—Life Flying,
Youth, *F'man*, Apr. 21, '23
Atlantic, Jun., '23

- JENNINGS, LESLIE NELSON—Horizons, *New Rep.*, Jul. 18, '28
 Legend, *New Rep.*, Apr. 4, '28
 After Atlantis, *Al Wl.*, Jul. '28
 Travesty, *Nation*, Sep. 20, '22
 Trumpets at Jericho, *Outlook*, Aug. 2, '22
 Sophistry, *New Rep.*, Oct. 4, '22
 Arrestment, *Dbl Dlr.*, Oct., '22
 We Are Not Froward, *New Rep.*, Nov. 9, '22
 Sustenance, *Bookman*, Nov., '22
 Solstice, *Outlook*, Nov. 29, '22
 Etched in Acid, *Outlook*, Dec. 18, '22
- JENNINGS, VIOLA—Spring Dreams, *Lariat*, May, '23
- JESSON, FREDERICK SHEA—North Ohio Village, *Poetry*, Nov., '22
- JONES, ELIZABETH WARREN—The Pool, (Prize Poem),
Yr. Bk. of P. S. of S. C., '22
 After Rain, *Cont. V.*, May, '23
- JONES, HOWARD MUMFORD—Fisherman; Lad Jason,
F'man, Feb. 7, '23
 Poem, *Al Wl.*, Aug.-Sep., '22
- JONES, RUTH LAMBERT—Vision; The Cycle, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '23
 The Chameleon, *Life*, Aug. 31, '22
 River Boats, *Life*, Aug. 24, '22
- JOHN, CECIL—Gone Under; The Toss, *Poetry*, Oct., '22
- JOHN, HILDEGARDE H.—Trail's End, *Scribner's*, Dec., '22
- JOHNS, ORRICK—Treasure, *Dbl Dlr.*, May, '23
- JOHNSON, CHARLES BERTRAM—Old Things, *Crisis*, Mar., '23
 Easter, *Crisis*, Apr., '23
 Mocking Bird, *Crisis*, May, '23
- JOHNSON, GEORGIA DOUGLAS—Motherhood, *Crisis*, Oct., '22
- JOHNSON, J. REBE—Messages: In Memory of Alexander Graham Bell, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
- JOHNSON, IDA JUDITH—Fire, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '22
 The Swamp, *Cont. V.*, Mar., '23
- JOHNSON, JOSEPHINE—Song, *Smt Set*, Jul., '23
 Scents, *Nomad*, Summer, '23
 Clay, *Lyric*, Apr., '23
 Grey Day, *Lyric*, May, '23
 The Level Way, *Lyric*, Jul., '22
 The Unwilling Gypsy, *Lyric*, Nov., '22
- JOHNSON, ROBERT UNDERWOOD—The Great Adventure, *Scribner's*, Nov., '22
- JOHNSON, ROY IVAN—Moon Song, *Poetry*, Jun., '23
- JOHNSON, STANLEY—Pier; Fiat, *Fgte*, Oct., '22
 To a Certain Man; Two at Sea, *Fgte*, Dec., '22
 Epitaph; A False Prophet, *Fgte*, Feb.-Mar., '23
 Ships; The Wasted Hour; I Would Not Give
 One Beauty Up, *Fgte*, Apr.-May, '23
 Theological; Earth, *Fgte*, Jun.-Jul., '23

- JOHNSON, WILLARD—Purple Medicine; Zuni; The Living Root; Mountain Fire, *Palms*, Summer, '23
 The Horseman of Poo-Poo (Trans. from the Chinese of Bynner-Witter and Kiang Kang-Hu), *Lit. Rev.*, Nov. 18, '22
- JOHNSTEN, LOUISE STALM—Other Gardens, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- JOHNSTON, MARY—The River James, *Rev.*, Apr., '23
- JOHNSTON, WINIFRED—Songs to a Little Sister: Query; One Weds; "These Your Flowers and Wisely," *Palms*, Spring, '23
- JORDAN, DAVID STARR—There Was a Man, *Ch. Cent.*, Mar. 15, '23
- JOSEPHSON, MATTHEW—Pursuit, *Broom*, Jan., '23
- JOSLIN, WILLIAM W.—The Life of a Rose, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
- JOY, CARRY—The Memory of a Day, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
- JUVENAL, YVONNE—Dagmar, *Dbl Dlr.*, Dec., '22
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- KAPSTEIN, ISRAEL—DISCUS, *Casem'ts*, Mar., '23
- KASSACK, LOUIS—No. 19, *Broom*, Dec. '22
- KATZ, ADALINE—Three Slender Things, *Dbl Dlr.*, Oct., '22
- KAUFMAN, LEAH—I Sat on the Top of the Moon, *Guild Pnr.*, Jun., '23
- KAUFFMAN, REGINALD WRIGHT—In the Dark, *Outlook*, Aug. 23, '22
 Americans, *Sur Grphc*, Nov. 1, '22
- KAUFFMAN, RUTH WRIGHT—On the Scales, *Outlook*, Aug. 23, '22
- KEECH, LILIAN SUE—Dreams, *Gr. Mo.*, Sep., '22
- KEENE, ERWIN F.—The Haven of Lost Ships, *Gr. Mo.*, Sep., '22
 South of Mogador, *Gr. Mo.*, Oct., '22
- KEENE, META FULLER—Immortality, *Country Bard*, Winter, '22-23
- KELLERMAN, STELLA V.—Song, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
- KELLEY, JOHN EDWARD—I Looked on Man, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
- KEMP, HARRY—Catullus Consoles, (To Lesbia, on the Death of Her Sparrow), *Lit. Rev.*, Sep. 2, '22
 Homeric Retrospect, *Bookman*, Aug., '22
 Fishermen, *Bookman*, Feb., '22
 There Is One Ill, *Ainslee's*, Oct., '22
 Autumn Colors, *Munsey's*, Oct., '22
- KENDRICK, LUCILE—Lad's-Love, *Step Ladder*, Nov., '22
 Beauty Shall Bind, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '22
 Peonage, *Yr. Bk. of P. S. of S. C.*, '22

- KENNEDY, THOMAS—The Lake, *Wave*, Jun., '23
 Incipit Vita Nova, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
 Pleasure, *Step Ladder*, Dec., '22
- KENNISON, EDGAR—Alluring Arizona, *Lariat*, Feb., '23
- KENYON, BERNICE LESBIA—Mountain Pool, *Liberator*, Dec., '22
 To One Who Walks the Highroad; Smiling Woman; Potentialities; Impregnable, *Outlook*, Dec. 20, '22
 After Music, *Outlook*, May 30, '23
 Experience, *Lyric*, Nov., '23
 November Night, *Cont. V.*, Nov., '22
 Defiance to False Gods, *Bookman*, Oct., '22
 "There Is No Quiet," *Lyric West*, Feb., '23
 City Rain, *Scribner's*, Dec., '22
 In a Greek Garden, *Scribner's*, Feb., '23
 Night of Rain, *Scribner's*, Jun., '23
- KELLY, HENRY—My Old Fairmont, *N Westn Rlwy Mag.*, Feb., '23
- KELLS, MARION C.—My Crown, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
- KEYTING, MARGARET LEE—Wedded, *Step Ladder*, Mar., '23
- KHASIMIR, RANDAULFE—Winter Winds; The Flying Leaf, *Caprice*, Nov.-Dec., '22
- KILMER, ALINE—Favete Linguis; Dispersal, *Outlook*, Apr. 18, '23
 Every Sea Is the Sea, (The Parody Outline of Literature), *Bookman*, Jul., '23
 You Ask Me Not to Die, *Harper's*, Aug., '22
 When Those Who Have Loved Us and Died, *Outlook*, Sep. 20, '22
 Escape; Release; Week-End; Ignis Fatuus; Diagonals, *Poetry*, Oct., '22
- KILPATRICK, LUELLA—The Way to Win, *Country Bard*, Summer, '23
- KING, ELEANOR LYNE—Intercession, *Lyric*, May, '23
- KING, ETHEL—Pottery, *Cath World*, Sep., '22
- KING, STERLING P.—Daddie Is Coming, *Country Bard*, Spring, '23
 The Valley of the Shadow, *Country Bard*, Summer, '23
- KING, VERNON—Epitaphs: Your Song; My Song, *Palms*, Spring, '23
 California Autumn; The Pale Lady; Next Door; Footprints; End; *Figs from Calif.*, '22
- KINSOLVING, SALLY BRUCE—Hampton, *Rev.*, Jan., '23
 Ariadne on Naxon, (To Hans Schuler), *Balt. Amer.*, Jan. 17, '23
 Anguish, *Poetry*, Sep., '22

- KIRK, RICHARD—You'll Say, *Dbl Dlr.*, Aug., '22
 Things for Granted, *Dbl Dlr.*, Sep., '22
 Hamley, *Dbl Dlr.*, Oct., '22
 Fellow Creature, *Dbl Dlr.*, Dec., '22
 The Words Spoken Above Him; Prudence; A
 Stone Is the Quietest Thing, *Dbl Dlr.*, Mar.-Apr., '23
 Epigraph; Ironic Invitation, *Dbl Dlr.*, May, '23
 KISER, S. E.—The Life of the Party, *Cos.*, Apr., '23
 What People Call Success, *Cos.*, May, '23
 KLEMM, WILHELM—Night, (trans. by Babette Deutsch
 and Avrahm Yarmolinsky), *Poetry*, Dec., '22
 KLING, JOSEPH—Dream (To F. . . .), *Nomad*, Autumn, '22
 KNAPP, ETHEL MARJORIE—Love, *Lariat*, Jul., '23
 KNIPE, BERTHA McE.—The Almond Blossoms,
Lyric West, Mar., '23
 KOHNFELDER, E. J.—A Dream, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
 KOPELOFF, NICHOLAS—First Spring, *Measure*, Jun., '23
 The Self-Deceivers, *Lin Lore*, Dec., '22
 The Pixie Moment; Dahlias, *Lin Lore*, Jan., '23
 Gold, *Lin Lore*, Mar., '23
 KOPP, LILLIAN—Love's Dwelling, *Guild Pnr.*, Jun., '23
 KOSMAK, KATHARINE—The Self-Deceivers, *Lin Lore*, Dec., '22
 Dahlias; The Pixie Moment, *Lin Lore*, Jan., '23
 KRAMER, EDGAR DANIEL—Crucifixion; Sculptor,
Cont. V., Jan., '23
 KREYMBURG, ALFRED—Melodious the Morning, (Aquar-
 elle); The While They Cradle Clothes,
Rhythmus, Jan., '23
 But What Will They Remember; A Man Be-
 smitten So; The Mountains Stoop to Hills,
Harper's, Mar., '23
 Advertisement, *New Rep.*, Mar. 14, '23
 Italian Stream, *Poetry*, Jun., '23
 Rain Inters Maggiore, *Nation*, Jun. 18, '23
 Festoons of Fishes, *Dial*, Jun., '23
 The Lines of Her Wary Body, *Dial*, Jul., '23
 Savanarola Burning, *Prairie*, Jan.-Feb., '23
 KRIKORIAN, ALICE SARGENT—Opulence, *Gr. Mo.*, Aug., '22
 An August Picture, *Gr. Mo.*, Sep., '22
 When the Summer Days Have Fled, *Gr. Mo.*, Oct., '22
 The Black Rock of Nantasket, *Gr. Mo.*, Nov., '22
 KRUSSELL, A. H.—The Clue, *Ch. Cent.*, Apr. 5, '23
 KUHN, GRACE TAYLOR—This Is June,
Country Bard, Summer, '23
 The Wild Orioles; Consolation; Rastus Brown,
Country Bard, Spring, '23
 KYLE, PATRICIA MURRAY—Earth's Fair Corners,
Am Poetry, Feb.-Mar., '23

- L., R. G.—A Confession, *Guild, Pnr*, May, '28
- LACKEY, ALEXANDER M.—Sleep, A Shadow of Little
Leaves; Lightless Susan, *Cont. V.*, Sep., '22
- LAIRD, WILLIAM—The Eldest Born, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '28
- LAL, GOBIND BEHARI—Headlong Sinners, *Wanderer*, Jun., '28
- LANAHAN, HORTENSE M.—The Sailor, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '28
- LANE, CARROLL—Interlude, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '28
- LANE, EDWIN RENOLD—The Sun Goes Down, *Pegasus*, Jan., '28
- Cancion A Manuelita, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '28
- LARAMORE, VIVIAN YEISER—Talk to Me Tenderly; In-
cognito, *Cont. V.*, Nov., '22
- LARSSON, R. ELLSWORTH—Brink, *Caprice*, Oct., '22
- Old Woman, *Tempo*, Winter, '22-3
- Chamber Music, *Lyric West*, Dec., '22
- LATADAY, A.—A Pastoral, *Nomad*, Summer, '22
- LATHROP, LOUISE—Small Town Courtesies, *Southern Lit.*, Jul., '28
- LA VIERE, HESSE COOPER—Hands; Brain Children, *Southern Lit.*, Jul., '28
- LAWLESS, MARGARET H.—Tidal Waves, *Magnificat*, Jun., '28
- Sanctuary; Three Sacred Words, *St. Anthony's Mes.*, Jan., '28
- Mary's Month of May, *St. Anthony's Mes.*, May, '28
- Barriers, *Rosary*, Dec., '22
- LAWRENCE, D. H.—Saint Matthew, *Poetry*, Apr., '28
- The Evening Land, *Poetry*, Nov., '22
- LAWRENCE, SEABURY—Love of the Night, *Harper's*, Aug., '22
- LAWRENCE, WILL—Song of the Road, *Country Bard*, Winter, '22-28
- LAWSON, EVELYN—John Constable Goes Sketching, *Scribner's*, May, '23
- LEAMY, EDMUND—The Ticket Agent, *Harper's*, Jan., '28
- LE CRON, HELEN COWLES—The Department Store Win-
dow; Lost Magic, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '28
- LEE, BORGHILD LUNDBERG—"The Awakening," *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
- LEE, HARRY—Lilacs, *Outlook*, Aug. 23, '22
- Withered Wreaths, *Outlook*, Nov. 15, '22
- The "Penny-A-Ride," *Outlook*, Apr. 11, '23
- LEE, JR., LAWRENCE—Old Man, *Nomad*, Spring, '23
- LEE, LAWRENCE—To a Young Girl (To L. W.), *Nomad*, Summer, '23
- LEE, MUNA—Song in Autumn Meadows, *Smt Set*, Jan., '28
- The Sonnet, *Poetry*, Aug., '22
- Songs, *Poetry*, Jun., '28
- LEFROY, EDWARD CRACROFT—A Palaestral Study, *Granite Mo.*, Jun., '28

- LE GALLIENNE, HESPER—Cottages in England' *Harper's*, Dec., '22
- LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD—Country Largesse, *Harper's* Aug., '22
Of Making Many Books, *Bookman*, Oct., '22
Love's Birthday, *Munsey's*, Oct., '22
- LEIGH, ALICE—Possession, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '23
Sails, *Gr. Mo.*, Oct., '22
- LEIGH, RICHARD—The Vain Fear, *Munsey's*, Oct., '22
- LEHMER, D. N.—The Stroller, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
- LEISER, JOSEPH—Sambatyon, *Talmud*, Oct., '22
- LEITCH, MARY SINTON—Now I Shall March, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
The River, *Led. Dis.* (Nor.), Jan., '23
Point of View; The Post, *Bost Trscrpt*, Nov., '22
To a Child That Lived but an Hour; Transub-
stantiation; To an Aunt on Her Eightieth
Birthday, *Va Pilot*, Nov., '22
In Harbour, *Va Pilot*, Apr., '23
The Troublesome Petrarch, *Va Pilot*, Jul., '23
To a Holly Tree, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
The Kiss: To the Maid, To the Bride, To the
Wife, (Prize poem in Irene Leach Memorial
Competition), *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
To a Hermit Thrush, *Step Ladder*, Oct., '22
The Dead Thrush; To the Earth, *Perslst*, Oct., '22
Ship of the Years, *Bost Trscrpt*, May 16, '23
Two Gardens, *N A Rev.*, Jul., '23
Moods; The Old Men, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
The Child of the Childless, *Lyric West*, Dec., '22
The Secret, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
One Rose, *Nomad*, Summer, '22
Idolaters, *Cont. V.*, Sep., '22
The Winter Woods, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '22
Perspective; Fanny Brawne; Expectancy, *Cont. V.*, May, '23
Roses . . . And Bread; Moon-Lit Mist, *Lyrio*, Jun., '23
The Modern God, *Lyric*, Aug., '22
The Flower, *Lyric*, Sep., '22
To a Flying-Fish, *Lyric*, Oct., '22
The Summit, *Lyric*, Nov., '22
Sea Burial, *Al Wl*, Jul., '23
- LEMON, DON—Sing Me a Ballad, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
- LENCH, W. H.—Any Day in the Street, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
Humming Birds; The Windmill; San Miguel, *Caprice*, Nov.-Dec., '22

- LENCH, W. H. (*Continued*)
 A Lighthouse; The Fishing Fleet; Sonnet,
Pegasus, Jan., '23
 Spider Web Island; Symphony, *Pegasus*, May, '23
- LEONARD, WILLIAM ELLERY—*Saecla Ferarum*,
Nation, Jun. 6, '23
- LESEMANN, MAURICE—After a Lost Friend's Calumny;
 The Withered Ones, *Measure*, Oct., '22
 Apparitions, *Dbl Dir.*, Oct., '22
- LESLIE, SHANE—Ireland—1922, *Cath World*, Nov., '22
 Bealnablatha, (Mouth of the Flower),
- LEVY, NEWMAN—The Path of Glory, *Harper's*, Jan., '23
- LEWIS, BERTHA—Bird Songs, *Country Bard*, Spring, '23
 The Ancient Potter of Isin, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
 A Summer Evening, *Country Bard*, Summer, '23
- LEWIS, B. HARRISON—Reticence, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May., '23
 Memories, *Lariat*, Mar., '23
 Clogged Pools, *Lariat*, Apr., '23
- LEWIS, FRANK C.—Weakness *Lyric*, Sep., '22
 Fall, *Lyric*, Dec., '22
- LEWIS, GEORGE WARBURTON—Unlovely Gods,
Am Poetry, Oct., '22
 Fetish, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
- LEWIS, JANET—In the Woods; A Song for the Wife of
 Manibozho; A Gull-Following Song; A Song
 for the Grandmother; Manibush and the
 Grandmother, *Poetry*, Jan., '23
- LEXENM, FESMAR J.—The Ballad of a Philosopher's
 Picnic, *Lin. Lore*, Jan., '23
- LINDSAY, VACHEL—Litany of the Heroes, *Lit. Rev.*, Feb. 24, '23
- LINDSEY, TIERESE—The Answer; Remembering, *Scroll*, May, '23
 Earth, *Yr. Bk. of P. S. of S. C.*, '22
 The Mountain Cat, (Inscribed to Stephen Gra-
 ham), *New Rep.*, Dec. 6, '22
- LINNELL, JOHN—Old Friends, *Fgte*, Apr.-May, '23
- LITTLE, ROBERT D.—The Hurdy-Gurdy,
Am Poetry, Apr.-May, '23
- LLOYD, ANNE—My Iris Army, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
- LLOYD, JEANNETTE HORTENSE—Over That Sea,
 Poems: Afraid; Alone; Understanding,
Am Poetry, Jun.-Jul., '23
- LOBEL, PAUL A.—Cacophony: A Poem Without Words,
Guild Pnr., Jul.-Aug., '23
- LOFTUS, JOHN—The House Summit-Set, *Measure*, Sep., '22
- LOGAN, MARION RUSSELL—Diary, *Nomad*, Spring, '23

- LONG, HANIEL—After Reading Bynner's Translations
from the Chinese Poets; Butterflies, *Palms*, Summer, '23
To a Boy Dancing with Six Girls, *Nomad*, Summer, '23
- LONG, PETER EDWARD—The Luck of Placer Jim,
Lariat, May, '23
- LONG, ROSE BASKERVILLE—Grass,
Lyric, Aug., '22
- LONGFELLOW, HERBERT H.—Resurgat,
Cont. V., Apr., '23
- LONGLEY, SNOW—The Dying Favorite Speaks,
Lyric West, Jan. '23
- LOOMIS, EDITH—A Little Nun,
Nation, Mar. 28, '23
- LOUTHAN, HATTIE HORNER—Delusion,
Lariat, May, '23
- LOVE, ADELAIDE PETERSON—December Midnight,
Am Poetry, Dec., '22
- LOVING, PIERRE—Star Market,
Liberator, Aug., '22
- Daughter of Herodias,
S4N, Mar.-Apr., '23
- LOWELL, AMY—Underscored by Keats (In a Copy of
"Palmerin of England"),
Lit. Rev., Oct. 7, '22
- Heraldic,
Prairie, Jan.-Feb., '23
- The Vow; A South Carolina Forest; Magnolia
Gardens, Charleston, S. C.; The Middleton
Place, Charleston, S. C.; Charleston, South
Carolina,
Poetry, Dec., '22
- Portrait; Grievance; Song for a Viola D'Amore,
Harper's, Nov., '22
- In Excelsis; The Immortals,
Century, Sep., '22
- A Dracula of the Hills,
Century, Jun., '23
- Chill,
Revr., Oct., '22
- Dissonance,
Rhythmus, Jan., '23
- Silhouette with Sepia Background,
Yr Bk. of P. S. of S. C., '22
- And So I Think, Diogenes,
Yale Rev., Jan., '23
- Orientation; Easel Picture; Decoration Day;
The Red Knight,
Dial, Oct., '22
- Nuit Blanche,
Dbl Dlr., Feb., '23
- Fact,
Scribner's, Mar., '23
- LOY, MINA—Brancusi's Golden Bird,
Dial, Nov., '22
- LUCK, R. P.—Where Are You From?
N Westn Hwy Mag., Feb., '23
- LUIERS, MARIE—Thoughts in a Windy Street,
Lyric West, Nov., '22
- Building Operations,
Measure, Dec., '22
- LUKE, ISRAEL—The Desert,
Am Poetry, Aug., '22
- LUND, MARY GRAHAM—At My Window,
Lyric West, Feb., '23
- At My Window,
Lyric West, Jul.-Aug., '23
- LUSTIG, ELIZABETH—Change,
Casem'te, Mar., '23
- LYMAN, JACK—The Other Waves; Thoughts That Come,
Palms, Spring, '23

- LYON, ANNE BOZEMAN—Heritage, *Nomad*, Autumn, '22
- LYSAGHT, EDWARD E.—A Drowsy Winter's Day,
One of My Workmen—Danny Coghlan,
McClure's, Nov., '22
- LYTTYL, CAVAN—Farewell at the Twilight to San
Francisco Bay, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
- M., C. M.—The Tilted Rock, *Cont. V.*, Nov., '22
- MACDONALD, SUSANNE RIKE—At the Hospital,
Lyric West, Feb., '23
- MACDONALD, WILSON—The Maker of Dreams,
Cont. V., Apr., '23
- MACKALL, VIRGINIA WOODS—Many Waters, *Measure*, Jun., '28
Education, *Nation*, Aug. 9, '22
- MACKENZIE, JEAN KENYON—The Little Path,
McClure's, Oct., '22
- The Wild Heart, *McClure's*, Nov., '22
- MACY, JOHN—The Poet; Passage; Numbers; Well?;
Vigil; Cosmic Scandal, *Measure*, Apr., '23
- Couplets in Criticism: Chaucer, Dickens, Hardy,
Pope, Whitman, Goethe, Bacon, Dryden, Oscar
Wilde, Francis Thompson, Poe, Shelley, W.
B. Yeats, Swinburne, Blake, *Measure*, May, '23
- MAGRUDER, MARY LANIER—The Mocking Bird,
Step Ladder, Oct., '22
- At Joyous Gard, *McClure's*, Feb., '23
- MALA, YENOMDRAH—Ambition; The Novel Reader; At
the Great Threshold, *Caprice*, May, '23
- MALLOCH, DOUGLAS—Just Walking and Talking,
Red Book, May, '23
- MANCHESTER, GENEVIEVE—Night Moth, *Pegasus*, May, '23
- MANCHESTER, LESLIE CLARE—Mother's Growing Old,
Am Poetry, Aug., '22
- Dream-Land, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
- MANSHIP, ALBERT A.—A Wish, *Poets' Scroll*, May, '23
- MARGETSON, GEORGE REGINALD—The Surge of Life,
Bost Chron., Jul. 14, '28
- MARIS, FAITH—Sand Lily, *Lyric West*, Oct., '22
- MARKHAM, ANNA CATHARINE—Keeping Faith,
Step Ladder, Oct., '23
- MARKHAM, LUCIA CLARK—"A Little Golden Memory,"
Lyric, Feb., '23
- November Night, *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
- Rain in the Night; A Birch Tree Singing,
Lyric West, Mar., '23

- MARKHAM, LUCIA CLARK (*Continued*)
 Night and I; "I Went Away," *Cont. V.*, Aug., '22
 The New House, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '22
 Recurrence, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '22
- MARKS, JEANNETTE—Hate, *Bookman*, Jun., '23
- MARKUS, ELIZABETH—Butterflies, *Lariat*, May, '23
- MARQUIS, DON—I Have Seen Beauty, *N Y Tribune*, '23
- MARQUIS, NEETA—On the Desert: Dawn, A Distant
 Snow-Peak, The Oasis, *Caprice*, May, '23
 Twilight Song, *Lyric West*, Apr., '23
 An Old Garden by the Sea, (Sutro Heights,
 San Francisco), *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
- MARR, J. N.—Voice of the Violin, *Lyric*, Feb., '23
- MARSH, CHARLES HOWARD—Color Music,
Am Poetry, Feb.-Mar., '23
 The Urn, *Pegasus*, May, '23
 Candlelight, *Pegasus*, Jul., '23
- MARTIN, ALICE L.—Old Home Flowers, *Granite*, Aug., '22
- MARTIN, HERMANN FORD—The Anointed, *Fgte*, Apr.-May, '23
 Home, *Fgte*, Feb.-Mar., '23
 The Juggler, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
 Whom the Sea Calls, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
- MARTIN, PORTIA—Love Wakens in the Heart of Soar-
 ing Gull; Song of Chief Soaring-Gull-Who-
 Knows-No-Rest; Song of the Woman-of-the-
 Rifted-Rock, *Lyric West*, Feb., '23
 A Letter; Rain, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
- MARTIN, R. HELEN—Failure, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
- MARVIN, FREDERICK ROWLAND—Unto the End,
Bost. Trscript, Mar. 17, '23
- MARVIN, REIGNOLD KENT—Celia Thaxter, *Granite Mo.*, Aug., '22
- MASEFIELD, JOHN—In a Theatre, *Measure*, Jun., '23
- MASON, HARRISON D.—The Thrush Is Calling,
Am Poetry, Jun.-Jul., '23
- MASTERS, EDGAR LEE—The Mason County Hills,
Lit. Rev., Feb. 24, '23
 Worlds, *Poetry*, Oct., '22
- MASTERS, HARDIN WALLACE—Chicago, *Caprice*, Oct., '22
 Quest Eternal, *Nomad*, Autumn, '22
- MASTIN, FLORENCE RIPLEY—From the Telephone;
 Your Hands, *Poetry*, Aug., '22
- MATHEWSON, MARY M.—Shifting Winds, *Poetry*, Apr., '23
- MATSON, MABEL CORNELLA—To AN ACORN,
Am Poetry, Aug., '22
- MAVITY, NANCY BARR—Modern Love, *Lit. Rev.*, Nov. 25, '22
- MAXON, BERLE DEANE—"Father . . . Forgive Them . . .
 They Know Not What They Do."
Am Poetry, Oct., '22

- MAYNARD, THEODORE—Memory, *Yale Rev.*, Apr., '23
 Ode in Time of Doubt, *Cath World*, Oct., '22
- MAY, BEULAH—Saint Anne's Wind; Winds from the
 Sea, *Lyric West*, Feb., '23
 Mojave, *Liberator*, Aug., '22
 The Sheepherder; The Wanderer, *Liberator*, Sep., '22
- MCCARN, CORNEILLE—Ghosts, *Fgte*, Apr.-May, '23
- MCCARTHY, JOHN RUSSELL—So Fair the Rose; Today I
 Shall Make Friends; Hills, *Cont. V.*, Sep., '22
 Described and Deeded, *Lyric West*, Sep., '22
 But Song Shall Rise, *Lyric*, Jul., '23
 Talk; I Shall Return, *Caprice*, May, '23
 At the Grand Canyon, *Persalst*, Jan., '23
 The New Clerk, *Lyric West*, Sep., '22
 From Nowhere; Under the Stars; Friends,
Lyric West, Apr., '23
- A Grey Day, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
 Over the Waters, *Brief Stories*, Jan., '23
 A Titlark Ditty, *St. Nicholas*, Apr., '23
 City Dwellers, *Pearson's*, Oct., '22
 Machines, *Pearson's*, May, '23
 The Winter Winds, *Pearson's*, Nov., '22
 So Has God Made the World, *Pearson's*, Aug., '22
 Still Waters, *Smt Set*, Apr., '23
 On Miracles, *Smt Set*, Aug., '22
 Who Are We That We Should Walk in the
 Night? *Smt Set*, Dec., '22
- A Hobo Faring, *Los Ang. Times*, Jun. 23, '22
 Girl with the Grey Bonnet, *Los Ang. Times*, Jun. 25, '22
 Only Yesterday, *Los Ang. Times*, Sep. 17, '22
 Just As Old As You; Between the Stars; The
 Presence; The Holiday, *Los Ang. Times*, Sep. 10, '22
 Now I Who Saw, *Los Ang. Times*, Oct. 1, '22
 Shadows, *Los Ang. Times*, Nov. 25, '22
 Beside a River, *Los Ang. Times*, Dec. 17, '22
 The Bright Steel Wall, *Los Ang. Times*, Dec. 18, '22
- MCCARTHY, KATHLEEN L.—The King's Ushabti,
Guild Pnr., Jul.-Aug., '23
- MCCARTY, DIXIE—The Ride, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
 At a Flower Stand, *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
- MCCLELLAN, WALTER—Gayoso Girls Are Golden,,
Dbl Dlr., Dec., '22
- MCCLURE, JOHN—Then While Alive We Be, *Nation*, Aug. 16, '22
 Sorrow! Sorrow! *Lit. Rev.*, Nov. 18, '22
- MCCCLUSKEY, KATHARINE WISNER—Transit; The Spree;
 Wholly Happy; A Parable, *Poetry*, Aug., '22
- MCCORD, DAVID—Trees and Lonely Things; The Winds
 of Morning Came, *Voices*, Dec., '22

- McCORMICK, ANNE O'HARE—No One Sees Beauty,
New Rep., Aug. 16, '22
- McCORMICK, NADINE—Ten Just in Barfar,
Guild Pnr., Jul.-Aug., '23
- McCORMICK, VIRGINIA TAYLOR—Spending the Day,
Bost Trscript, Jun. 23, '23
- Dresden China,
Minaret, Jul.-Aug., '23
- Mackerel Sky,
Smt Set, Jun., '23
- I Love the Night,
Norfolk Va.-Pilot, Aug. 16, '22
- To Ethel—Winding Yarn,
Norfolk Va.-Pilot, Sep. 27, '22
- The Old Sailor,
Norfolk Va.-Pilot, Nov. 5, '22
- Ebb-Tide,
Norfolk Va.-Pilot, Nov. 10, '22
- Etchings,
Norfolk Va.-Pilot, Jan. 18, '23
- A Song About Life,
Norfolk Va.-Pilot, Jan. 31, '23
- Spring,
Norfolk Va.-Pilot, Feb. 17, '23
- Daffydowndilly,
Norfolk Va.-Pilot, Mar. 10, '23
- Song for April,
Norfolk Va.-Pilot, Mar. 28, '23
- The Answer,
Norfolk Va.-Pilot, ? , '23
- Melusina at Lusignan,
Revr, Oct., '22
- The Price,
Smt Set, May, '23
- Memories,
Nomad, Summer, '22
- To One Away,
Nomad, Winter, '22
- Willow Branches,
Nomad, Spring, '23
- Autumn Day, (Elizabeth Shipp Johnson Prize
Sonnet),
Norfolk Va.-Pilot, Apr. 8, '23
- To Nausikaa,
Lyric, Dec., '22
- Hepzibah of the Cent Shop, (The Helen Rogers
Prize for Genre Poem),
Lyric West, May, '23
- The Yorktown Road,
Persalst, Jul. '23
- Attainment,
Bost. Trscript, Nov. 8, '22
- Unsatisfied,
Bost. Trscript, Nov. 11, '22
- The Faithful,
Bost. Trscript, Apr. 7, '23
- The Thousand Dollar Nigger,
Bost. Trscript, Apr. 21, '23
- Awakening Garden; I Remember,
Lyric West, Apr., '23
- McCREARY, FREDERICK R.—Hill Orchards,
Voices, Autumn, '22
- The Sowing,
Voices, Jun.-Jul., '23
- MCDONALD, LAWRENCE S.—Off Brigantine,
Am Poetry, Jun.-Jul., '23
- MCDONOUGH, JANE—At the Grand Canyon,
Caprice, Jan.-Feb., '23
- MCDUGAL, MARY CORMACK—A Woman's Song,
Lyric West, Jul.-Aug., '23
- Burned Poems,
N Y Herald, Feb. 7, '23
- Mocking Birds,
N Y Herald, Feb. 23, '23
- Checkers,
N Y Call, '22
- Cover Your Faces,
N Y Times, Aug. 26, '22
- In Battery Park; The Floods of the Moon,
Cont. V., Jul., '23

- McDOUGAL, VIOLET—Phantom Watchers, *Oklah'm'n*, Jul. 8, '28
 The Phantom Round-Up, *Kan City Star*, Mar. 6, '28
 Chinatown, *Argosy*, Aug., '22
 The Sons of Easau, *N Y Herald*, Jan. 15, '28
 The Sawdust Ring, *N Y Herald*, Jan. 16, '28
 The City of Enchantment, *N Y Tribune*, Jul. 15, '28
 Song of the Old, *N Y Times*, Aug. 23, '22
 Roads, *N Y Times*, Sep. 12, '22
 Wildwater, *N Y Times*, Oct. 10, '22
 Kentucky in Fiction, *N Y Times*, Dec. 30, '22
 The Sea Wolf, *N Y Times*, Jan. 13, '28
- McFADDEN, J.—Ole's Brevity, *N W Ry Mag.*, Jul. '28
- McFARLAND, STEWART C.—When I Am Gone,
Am Poetry, Jun.-Jul., '28
- McFEE, WILLIAM—To a Child, (Written on the Fly
 Leaf of "Puck of Pook's Hill," and Given to
 a Child), *Bookman*, May, '28
- McGOWAN, CLELIA P.—The Swamp, (Prize Poem),
Yr. Bk. of P. S. of S. C., '22
- McGOWEN, ELIZABETH K.—The Barrier, *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
 The Deserted House, *Lyric West*, Jan., '23
 The Prisoner, *Country Bard*, Summer, '23
 Barter; Hidden Gold, *Country Bard*, Autumn, '22
 The Clover Wind; Westfield Water; Home,
 Sweet Home, *Country Bard*, Spring, '23
 Winter Comes; Hunting Season,
Country Bard, Winter, '22-23
- McGROARTY, JOHN S.—In the San Joaquin,
Am Poetry, Feb.-Mar., '23
- McGURRIN, BUCKLEY—Ephemera; Love on a Spring
 Night; Sayonara, *Poetry*, Apr., '23
- McKAY, CLAUDE—Voices of Night; Honeymoon,
Mil Arts, Oct., '22
- McKAY, MARGARET CURTIS—Protest, *Guild Pnr.*, Jul.-Aug., '28
- McKIE, MAE—In His Own Way, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
- McKEE, RUTH E.—Mind, *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
- McKENNEY, MARGARET—Emotions; Veneer, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '22
- McLANE, JR., J. L.—First Snow, *Bookman*, Jan., '23
- MACLEISH, ARCHIBALD—High Road, *New Rep.*, May 16, '28
- McLEOD, FRANCES—A Tale of Terrific Traffic,
N Westn Rlwy Mag., Feb., '23
- McNEAL, THOMAS H., JR.—Confession; The Un-Godly;
 Rebellion; The Sympathetic One; For Par-
 don; The Throne of God; Finis, *Tex Rev.*, Jul., '28
- MEADER, MATTIE BENNETT—Sunset on Lake Winnepe-
 saukee, *Granite Mo.*, Sep., '22

- MEADOWCRAFT, CLARA PLATT—Prophecy, *Voices*, Spring, '28
 MECHEM, KIRKE—Deforested, *New Rep.*, May 2, '23
 These Ageless Themes, *Harper's*, Nov., '22
 MEEHEE, PICAYUNE—To-Morrow Morn; Home Again,
 Poets' Scroll, Jan., '23
 The First Meeting; Rum's Curse, *Poets' Scroll*, Sep., '22
 Lonely, *Poets' Scroll*, Nov., '22
 MEEKER, MARJORIE—A Sonnet for Kate Pennifether,
 Dbl Dir., Jan., '28
 Decoration, *Outlook*, Feb. 21, '23
 Strangers; Song in Midsummer; These Are the
 Listeners; Annette, *Cont. V.*, May, '23
 Wake-Song, *Poetry*, Jun., '23
 The Defeated Years, *Outlook*, Jun. 27, '23
 MELVILLE, HERMAN—California Bound, 1849, *Lariat*, Apr., '23
 MEREDITH, FLOYD—Stone Flowers, *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
 Sacrifice; Heritage, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
 All of a Piece, *Step Ladder*, Mar., '23
 MERLIN, VALENTINE KARL—A Song to the Pecos River,
 MERRYMAN, MILDRED FLEW—Thoughts of a Bookkeeper,
 Lariat, Feb., '28
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 The Housewife, *Poetry*, Nov., '22
 Florida Pines, *Nomad*, Winter, '22
 Whirlwind, (To Serge Prokofieff, after hearing
 his opera "The Love for Three Oranges"),
 Wave, Dec., '22
 To Chicago at Night, *Wave*, No. 4, '22
 Song for a Windy Evening, *Nomad*, Summer, '23
 MEW, CHARLOTTE—The Rambling Sailor, *Bookman*, Jun., '23
 Last Year, *Lyric West*, Jul., '23
 MIALI, AGNES M.—To a Portrait, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
 MIDDLETON, LILIAN—In Rein, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
 Wind, *Nomad*, Spring, '23
 Inconstancy, *Voices*, Autumn, '22
 Wishing Well, *Voices*, Jun.-Jul., '23
 Behind the Swinging Door, *Mod Rev.*, Autumn, '22
 MIDDLETON, SCUDDER—The Bag of Sin, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '23
 Meeting, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '23
 MIEHM, CLARA—The Opening Game, *Country Bard*, Spring, '23
 Little Old Lady, *Country Bard*, Summer, '23
 October Days; Consider the Oyster,
 Country Bard, Autumn, '22
 MILLAY, EDNA ST. VINCENT—To a Dying Man,
 Vanity Fair, '23
 Keen, *Century*, Jul., '23
 Memory of Cape Cod, *Rhythmus*, Feb., '23

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- Sonnets from an Ungrafted Tree, *Harper's*, May, '23
 The Concert, *Poetry*, May, '23
 To the Liberty Bell, *Liberator*, Oct., '22
 Song for "The Lamp and the Bell"; Autumn
 Chant, *Yale Rev.*, Oct., '22
 MILLER, ANNA—Moods, *Caprice*, Oct., '22
 MILLER, E. E.—Katharine Sherrill, *Nation*, Sep. 20, '22
 MILLER, FULLER—Sea's Promise, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
 MILLER, J. CORSON—Nocturne, *Churchman*, '28
 Ave Maria Sanctissima, *Magnificat*, Jul., '23
 Immolation, *America*, Jan. 6, '23
 The Super-Philosopher, *Fortnightly Rev.*, Aug. 15, '22
 Our Lady of the Poor, *America*, Jul. 14, '23
 Prairie Sunset, *N Y Sun*, May 7, '23
 The Dead Shepherdess, *N Y Times*, Dec. 26, '22
 Cinderella's Song, *N. Y. Times*, Mar. 8, '23
 Prairie Sunset, *N. Y. Times*, ? , '23
 Song for Love's Coming of Age, *Lyric*, Feb., '23
 The Ironworker, *Ind. Illust.*, Jan., '23
 Amor in Excelsis, *Cont. V.*, Apr. '23
 Metamorphosis; Infinitas Infinitatis! *Cont. V.*, Sep., '22
 Dagonet Makes a Song for the King; Moon-
 Mist, *Voices*, Dec., '22
 Dusk, *Extension*, Aug., '22
 Madonna-Del-Robbia; A Wayside Shrine,
 Magnificat, Jun., '23
 Renunciation, *America*, Jun. 16, '23
 Return, *Measure*, Dec., '22
 Combat, *Ave Maria*, Oct. 14, '22
 Transformed, *Ave Maria*, ?
 The Magic Pool, *Nomad*, Winter, '22
 Humpty-Dumpty, *Nation*, May 9, '23
 MILLER, MADELEINE SWEENEY—Christmas in the Open,
 Ch. Cent., Dec. 21, '22
 MILLER, NELLIE BURGET—Words; Joy Walks in the
 Morning, *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
 The Coming Rain, *Lariat*, Jun., '23
 Improvisations, *Guild Pnr.*, Jul.-Aug., '23
 "Sir, We Would See Jesus," *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
 MILLER, NORMA—The Sea Is Like a Nun,
 Lyric West, Jul.-Aug., '22
 Street Lights, *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
 June Midnight, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
 MILLS, ELLEN MORRILL—"To Lovers, Linger—"
 Am Poetry, Feb.-Mar., '23
 The Dream Immortal, *Pegasus*, Mar., '23
 Sea Shells, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22

- MILLS, G. VOTAN—Autumn; The Kelp-Gatherers; The Desert, *Figs from Calif.*, '22
- MIMS, SAMUEL STEWART—"Lel-lo, Dad"; Ole Black Mammy and Lil' Honey Chile, *Poets' Scroll*, May, '23
- MINITER, EDITH—Flanders Field—Today, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
- MITCHELL, ELIZABETH—A Tragedy, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
- MITCHELL, RUTH COMFORT—Old Bones, *Lit. Rev.*, Dec. 2, '22
- MITCHELL, STEWART—Tell Me—If I Had Died; Not Mellow Sunlight, *Dial*, Aug., '22
- MOMBERT, ALFRED I.—On the Stairs Leading to My Marble Halls, (trans. by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky), *Broom*, Dec., '22
- MONTGOMERY, ROSELLE MERCIER—Islands, *Munsey's*, Oct., '22
- River Song, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '23
- Every Woman, *N Y Times*, May 12, '23
- Ulysses Returns, *N Y Times*, Jun. 10, '23
- Sunset at Shippan, *N Y Times*, Jul. 15, '23
- Pansies, *N Y Sun*, Jul. 18, '23
- In Country Graveyards, *N Y Times*, Jul. 22, '23
- To One Who Withdraws, *N Y Times*, Jul. 22, '23
- In Reserve, *N Y Sun*, Jul. 19, '23
- Villanelle of Roads, *Munsey's*, Jul., '23
- Quality, *N Y Times*, Jul. 30, '23
- The Novice, *Argosy*, Apr. 14, '23
- Envyng Horace; A Poem of the Sea, *N Y Times*, Apr. 14, '23
- To One in Passing, *N Y Sun*, Apr. 14, '23
- Seek Not to Know, (Horace, Ode XI, Book I), *N Y Times*, May 6, '23
- The Visitor, *N Y Sun*, May 15, '23
- A Child Speaks, *N Y Times*, May 26, '23
- The Circus, *N Y Sun*, Jun. 20, '23
- The Traveler, *N Y Herald*, Aug. 1, '22
- Shining Towers, *N Y Times*, Aug. 1, '22
- To an Angry Sweetheart (Horace) *N Y Times*, Aug. 13, '22
- On the Simple Life, *N Y Sun*, Aug. 18, '22
- To Pyrrha, *N Y Times*, Aug. 27, '22
- To Lydia in Reproach, *N Y Tribune*, Aug. 29, '22
- Voices in the Night, *N Y Sun*, Aug. 30, '22
- Environment, *Ladies Home Jour.*, Sep., '22
- The Sonnet, *N Y Times*, Sep. 11, '22
- The Hostelry, *N Y Sun*, Sep. 12, '22
- My Place of Dreams, *N Y Herald*, Sep. 13, '22
- The Hill Woman, *N Y Times*, Sep. 18, '22
- To Lydia Grown Old, *N Y Sun*, Sep. 19, '22
- Pro Patria Mori, *N Y Times*, Sep. 20, '22

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To Glycera,	<i>N Y Sun</i> , Oct. 17, '22
God Loves New England,	<i>N Y Times</i> , Oct. 20, '22
The Banquet,	<i>Munsey's</i> , Oct., '22
De Huntin' Call,	<i>N Y Times</i> , Oct. 24, '22
Life, I Am Yours,	<i>N Y Times</i> , Oct. 30, '22
A Sprig of Myrtle,	<i>Argosy</i> , Nov. 4, '22
To His Lyre (Horace),	<i>N Y Times</i> , Nov. 6, '22
Potentiality,	<i>N Y Times</i> , Nov. 14, '22
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The Poet's Prayer to Apollo,	<i>N Y Times</i> , Nov. 24, '22
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To Aristius Fuscus (Horace)	<i>N Y Times</i> , Dec. 5, '22
Triolet on a Triolet,	<i>N Y Sun</i> , Dec. 8, '22
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The Lovers of Sea and Land,	<i>Argosy</i> , Dec. 16, '22
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Archytas (Horace),	<i>N Y Times</i> , Dec. 21, '22
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The Happy Days,	<i>N Y Sun</i> , Dec. 27, '22
Triolet on Free Verse,	<i>N Y Sun</i> , Dec. 28, '22
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Fulfillment,	<i>Munsey's</i> , Jan., '23
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To Albius Tibullus (Horace),	<i>N Y Times</i> , Jan. 9, '23
The Loves of Horace,	<i>N Y Times</i> , Jan. 16, '23
Villanelle on a Villanelle,	<i>N Y Sun</i> , Jan. 17, '23
The Secret Place,	<i>N Y Times</i> , Jan. 21, '23
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When—	<i>N Y Times</i> , Feb. 7, '23
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God Give Me Eyes,	<i>N Y Times</i> , Feb. 25, '23
Hail and Farewell,	<i>N Y Sun</i> , Feb. 27, '23
The Funny House,	<i>N Y Sun</i> , Mar. 1, '23

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To Munatius Plancus (Horace), *N Y Times*, Mar. 2, '28
What Does it Mean to be American?

N Y Times, Mar. 11, '28
A Late Rose, *N Y Herald*, Mar. 12, '28

MONROE, HARRIETT—The Difference—1823-1923,
A Song, *Poetry*, Jan., '28
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MONTROSE, LOIS SEYSTER—To Charmian, Unborn,
Century, May, '28

MOORE, DOROTHEA—Age, *Bookman*, Sep., '22

MOORE, KATHLEEN—Crupt, *SN*, Dec., '22

MOORE, MARIANNE—Novices, *Dial*, Feb., '23

MOORE, MERRILL—Sonnets of a Remembered Summer,
Fgte, Jun.-Jul., '23

Autumn Noon Rain; Story; Arabian Night, to
S. M. H., *Fgte*, Dec., '22

Charleston Nights; Salty Bread; Seven Flower
Queen; Dawn Honey, *Fgte*, Oct., '22

After-Death Years; December in Arnold Wood,
Fgte, Apr.-M'ay, '23

MOORE, OLIVER C.—A Country Churchyard, *Munsey's*, Oct., '22

MOORE, RUTH—Before Darkness, *Guild Pnr.*, Jun., '23

Sonnet; The Old Sailor Dies, *Guild Pnr.*, May., '23

MORE, BROOKES—The Last Vigil: Ode, To the Dear
Inspiration Departed, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22

MORELAND, JOHN RICHARD—Dawn, *Minaret*, May-Jun., '23

Love Is a Tale, *T Tales*, Oct., '22

Plastic Clay, *Extension*, Mar., '23

Nocturne, *Pagan*, Aug., '22

Early Spring, *Sewanee Rev.*, Spring, '23

Evening, *Norfolk Va.-Pilot*, Oct. 20, '22

Retribution, *Norfolk Post*, Jan. 15, '23

Dunes, *Bost Trscript*, May 16, '23

The April of My Heart; The Step Ladder,
(*The Laura Blackburn Prize Lyrics*)

Lilac Time, *W Va Clubwoman*, Apr., '23

Song, *Persalst*, Jan., '23

The Young Beauty; Captive, *Persalst*, Apr., '23

Shadows; What?; That Which Abides; The

Scoffer; A Minor Poet Speaks, *St. Leo Cadet*, Jan., '23

Dunes, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '23

The Secret, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '23

Autumn, *Nfk Ledger Disp.*, Oct. 7, '22

Little Things, *Nfk Ledger Disp.*, Nov. 15, '22

Treasure, *Nfk Ledger Disp.*, Jan. 15, '23

Sea Love, *Lyric*, Feb., '23

The Miser, *Lyric*, Apr., '23

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- The Sea Ballet, *Lyric*, Aug., '22
 Her Garden, *Lyric*, Sep., '22
 Autumn, *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
 I Do Not Think the Dead Drift Far; Dandelions, *Lyric West*, Mar., '23
 Waiting, *Classic*, Sep., '22
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 A Symbol, *Ave Maria*, Sep. 30, '22
 Noel, *Ave Maria*, Dec. 23, '22
 "Death Comes Sudden Like a Wind," *Fgte*, Apr.-May, '23
 The Sowing, *Cath World*, Nov., '22
 April, *Cath World*, Apr., '23
 Premonition, *Magnificat*, Sep., '22
 The Cloud, *Magnificat*, Oct., '22
 When Autumn Comes Across the Hill, *Nomad*, Autumn, '22
 Angels Court, *Caprice*, Dec., '22
MORELEY, CHRISTOPHER—Our House, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
 Of a Child That Had Fever, *Century*, Jun., '23
MORGAN, ANGELA—Rose Fire, *Voices*, Dec., '22
MORGAN, LOLA IRENE—White Lilacs, *Lariat*, Jul., '23
MORGAN, VIRGINIA JEFFREY—A Shrine, *Scribner's*, Mar., '23
MORRIS, LYDIA—Youth; To Sea! *Cont. V.*, Aug., '22
MORRISON, THEODORE—Harvard Class Ode, *Bost Post*, Jun. 20, '23
MORRISON, FRANCES—Last Song, *Poetry*, Dec., '22
 Promises; In April I Will Give My Heart, *Poetry*, Jun., '23
MORSE, BEATRICE L.—Eucalyptus Trees, *Pegasus*, Mar., '23
MORTON, DAVID—One Guest, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
 How One Walked in Sorrow, *Measure*, Jul., '23
 Presence, *Fgte*, Dec., '22
 To One Playing Shubert, *Measure*, Aug., '22
 New Sorrow, *Bookman*, Sep., '22
 Here Are Griefs, *Bookman*, Nov., '22
 Anonymous, *Outlook*, Feb. 14, '23
 Winter Twilight, *Outlook*, Feb. 28, '23
 After Your Playing, *Outlook*, Mar. 21, '23
MOTT, LAURA MAE—Memories; Oh Give Me the Desert, *Poet's Scroll*, Apr., '23
 The Desert, *Poet's Scroll*, May, '23
MOYLE, GILBERT—The Singer and His Song, *Univ. of Cal. Chronicle*, Apr., '23
MUKERJI, DHAN GOPAL—India to Her Unworthy Sons;
 Himalayan Daybreak, *Lit Rev.*, Sep. 9, '22
 Need for Blasphemy, *Lit. Rev.*, Sep., '22
 Old Courtesan's Lament, *Poetry*, Oct., '22

- MULLINS, HELENE—Memorial; Profiteer, *Nomad*, Summer, '22
 Consequence, *Nomad*, Winter, '22
 The Suicide, *Nomad*, Spring, '23
 Life After Death (A play in one act), *Al Wl*, Aug.-Sep., '22
 Snake, *Al Wl*, Feb.-Mar., '23
 Lavation; Conundrum, *Pegasus*, May, '23
 Solitude; A Song to Pass Away the Evening, *Granite Mo.*, Oct., '22
 Substitute; Separation, *Granite Mo.*, Nov., '22
 Prelude, *Lyric West*, Apr., '23
 Receptacle; Craft, *Lyric*, Nov., '22
 My Memories; Facsimile; I Am a Lover of Little Things, *Wave*, No. 4, '22
- MURPHREY, FLORENCE NOON—Evening Dress; China
 Asters in an Earthen Urn, *Guild Pnr.*, Jul.-Aug., '23
- MURPHY, CHARLES R.—The Last Labour, *Voices*, Dec., '22
 The Hand of the Hunter, *Voices*, Spring, '23
 Fields in Spring, *Cont. V.*, Mar., '23
 A Portrait, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '23
- MURTAGH, H. J.—The Church, *Guild Pnr.*, Jul.-Aug., '23
- MURLAND, BLANCHE NEVINS—Paths, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
- MUSSER, BENJAMIN FRANCIS—Cloistered, *Magnificat*, Jul., '23
- NATHAN, ROBERT—Joan to Her Father, *Revr.*, Oct., '22
 For Wisdom, *Revr.*, Jul., '23
- NEELY, EMILY L. E.—A Spring Pastel, *Southern Lit.*, Jul., '23
- NEFF, MAY T.—Wireless, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- NELSON, ETHEL DAVIS—Retrospection, *Granite Mo.*, Oct., '22
- NETHERCOT, ARTHUR H.—Ultimate Dictation, *Measure*, Feb., '23
 The Skeptic; Souvenirs D'une Nuit D'Attaque, *Voices*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- Triad, In the Church of St. Pierre, August, *Poetry*, Sep., '22
 1918, *Palms*, Spring, '23
- Quintessence, *Palms*, Spring, '23
- NEWBERRY, JOHN STRONG—Against Insects, *F'man*, Sep. 27, '22
- NEWBERRY, MARY—Ring, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
- NEWSOME, AGNES MARY—Tapestry, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
- NEWSOME, EFFIE LEE—The Bronze Legacy, *Crisis*, Oct., '22
 Magnificat, *Crisis*, Dec., '22
 Sun Disk, *Crisis*, Jun., '23
- NICHOLL, LOUISE TOWNSEND—New World, *Measure*, Aug., '22
 Apples Falling, *Measure*, Sep., '22
 Brown Magic; Sonnet in B, *Measure*, Dec., '22
 Snow Mark, *Measure*, Feb., '23
 Sleep Song, *Bookman*, Jul., '23
 The Lost Phrase, *New Rep.*, Aug. 9, '22

- NICHOLS, BETH CHENEY—Spring Budding, *Lyric West*, Jun., '28
 I Am Ashamed, (Written After Reading of
 Joe Galahad's Life), *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
- NICHOLS, J. T.—A Hawk's Nest, *S4N*, Dec., '22
- NICHOLSON, LILIAN—The Poet Comes: To John G.
 Neihardt, *Step Ladder*, May, '28
- NICKERSON, PAUL S.—The Cup of Water; Beauty;
 Paradox; Fisherfolk, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '23
 Improvisation; Rumor, *Nomad*, Summer, '22
 The White Sin; Symbols, *Lyric*, Jul., '23
 Magic; Mystery; The Watcher, *Wave*, Jun., '23
 Tragedy, *Dbl Dlr*, Sep., '23
 Dalliance, *Dbl Dlr*, Oct., '22
 The Vase of Leaves, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '22
 Compensation, *Lyric West*, Dec., '22
 The Way of Love, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
 October, *Em Quar.*, Dec., '22
- NIETZSCHE, FRIEDRICH—Star Morals, (Ludwig Lewi-
 sohn, trans.), *Nation*, Mar. 14, '23
- NOLAN, CHARL—To Her About to Wed, *Pegasus*, May, '23
- NORMAN, HILDA LAURA—An Old Gate, *Caprice*, Nov.-Dec., '22
- NORRIS, WILLIAM A.—Matthew Arnold, *F'man*, Jan. 3, '23
 Facts, *Measure*, Feb., '23
- NORTH, JESSICA NELSON—Once on a Time,
Dbl Dlr, Mar.-Apr., '23
 Wheels and Wings, *Lyric West*, Apr., '23
 An Old Tale, *Voices*, Jun.-Jul., '23
 Herbs; A Promise, *Measure*, Oct., '22
 The Sleeper; First Autumn; Dreams; Suddenly;
 Bogie; Boatman; To the Man Who Loves
 Twilight, *Poetry*, Aug., '22
 A Young Boy; The Decision; The Other Wind,
Poetry, Apr., '23
- NORTON, GRACE FALLOW—Armor, *Dbl Dlr*, May, '23
 The Miller's Youngest Daughter, *Poetry*, Jul., '23
- NOTT, JANE PROTHERO—The Poppy, *Step Ladder*, Jun., '23
- NOVAK, RUTHIELE—A Field of Golden Rod, *Cont. V.*, Aug., '22
- OAKS, GLADYS—Seventeen; A Rebel Grows Old,
Liberator, Aug., '22
 Interior, *Liberator*, Sep., '22
 Dance, Little Demon, *Bookman*, Sep., '22
 Stoic, *Nomad*, Summer, '23
- O'BRIEN, DAVID—An Image, *Caprice*, Nov.-Dec., '22
- O'CONNOR, ARMEL—Le Moment Infini, *Cath World*, Sep., '22

- O'CONNOR, NORREYS, JEPHSON—All Hallows, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '22
 The Swordsman, *Cont. V.*, Mar., '28
 Songs for the Beloved, *Ainslee's*, Aug., '22
- OLIVER, WADE—MOON-WANE; In Times of Fatness;
 Dud, *Palms*, Summer, '23
 Sons of Adam; Who'll Ride with Me?; At the
 Shaking of the Dawn; Black Water; Patter;
 What Suns? What Moons?, *Poetry*, Jan., '28
 Escape; Stone House, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '28
- OLSON, TED—Futility, *Cont. V.*, Aug., '22
 For Verse Makers, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '28
 Conservative, *Lyric West*, '22
- O'NEIL, GEORGE—Morning; O Be Not Silent, *Measure*, Jul., '23
 Symbol; Nostalgia, *Voices*, Dec., '22
 Walking in an Inland City, *Dbl Dlr*, Aug., '22
 Research, *Dbl Dlr*, Nov., '22
 "Nostalgia," *Cont. V.*, Oct., '22
 The Magicians, *Lyric*, Oct., '22
 Narrative, *Lyric*, Dec., '22
 Parable of the Orchard, *Lyric*, Mar., '23
 April, (A Song from the Greek), *Lyric*, Apr., '23
 Dream, *Measure*, Aug., '22
 The Parable of the Orchard; Events; For Those
 Inland, *Measure*, Sep., '22
 Ten Songs by the Dead Singer in Kioto, *Measure*, Jan., '23
 Song of the Barren Year; Refuge; In the Es-
 planade Des Invalides, *Measure*, May, '23
- O'NEIL, SHEILA—Sewing Song, *Magnificat*, Jul., '23
- ONIONS, WILLIAM ELWELL—Thwarted, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
- OPPENHEIM, BERTHA—Legend of the Mother Uncon-
 soled, *Country Bard*, Winter, '22-23
 Portulaca, *Country Bard*, Summer, '28
 Sanctuary, *Country Bard*, Autumn, '22
 March—The Promise, *Country Bard*, Spring, '23
- ORR, HUGH ROBERT—There Came a Song; Until To-
 day, *Ch. Cent.*, Jan. 11, '23
 Litany of Night, *Ch. Cent.*, Feb. 15, '23
 As God Is to Me, *Ch. Cent.*, Mar. 15, '23
 Song of Wonders, *Ch. Cent.*, Jun. 28, '23
- ORR, MABEL GUINAN—The Heavens Declare His Glory, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
- OSBORN, ELIZABETH—Old Books, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
 Old Witch; Barn Dance, *Country Bard*, Winter, '22-23
 The Old Cow; The Mower, *Country Bard*, Spring, '28
 The Dahlia, *Country Bard*, Summer, '23
 Dreaming; Surmise, *Wave*, Dec., '22

- OSBORNE, EDITH D.—The Scrubwoman; The Matinee
 Girl, *Lyric West*, Sep., '22
 Desert Sage, *Lyric West*, '22
 Fever, *Country Bard*, Autumn, '22
- OSGOOD, ERNEST EARLE—The Church Gates,
Am Poetry, Oct., '22
- O'SHEA, PATRICK—Enchantment,
McClure's, Jun., '23
- OSTENSO, MARTHA—First Snow,
Lit. Rev., Dec. 16, '22
- PADDOCK, PAUL R.—Steam Shovel: Chicago,
Caprice, Jan.-Feb., '23
- PAGE, DOROTHY—The Brat; Chanson Triste, *Cont. V.*, Sep., '22
 Encounter; Song (For B.), *Pegasus*, Jan., '23
 La Naive, *Lyric West*, Apr., '23
 Echo, *Pegasus*, May, '23
 In Greeting; Comedia, *Cont. V.*, May, '23
 One Day, *Pegasus*, Mar., '23
- PAGE, JESSIE ALLEN—Yellow, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- PAINE, ALBERT BIGELOW—The Coming Race, *Harper's Mar.*, '23
- PAINE, JEAN—A Worshipper, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
- PALMER, LILLIAN PRAY—Reflections, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
- PARKER, ARLITA DODGE—Wayfaring, *Mod Rev.*, Jan., '23
 White Windows, *Voices*, Spring, '23
- PARKER, HELEN ADAMS—Pine-Tree Song, *Granite Mo.*, Sep., '22
 Extinctus Amabitur Iden, *Granite Mo.*, Nov., '22
 A Song, *Mayflower*, Apr. 22, '23
- PARSONS, EUGENE—The Hermit, *Lyric West*, May, '23
- PARSONS, MABEL HOLMES—Forest Love Song, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '22
 Andante, *Step Ladder*, Mar., '23
- PARTRIDGE, MARY E.—Sunapee Lake, *Granite Mo.*, Sep., '22
- PATTERSON, ANTOINETTE DE COURSEY—Notre Dame
 D'Afrique (Algiers), *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
 Persistent Errors, *Lyric West*, Apr., '23
 A Garden by the Sea, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '23
 The Seeker, *Poetry*, Oct., '22
- PATTERSON, J. L.—We Never Can Know, *Lariat*, Feb., '23
 The Leaves in Autumn, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '22
- PATTERSON, VERNON—Loves Songs, *Voices*, Dec., '22
 To a Lady, *Palms*, Summer, '23
- PEABODY, EMILY WELLES—Christmas Trees in the
 Forest, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
- PEACOCK, MARION—A Study in Yellow,
Country Bard, Autumn, '22
 Part of an Autumn Letter, *Country Bard*, Winter, '22-23
 Now, *Country Bard*, Spring, '23
- PEARSON, RUTH R.—The "Barrier"
Crisis, Jan., '23

- PEASE, JOSEPHINE VAN DOLZEN—Any Time, O Lord, '
 Lyric West, Dec., '22
- A Carol of the Way; White Birches,
 Lyric West, Apr., '28
- Sunsets, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
- The Catskills, *Caprice*, Oct., '22
- PEATTIE, ELIA W.—Lanier in the Valley, *Scribner's*, Nov., '22
- PEEL, MAUD—Chloe's Closet, *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
- PENMAN, SATELLA JAKUES—The Great Musician,
 Am Poetry, Feb.-Mar., '23
- PERCY, WILLIAM ALEXANDER—The Honey-Locusts,
 Step Ladder, Oct., '22
- Winds of Winter, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '28
- Advice in Springtime; French Blue; A Mad
 Maid's Song, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '28
- Safe Secrets, *Fgte*, Dec., '22
- Delight, *Yr. Bk. of P. S. of S. C.*, '22
- Song, *Wave*, No. 4, '22
- The Delta Autumn, *Yale Rev.*, Oct., '22
- For a Word, *Yale Rev.*, Jul., '28
- The Clue Not Found, *Lyric West*, Feb., '28
- A Canticle, *Scribner's*, Aug., '22
- The Water Oaks, *Lyric West*, May, '28
- Four Capri Impromptus, *Measure*, Feb., '28
- PERHAM, SHAILA—If: To Isobel Luke, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
- PERRY, ALBERTUS—Time, *Poet's Scroll*, May, '28
- PERRYBERRY, JOHN—Live and Love, *Poet's Scroll*, May, '28
- PETER, UNO GWYN—My Dearest; Thy Love,
 Poet's Scroll, Mar., '23
- A Dream, *Poet's Scroll*, Nov., '22
- My Pen; Hither Thither, *Poet's Scroll*, Dec., '22
- PETGEN, DOROTHY—Vix Matris, *Poetry*, Jun., '28
- PETERSON, AMES—The Last Song, *Lyric West*, Dec., '22
- Discovery: The Old Road; A Song; The Kiss,
 Palms, Spring, '23
- PETERSON, FLORA RICE—Triolet, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
- PETERSON, FREDERICK—"The House of Coradine,"
 F'man, Apr. 11, '28
- PETRI, LORI—Futility; Thunder, *Lariat*, Jun., '23
- PEYTON, JOHN R. C.—Three Men, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '28
- PEYTON, MARY W.—Morning in October,
 Am Poetry, Oct., '22
- Farmer's Wife, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '28
- PFEIFFER, EDWARD H.—Life, *Nation*, Apr. 4, '28
- Broadway, *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
- PHILLIPS, CECILE—Equality, *84N*, Dec., '22
- PHILLIPS, MABEL W.—To a Tree, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
- Nomads, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '28

- PHILLIPS, MARIE TELLO**—On the Mountain-Top Alone,
Am Poetry, Oct., '22
 The Weary Workers of the World,
Am Poetry, Dec., '22
 My Own; It Was a Dream *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
PHINNEY, LESLIE H.—Her Smile, *Country Bard*, Winter, '22-'23
 A Springtime Reverie; The Elfin Chorus,
Country Bard, Spring, '23
 Sweet Lavender, *Country Bard*, Summer, '23
 Autumn Song, *Country Bard*, Autumn, '22
 The Bound Girl's Vigil, *Vermont*
PICKERILL, EDWARD—Sixteen, *Poetry*, Nov., '22
PICKTHALL, MARJORIE L. C.—Dedication for a Book of
 Verse, *Century*, Jan., '23
PILLSBURY, DOROTHY PINCKNEY—Voices,
Lyric West, Jul.-Aug., '22
PIKE, MARY E.—Wind Songs, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
PINCH, ESTHER—In the Park, *Guild Pnr.*, May, '23
 November Day, *Guild Pnr.*, Jun., '23
PINCKNEY, JOSEPHINE—The Harbor; Reflections,
Cont. V., May, '23
 The Milk-Boat, *Yr. Bk. of P. S. of S. C.*, '22
 Idealist, *Revr.*, Jul., '23
PINDER, FRANCES DICKENSON—Release, *Revr.*, Jan., '23
 Frost, *Poetry*, Feb., '23
 Storm in the Hills, *Measure*, Feb., '23
 To Love, *N Amer Rev.*, Oct., '22
 Checkers, *Life*, Oct. 19, '22
 Answer, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '22
 Barter, *Yr. Bk. of P. S. of S. C.*, '22
PIPER, EDWIN FORD—Low Voices, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '23
 The Line Fence, *Poetry*, Oct., '22
PLATT, CHARLES D.—Winters in New Jersey,
Country Bard, Winter, '22-'23
 Phyllis of the Highlands, *Country Bard*, Spring, '23
 Must Friends Be Faultless, *Country Bard*, Summer, '23
 A Song of New Jersey, *Country Bard*, Autumn, '22
POOLE, FANNY RUNNELLS—A Talisman, *Step Ladder*, Apr., '23
POOR, WILLIAM G.—The Daughter of the Dawn,
Congregationalist, May 17, '23
POORE, DUDLEY—For You, Conquerors; Black Wind;
 Was it Marouf Who Found at the Roots of the
 Mountain?; They Say There's a Hant in the
 Garden; Who Is It Waves to You Out of the
 Trembling Fountain?; Stunned by the August
 Sun, the Parched Grey Earth Is Hot to the
 Bare Hands, *Dial*, Sep., '22

- POORE, DUDLEY (*Continued*)
 Marigold Pendulum, *Dial*, Apr., '23
 Poem, *Dial*, Jul., '23
- POPE, KATHARINE—Wild Lilacs in California,
Lyric West, Apr., '23
- PORCHER, MARY F. W.—Song of Youth, *Cont. V.*, May, '23
- PORTER, ANNA—On the Dunes, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
 Moon Shadow, *Lyric West*, Apr., '23
- PORTER, RUTH STEPHENS—"O, What Would You Do,
 Little Baby?" *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- POTAMKIN, HARRY ALAN—Malachi; Bassoon, *Wave*, Dec., '22
- POTTER, JEANNE OLDFIELD—Alien, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- POWELL, FRANK E.—Sunset in the Mountains,
Am Poetry, Aug., '22
- POWERS, HELEN—Mary Magdalene, *Ch. Cent.*, Jun. 14, '23
- PRATT, HARRY NOYES—Lord of the Woods,
Country Bard, Winter, '22-23
 The Gypsy Heart, (Winner of Laura Blackburn
 Lyric Prize, 1922), *Step Ladder*, Mar., '23
 Journey's End, *Pegasus*, May, '23
 The Summit, *Overland*, May, '23
 The Embarcadero, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
 Beloved, *Lyric West*, Dec., '22
- PRESCOTT, ELINOR MANNING—The Swallow,
Lyric West, Jun., '23
- PRESSFIELD, HARRY—No Sea, *Ch. Cent.*, Nov. 2, '22
- PRESTON, ELIZABETH D.—The Sky-Lark, *Step Ladder*, Jun., '23
- PRESTON, EUGENE D.—Noel, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
- PRESTON, HAROLD P.—Report, *Nomad*, Summer, '22
- PRICE, RUTH CLAY—Sea-Spell, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
 Cinquains—from a California Garden,
Am Poetry, Feb.-Mar., '23
 Elizabeth, *Al Wl*, Feb.-Mar., '23
 The Wild-Cat Oil Well, *Pegasus*, Mar., '23
 Prosartes, *Pegasus*, May, '23
 Butterfly Etudes, *Caprice*, Nov.-Dec., '22
 Revealed, *Nomad*, Winter, '22
- PRICE, WILLIAM JAMES—Memory, *Country Bard*, Autumn, '22
 Hark! The Voice of Angels, *Country Bard*, Spring, '23
 Shattered Cities, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
- PRIDEAUX, TOM—The Cynic, *Lin Lore*, Dec., '22
 The Opium Eater; Fads, *Lin Lore*, Jan., '23
- PROUDFOOT, ANDREA H.—To a Departed Father,
Lariat, Feb., '23
- PROVINES, MARY VIRGINIA—The Silver River, *Lariat*, May, '23
- PRUDDEN, HELEN DANFORTH—Happiness; Herbs,
Cont. V., Mar., '23

- PRUESER, SARA V.—Wild Rose Hips, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
 PULSIFER, HAROLD TROWBRIDGE—The Harvest of Time,
New Rep., Feb. 7, '23
 PURINGTON, D. V.—Yesterday, *Caprice*, Oct., '22
 PURNALL, IDELLA—And Never Look Back,
Am Poetry, Apr.-May, '23
 Peace, *Poet's Scroll*, Mar., '23
 Winter, *Nomad*, Summer, '23
 Imperial Valley, *Lyric West*, Oct., '22
 The Beauty-Circle, *Lyric West*, Dec., '22
 Poetry; Noon Song, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
 In Shorthand; Weather; A Song from Sorrow,
 Voices, Autumn, '22
 PUTNAM, H. PHELPS—A Lost World, *Atlantic*, Jun., '23
 On a College Commencement, *New Rep.*, Jun. 6, '23
 PUTNAM, SAM—Architectonics, *Mod Rev.*, Jan., '23
 Cock-Sure, *Poetry*, Oct., '22
 The Kiss: A Sea-Piece, *Caprice*, Nov.-Dec., '22
- QUEERMAN, JOE—Fer a Lawyer, *Country Bard*, Winter, '22-23
 About Ready to Die, *Country Bard*, Spring, '23
 QUINTER, GEORGE—Late November, *Granite Mo.*, Nov., '22
 QUIRK, CHARLES J.—The Southern Cross; Grand Co-
 teau Louisiana; Daybreak in the City,
 Lyric West, Jan., '23
 Clouds Seen in a Summer Sky, *Cath World*, Aug., '22
 Our Lady of Oxford, *Cath World*, Oct., '22
 Shelley; Madrigal, *Lyric West*, Aug., '22
 The Graves of Keats and Shelley in the Eng-
 lish Cemetery, Rome, *Pegasus*, Jul., '23
 The Battlefield, *Nomad*, Summer, '23
 R., T.—Conquest, *S4N*, Dec., '22
 RAISON, MILTON—The Door Closes (To Ruth)
 Caprice, Jan.-Feb., '23
 Discipline, *Caprice*, Jan.-Feb., '23
 The Captain and the Crew, *Scribner's*, Aug., '22
 RAMSEUR, FRANCES B.—The Whoo-Whoo Man,
 Guild Pnr., Jul.-Aug., '23
 RANSOM, JOHN CROWE—Spectral Lovers; Nocturne;
 First Travels of Max, *Fgte*, Jun.-Jul., '23
 Poets Have Chanted Mortality; The Vagrant;
 Boris of Britain, *Fgte*, Oct., '22
 In Process of a Noble Alliance; Youngest
 Daughter, *Fgte*, Dec., '22
 Philomela; Grandgousier; Conrad at Twilight,
 Fgte, Feb.-Mar., '23

- RANSOM, JOHN CROWE** (*Continued*)
 Agitato Ma Non Troppo; The Inland City;
 April Treason, *Fgte*, Apr.-May, '23
 On the Road to Wockensutter, *Dbl Dlr*, Oct., '22
 Here Lies a Lady, *Lit. Rev.*, Mar. 24, '23
- RAVENEL, BEATRICE**—The Yemassee Lands,
Yr Bk of P. S. of S. C., '22
 The Sailor, *Lyric*, Mar., '23
 The Damp Garden, *Lyric*, Jul., '23
 Love's Humility, *Measure*, Dec., '22
- RAYMUND, BERNARD**—After Plenty, *Measure*, Jul., '23
 Song at Evening, *Voices*, Jun.-Jul., '23
 Not Beautiful, *Cont. V.*, Nov., '22
 The Roundhouse, *Lyric*, May, '23
 Bewit's Store, *Al Wl*, Aug.-Sep., '22
 Late Spring, *Al Wl*, Oct.-Nov., '22
 "Up North River"; The Lumber Shed,
Cont. V., Mar., '23
- REDEGAR, HERB**—Grind of the Woodpecker,
Country Bard, Summer, '23
 Angel Guardian, *Country Bard*, Autumn, '22
 A Memorial, *Country Bard*, Winter, '22-23
 Ladybug, *Country Bard*, Spring, '23
- REDFIELD, LOUISE**—After Storm, *Poetry*, Dec., '22
- REDMAN, BEN RAY**—Sonnet, *Harper's*, Feb., '23
 In the Chess Club, *Nation*, Oct. 18, '22
 Gestation, *Nation*, Mar. 14, '23
 Abdication, *Century*, Mar., '23
 Men, Women and Words, *Dbl Dlr*, Dec., '22
 "Child of a Line Accurst—" *Lit. Rev.*, Nov. 18, '22
 Visitation, *Lit. Rev.*, Jan. 13, '23
- REED, EDWIN T.**—The Cedar Tree, *Lariat*, Jun., '23
- REESE, LIZETTE WOODWORTH**—The Kiss, *Nation*, Aug. 9, '22
 A Rose, *Persalst*, Jul., '23
 To Love, *Ainslee's*, Aug., '22
 Loneliness, *Bookman*, Aug., '22
 Elaine, *Lyric*, Sep., '22
 A Carol, *Lyric*, Dec., '22
 Emily, *Yr. Bk. of P. S. of S. C.*, '22
 White Flags; Brambles and Dusk, *Bookman*, Aug., '22
 A Foggy Afternoon; The Old Path; Dead Men;
 Remembrance; A Celtic Maying Song; A
 Puritan Lady; A Portrait; A Song of Sepa-
 ration, *Lyric*, Mar., '23
- REEVES, FRANKLIN H.**—The Reconciliation, (The Mys-
 tic and His Dying Lord, *Ch. Cent.*, Mar. 29, '23
- REID, PHYLLIS**—Like a Roseleaf; Epitaph; Prometheus,
Poetry, Mar., '23

REVERE, PAULA—The Minuet, *Lyric West*, Jan., '28
 REYNOLDS, ELIEA JANE—Side Streets, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22

RICE, AL.—I'm Feeling Good, *Country Bard*, Winter, '22-23
 Home Grown Proverbs, *Country Bard*, Spring, '28
 The Talker, *Country Bard*, Autumn, '22

RICE, CALE YOUNG—After Much Theatregoing in New
 York, *Bookman*, May, '28
 To a Comet, *Tempo*, Winter, '22-3

RICE, LUCILE—On Awakening; Embroidery, *Cont. V.*, Nov., '22

RICH, H. THOMPSON—To Earth's Great Dreamers,
Lyric West, Jan., '28
 Lamp-Glare; Return, *Caprice*, Nov.-Dec., '22

Blind Man (On a New York Street Corner),
Am Poetry, Feb.-Mar., '23

In Passing: I, Twilight; II, And After Twi-
 light, *Pegasus*, May, '28

RICHARD, MARIE E.—Again Fiesole! *Scribner's*, Feb., '23

RICHARDS, EDWARD H.—Eventide, *Granite Mo.*, Aug., '22

RICHARDS, ELIZABETH DAVIS—Night Reigns, Then Day,
Am Poetry, Oct., '22

Conflict, *Nomad*, Summer, '22

RICHARDSON, WILLIS—The After Thought, *Crisis*, Jun., '23

RICKENBACKER, M. C.—Portrait of a Miner,
Guild Pnr., Jul.-Aug., '23

RIDGE, LOLA—Marie; Saint's Bridge; Lainyappe; The
 Fifth-Floor Window, *Poetry*, Mar., '23

Bolsheviki, *Lit. Rev.*, Sep. 16, '22

RIGGS, R. LYNN—Epitaph, *Smt Set*, Jan., '28

The Patrician, *Revr.*, Oct., '22

Autumn Morning; The Singing Stars, *Palms*, Summer, '23

RIGHTER, CAROLINE—Exile, *Guild Pnr*, Jul.-Aug., '23

RIHANI, AMEEN—A Syrian Song, *Step Ladder*, Apr., '28

RILKE, RAINER MARIA—What Will You Do? (trans.
 by Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolin-
 sky), *Poetry*, Dec., '22

RIOS, FRANCESCA—Autumn, *Poetry*, Nov., '22

RIPLEY, SHERMAN—The Sign, *Congregationalist*, May 17, '23

RITCHEY, GWYNNYTH J.—Agatha, *Lyric West*, Jan., '28

RITTER, MARGARET TOD—An Etching—From Memory,
Lyric West, Apr., '23

I Will Hew Me a House, *Cont. V.*, Sep., '22

Sonata Da Chiesa, *Nation*, Oct. 4, '22

Following a Night of Tears, *Caprice*, Nov.-Dec., '22

Travail; December, *Lyric West*, Dec., '22

Sonata Pathetique, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23

- RHINOW, ARTHUR B.—Credo, *Ch. Cent.*, Feb. 22, '28
The Guide, *Ch. Cent.*, Sep. 21, '22
- ROBERTS, EDITH J.—Wind of the Ages,
Country Bard, Autumn, '22
- ROBERTS, EDNA J.—Childhood Mysteries,
Country Bard, Winter, '22-23
Treasure, *Country Bard*, Spring, '23
Garden Mysteries, *Country Bard*, Summer, '23
- ROBERTS, ELIZABETH MADOX—August Night; A Beautiful Lady; The People; Autumn; Numbers;
The Sky, *Poetry*, Aug., '22
Cold Fear, *Mil Arts*, Dec., '22
The Fox Hunt, *Mil Arts*, Oct., '22
- ROBERTSON, CLYDE—The Afterglow, *Poet's Scroll*, May, '23
- ROBINSON, ANNE—I Built a Wall, *Lyric*, Jul., '23
- ROBINSON, ANNE MATHILDE—Sympathy,
Country Bard, Autumn, '22
A Lullabye, *Country Bard*, Summer, '23
Noel; Stitches, *Country Bard*, Winter, '22-23
Reminiscences, *Step Ladder*, Jan., '23
Easter Bonnets; Peggy O'Reilly; April Comes,
Country Bard, Spring, '23
Twilight, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
Hidden Memories, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLINGTON—Avenel Gray, *Poetry*, Oct., '22
- ROE, ROBERT J.—Conservation at Twilight; Hesitant,
Voices, Dec., '22
Cattleman's Wife; Verlaine, *Dbl Dir*, Feb., '23
Portrait of a Girl, *Dbl Dir*, May, '23
Spinning Oakum; La Hacienda; Wisdom,
Cont. V., Aug., '22
Overcoats and Dreams; A Reasonable Being;
Nostalgia; Wishes; Civilized; Artist to a Woman,
Cont. V., Apr., '2
Death; Cortège; Apprentice; Portrait of a Man;
Symphonie Pathétique, *Poetry*, Nov., '22
Restless, *Bookman*, Mar., '23
Diet; The Bully; Philosophy, *Bookman*, May, '23
Homesick, *Bookman*, Jun., '23
The Disilusioned, *Measure*, Dec., '22
- ROGERS, HAROLD HERBERT—Wind Impressions; Winter
Dust, *Lyric West*, Dec., '22
To Fay, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
- ROGERS, HELEN A.—California Colors; Hidden Garden;
Bully, The North Wind; A Goldfish; When
Muriel Smiles, *Lariat*, Jun., '23
- ROGERS, LILLIAN—The Italian Church in Chinatown,
Lyric West, Jul.-Aug., '23

- ROHMER, GERTRUDE MARTIN—My Garden,
Am Poetry, Jun.-Jul., '23
- ROLLINS, LEIGHTON—Credo; They Call Him Mountain,
Casem'ts, Jan., '23
Star Dream,
Am Poetry, Aug., '22
- ROPE, REV. H. E. G.—The Gift,
Magnificat, Jun., '23
- ROTTY, JAMES—Quests,
Dbl Dlr, Mar.-Apr., '23
After the Drive Is Over,
Sur Grphc, May, '23
The Intruders,
Century, '23
- ROSENBAUM, BENJAMIN—My People; Withered Wo-
man; Granite Man—A Prayer; Classic Night,
Cont. V., Apr., '23
Prayer,
Cont. V., Jul., '23
The Etcher,
Measure, Jun., '23
Low Hills,
Step Ladder, Mar., '23
Low Hills,
Harvard Advocate, Jun., '23
Envy; Broken Lines,
Voices, Sonnet Number, '23
Face,
Measure, Feb., '23
Wind Fantastio; Forget Me; Fog; Solace; Rain,
Voices, Spring, '23
Silent Things,
Dbl Dlr, Mar.-Apr., '23
Low Hills,
Step Ladder, Mar., '23
My People,
Talmud, Oct., '22
The Etcher,
Measure, Jun., '23
- ROSENTHAL, A. A.—Records,
Mod. Rev., Apr., '23
Piece Work,
Caprice, Nov.-Dec., '22
Shade Mountain,
Mod Rev., Autumn., '22
The Musicmeister,
Nomad, Summer, '23
Portrait of an Old Jew,
Pegasus, Jul., '23
Range-Free; The Cask of Life,
Figs from Calif., '22
- ROSENTHAL, DAVID—Cornbread and Eyes,
Broom, Oct., '22
- ROSS, GERTRUDE ROBINSON—I Never Looked on Helen's
Face,
Nation, Mar. 7, '23
I Was Made of This and This,
Nation, Mar. 14, '23
Star Flowers; My Heart That Bragged of
Gypsy Blood; I Don't Care if You Love Me
or Not; When Pierrot Left Me Yesterday; I,
Who Danced My Youth Away; Song; Dawn,
Lariat, Feb., '23
- ROTH, SAMUEL—Black London,
Poetry, Nov., '22
- ROUNDS, EMMA—City Trees After Snow,
Lin. Lore, Jan., '23
- ROUNDS, EMMA—Princesses,
Lin. Lore, Nov., '22
City Trees After Snow,
Lin. Lore, Jan., '23
- ROUYEYROL, AURANIA—Over Again,
Lyric West, Dec., '22
- ROWLES, GEORGIA—Tankas; Lilacs,
Lyric West, Jun., '23
- RUBIO, DOLORES—Pale Hands,
Caprice, May, '23

- RUMBY, FLORENCE LAYTON—Ladies in Waiting,
Am Poetry, Dec., '22
 On Gossamer Wing; Dreams for Frederick,
Cont. V., Aug., '22
- RUNBECK, MARGIE-LEE—Tree Child,
Lyric, Jun., '23
 Talent; Welder of Steel,
Voices, Jun.-Jul., '23
 Hope,
Am Poetry, Aug., '22
- RUSSELL, D. KEITH—On Beauty; A Fool's Prayer,
Casem'ts, Jan., '23
- RUSSELL, SYDNEY KING—Interim,
Measure, Sep., '22
 The Poet in the City,
Lyric West, Nov., '22
- RUSSELL, WINIFRED (Virginia Stait)—The Dogwood,
Southern Lit., Jul., '23
- RUTHRAFF, SAIDEE GERARD—My Mother Was Sweet,
Lyric West, Dec., '22
- RUTLEDGE, ARCHIBALD—Mt. Pisgah, *Yr. Bk. of P. S. of S. C.*, '22
 Lee,
Southern Lit., Jul., '23
- RYAN, KATHRYN WHITE—Landscape,
Bookman, Jun., '23
 The Snow-Capped Mountains See the Spring,
Forum, Dec., '22
- SABEL, MARK G.—Remembering; Punishment,
Lyric West, Jan., '23
 Query,
Smt Set, Jan., '23
 Unwavering,
Caprice, May, '23
 Ichor,
Mod Rev., Apr., '23
 Bats,
Cont. V., Sep., '22
 Romance,
Nomad, Autumn, '22
 Litany,
Lyric, Nov., '22
 Discovery,
Nomad, Summer, '23
- SACKVILLE, MARGARET—Finis,
New Rep., Oct. 18, '22
- SALBADOR, AVA FISHER—When the World Seems Blue,
Country Bard, Summer, '23
 A Memory,
Country Bard, Autumn, '22
 In Philosophic Mood,
Country Bard, Winter, '22-23
 If You've Felt; Transmutation,
Country Bard, Spring, '23
- SALING, LEAH E.—A Lull-a-bye, *Country Bard*, Autumn, '22
- SAMUELS, S. H.—To a Gargoyle; Rope, *Guild Pnr.*, May, '23
- SANBORN, ROBERT ALDEN—The Children and Thomas,
Lyric West, Jan., '23
- SANDBURG, CARL—Baby Song of the Four Winds,
Mil. Arts, Oct., '22
- SANDERS, EMMY VERONICA—Into These Things; Laugh-
 ter; Passing; Hill Speech,
Poetry, Sep., '22
 You Are the Road,
Poetry, May, '23

- SANDERS, NETTIE P.**—Eve of All Saints,
Am Poetry, Jun.-Jul., '23
- SANDERS, OTTYS**—Daggers of White Men: I, Cowboys
on a Papoose Prairie; II, The Tattoo of the
Farmer; III, Heart Blood, (Southern Metho-
dist University, Second prize poem),
So. Meth. Univ., '23
- SANGSTER, MARGARET E.**—Home,
Scribner's, Dec., '22
- SANTAYANA, GEORGE**—A Minuet on Reaching the Age
of Fifty,
Century, Mar., '23
- SAPIE, EDWARD**—Optimist,
Dbl Dlr, Sep., '22
A Walking Poem,
Poetry, Sep., '22
- SARETT, LEW**—Yellow Moon,
Bookman, Feb., '23
Let Me Flower as I Will,
Caprice, Oct., '22
October Snow,
Voices, Autumn, '22
Breakers of Bronchos,
Lit. Rev., Nov. 11, '22
Number Ninety-Seven Talks;
Wave, No. 4, '22
- SARGENT, JR., SAMUEL M.**—The Ogress,
Poet's Scroll, Feb., '23
Lagoon,
Pegasus, Jul., '23
- SARGENT, WILLIAM D.**—The Head Hunter,
Lin. Lore, Apr., '23
- SASSOON, SIEGFRIED**—Solar Eclipse; Fete Galante, Clavi-
chord Recital; Vigil; Martyrdom,
New Rep., Jul. 4, '23
- SAUL, GEORGE BRANDON**—Old Philosophy; Revisitation;
Skeptic; Vigil,
Am Poetry, Jun.-Jul., '23
Paean,
Lyric West, Feb., '23
By an Old Willow; Fantasy,
Voices, Dec., '22
A Woman Watches the Sea,
Lyric West, Feb., '23
Sonnet,
Lyric, Nov., '22
"Like a Strange March of Shadows,"
Lyric, Jul., '23
- Rain at Dusk; In a Black Hour; "Say Not—";
For Margaret; Episode; In the Garden,
Cont. V., Aug., '22
- "The Night-Storm Lashes at the Windowpane";
"To Think of Her—"; Strange Tale; The
Three Bells,
Cont. V., Dec., '22
"I Know . . ."
Cont. V., Feb., '23
- SAUNDERS, WHITELAW**—Sheep Herders' Songs; Wild
Geese Sing,
Lariat, Apr., '23
Theme for a Ballet; Vexed Love,
Lyric West, Oct., '22
I Love You! Confession,
Nomad, Spring, '23
Bondwoman,
Lyric, Oct., '22
In a Clearing,
Step Ladder, Feb., '23
- SAWYER, M. WHITE**—Ragged Mountain,
Granite, Mo., Sep., '22
- SCARBOROUGH, CORNELIA MEADE**—The Desert Passes,
(Noon-Evening-Morning)
Lyric West, Oct., '22

- SCARBOROUGH, DUNCAN—Realism, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
 SCHACK, WILLIAM—Revery, *Liberator*, Oct., '22
 SCHAEFFER, M. L.—Ghosts, *Casem'ts*, Mar., '23
 SCHAUFFLER, ROBERT HAVEN—Word Music, *Lyric*, Feb., '23
 Harvest, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '22
 Portals of the Dawn, *Harper's*, Nov., '22
 Andante Con Moto (Ludwig von Beethoven,
 opus 97), *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
 SCHAUKAL, RICHARD—Rococo, (trans. by Babette
 Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky), *Poetry*, Dec., '22
 SCHAYER, ISADORE—Intolerance; Advice; Loneliness,
 South'n Lit., Jul., '23
 SCHLESINGER, HELEN—Blue Moths in Yosemite,
 Lyric West, Oct., '22
 SCHNEIDER, ISIDOR—Sentimental Dialog, *Mod. Rev.*, Apr., '23
 Orientale, *Rhythmus*, Jan., '23
 Question: History of a Conversation, *Measure*, Jul., '23
 SCHONBERGER, E. D.—Bethlehem, *Ch. Cent.*, Dec. 21, '22
 The Prophet, *Ch. Cent.*, Jun. 28, '23
 SCHUSTER, AD. B.—The Old Cowboy, *Sunset*, Jul., '23
 SCHWARTZ, IDA D.—Violinist, *Nomad*, Summer, '23
 SCOLLARD, CLINTON—A Pacific Dayfall,
 Lyric West, Jul.-Aug., '23
 Songs of a Syrian Lover, *Bookman*, Dec., '22
 SCOTT, CARROLL DE WILTON—The Pepper Tree,
 Am Poetry, Feb.-Mar., '23
 SCOTT, DUNCAN CAMPBELL—The Lovers, *Scribner's*, May, '23
 SCOTT, EVELYN—Touch, *Rhythmus*, Feb., '23
 SCOTT, JACK—Sex Songs; Rutherford Pinckney Hamil-
 ton; Dago Love; My Epitaph, *Caprice*, May, '23
 SCOTT, JOHN G.—Visioning Clean Sin; Bastard,
 Caprice, Jan.-Feb., '23
 SCOTT, RAY HAMLIN—Thinking— *Guild Pnr.*, Jul.-Aug., '23
 SEABURY, EMMA PLAYTER—A Toast to Mrs. Seymour,
 Step Ladder, Jan., '23
 A Tree in Winter, *Step Ladder*, Feb., '23
 SEAL, LYNAS CLYDE—On Recognizing an Old Hand-
 kerchief, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
 SEAWELL, MEADE—A Hermit's Song, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
 SECCOMBE, ANN MARY—White Hands, *Voices*, Dec., '22
 SEDGWICK, W. ELLERY—When I Am Gone, *Scribner's*, Apr., '23
 SEIFFERT, MARJORIE ALLEN—Winter Rendezvous,
 Voices, Dec., '22
 Red Leaves, *Poetry*, Jun., '23
 Lunatic, *Dbl Dlr*, Oct., '22
 Dark Magic, *Dbl Dlr*, Jan., '23
 Prelude; Sarabande; Finale; Grotesque,
 Cont. V., Nov., '22

SEIFFERT, MARJORIE ALLEN (*Continued*)

- Mecca, *Cont. V.*, Mar., '28
 At Certain Challenges; The Ogre; Stranger; If
 Loving Me; Portrait; Where Beauty Walks
 Alone; The Dark Hour, *Poetry*, Feb., '28
- SEIN, HERBERT M.—"El Evangelista"—The Letter
 Writer; "El Sol," the Pyramid, *Figs from Calif.*, '22
- SEITZ, DON C.—The Lynching, *Nation*, Dec. 27, '22
- SELL, ROSE OSBORNE—The Flame, *Guild Pnr.*, Jul.-Aug., '28
- SEMPLE, JANE—My Prayer; Forget-Me-Not,
Poet's Scroll, May, '23
- SERLES, LILA—Crossing the Mojave, *Pegasus*, Jan., '28
- SESSIONS, BARBARA—May 5, 1921, *S4N*, Jan-Feb., '28
 After Slight Acquaintance, *S4N*, Dec., '22
- SETON, HAROLD—Cupid, Conjuror, *Munsey's*, Oct., '22
- SEYMOUR, GEORGE STEELE—Portrait of Danton,
Step Ladder, Dec., '22
- SHARP, CLARENCE A.—November Late; Your Moun-
 tain; My Fields; The Dreamers; The Good
 Bye; Presuming; In the Morning; The Way
 She's Made; The War-Sower; Her First Civic
 Idea, *Country Bard*, Autumn, '22
 Familiars; Things of Eternity,
Country Bard, Summer, '23
- Christmas Morning; In the Morning; The
 Farmer to the Oak; The Farmer in December,
Country Bard, Winter, '22-23
- My Pines; Tulips; It Rains for Molly; When
 Muther Reeds a Novl; A Climbin' Story;
 Loss the Greatest, *Country Bard*, Spring, '23
- SHAW, FRANCES—Good Friday Song; Tapestry; Con-
 tentment; Soldier's Night; Renewal, *Poetry*, Mar., '23
 Who Loves the Rain, *Lariat*, Feb., '23
- SHAW, PERYL—Night, *Tempo*, Winter, '22-3
- SHEEL, SHAEMAS O.—One Glorious Daughter of the
 South, *Lyric*, Oct., '22
 "Mine Eyes Are Blurred with Gazing," *Lyric*, Mar., '23
- SHELTON, THOMAS RUSSELL—Autumn, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
 A Legend of the Star, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
- SHENTON, EDWARD—A Song for Evening, *Cont. V.*, Jul, '23
- SHEPARD, WILLIAM GAMALIEL—Landscape, *Broom*, Feb., '23
- SHEPHERD, DOMBEY—Southern Breeze, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
 Lead On! (To Joseph Andrew Galahad),
Lyric West, Nov., '22
 My Wish; Forfeit, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '22
- SHERIDAN, ANNETTE A.—A Reverie, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
- SHERMAN, L. ADELAIDE—The Road, *Granite Mo.*, Aug., '22
 Fantasy, *Granite Mo.*, Oct., '22

- SHERRY, LAURA**—Late Autumn in the Hills; My Country; A Native; Nothin'—Somethin'; Howard Bentley; Grand-Dad's Bluff; Light Magic; In Mist, *Poetry*, Sep., '22
SHERWIN, FRED—To a Fir Tree Clinging to a Mountain Crag, *Pesralst*, Oct., '22
SHERWOOD, MARGARET—Song, *SN*, Dec., '22
 A Sign, *Scribner's*, Aug., '22
SHIPLEY, JOSEPH T.—Kit Marlowe to Cabell, *Dbl Dir*, Feb., '23
 Wave Hollow, *Voices*, Dec., '22
 Can I Believe, *Fgte*, Jun.-Jul., '23
 By Night, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
SHIPMAN, CLARE—Meadow Lark, *Lyric West*, Oct., '22
SHIPP, E. RICHARD—Midnight Thunderstorm, *Lariat*, May, '23
 Sunrise to Sunset, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
 The Wise Men, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
 Mariposa, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
 The West, *Pegasus*, Jul., '23
 The West; The Touch; Christmas Eve; Eighteen-Ninety; Prairie-Dog Town; Cities; True Harmony; Five Thoughts; A Range Road, *Lariat*, Jul., '23
SHOLL, ANNA McCLURE—Our Lady of Good Voyage (Gloucester), *Cath World*, Aug., '22
SHREEVE, DOROTHY—Madonna, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
SHUMAKER, HARRIET HALL—Lovers, *Lyric West*, Dec., '22
 Seen in April, *Lyric West*, Apr., '23
SIEGRIST, MARY—Let Us Have Done with Words, *Sur Grphc.*, Jul., '23
 Rain Your Rain Softly, *N Y Times*, Apr. 9, '23
 Silence, *Sur Grphc.*, Jul., '23
 Let Youth Ride On! *Orient*, Feb., '23
 Karma, *Shadowland*, '23
 A Sculptor to the Marble, *N Y Times*, Dec. 9, '22
 Unhailed Nativities, *Gleaner*, Jan., '23
SIGMUND, JAY G.—The Gamecock, *R I Argus*, Aug. 4, '22
 Dragon-Fly; The Yellow-Breasted Chat, *R I Argus*, Aug. 12, '22
 The Bankrupt Farmer's Auction, *C R Rep.*, Dec. 4, '22
 To a Lady, *Chi News*, Dec. 3, '22
 The Granite Boulder, *Chi News*, Dec. 15, '22
 January Thaw, *Chi News*, Jan. 9, '23
 To a Farm Boy, *Chi News*, Jun. 1, '23
 River Road, *Chi News*, Jun. 16, '23
 To a Corn Belt Farmer, *Chi News*, Jun. 26, '23
 To a Locust, *Chi News*, Jul. 31, '23
 Nocturne-Harvest Season, *Chi News*, Jul. 24, '23

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Harvest—The Toiler's Goal,	<i>Davenport Times</i> , Jul. 26, '23
Midsummer Dawn Pageant,	<i>Chi News</i> , Jul. 23, '23
The Widow,	<i>Davenport Times</i> , Oct., '22
Adoration,	<i>Davenport Times</i> , Dec. 3, '22
Five Corn-Belt Village Portraits: The Station Agent; The Garage Proprietor; The Senile Pioneer; The Hotel Landlord; The Parson,	<i>Davenport Times</i> , Dec. 21, '22
Journey,	<i>Davenport Times</i> , Jan. 8, '23
Brookside Gossip,	<i>Davenport Times</i> , Jan. 10, '23
The Vigilance Committee,	<i>Davenport Times</i> , Jun. 5, '23
Mississippi River Village Folk: The Town Simpleton Speaks; The Village Magdaline Speaks; The Hotel Landlady Speaks; The Mayor Speaks,	<i>Davenport Times</i> , Jul. 26, '23
To a Wood Duck,	<i>Chi Post</i> , Dec. 10, '22
The Snow-Man,	<i>Chi Post</i> , Dec. 26, '22
Corn Country Paean,	<i>Ced Rap Rep.</i> , Jan. 14, '23
Corn Country Village Portraits: Wallace Comstock; Adolph Ramsey; Grandma Voorhies; Enoch Rollins,	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , Jun. 1, '23
Sixth Month Song,	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , Jun. 9, '23
Summer Showers,	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , Jun. 16, '23
Summer Solstice,	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , Jun. 23, '23
To an Old Grist Mill,	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , Jul. 19, '23
Clover,	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , Jul. 26, '23
Winter Folk,	<i>Country Bard</i> , Winter, '22-23
"They Say,"	<i>Country Bard</i> , Spring, '23
To a Harelipped Child,	<i>Nomad</i> , Winter, '22
The Mystic River-Pool,	<i>Mod Rev.</i> , Autumn, '22
Crows,	<i>Country Bard</i> , Autumn, '22
The Lone Linden,	<i>Caprice</i> , Nov.-Dec., '22
Cards,	<i>Lyric West</i> , Nov., '22
To a Toad,	<i>Lyric</i> , Apr., '23
Just Angle-Worms,	<i>Spts Afield</i> , Mar., '23
Remorse,	<i>Chi Post</i> , Aug. 30, '22
The Huckster,	<i>Chi Post</i> , Sep. 9, '22
Circus Sideshow Portraits: The Ticket Seller, The Fat Lady, The Tattooed Man,	<i>Chi Post</i> , Sep. 10, '22
Chimney Swifts,	<i>Chi Post</i> , Sep. 13, '22
Two Troubadours of Bacchus: I, Paul Verlaine, II, Ernest Dowson,	<i>Chi Post</i> , Oct. 28, '22
Mid-Winter Sun,	<i>Chi Post</i> , Jan. 29, '23
Snow Flurry,	<i>Chi Post</i> , Feb. 16, '23
Genus Homo,	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , Jan. 27, '23
To a Homesick Country Lad	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , Feb. 1, '23

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Meditation,	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , Feb. 8, '28
Waning Winter,	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , Feb. 10, '28
Lincoln,	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , Feb. 12, '28
Sun-Dogs,	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , Feb. 17, '28
At Valley Forge,	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , Feb. 22, '28
Vernal Prelude,	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , Mar. 8, '28
Dawns of March,	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , Mar. 10, '28
Approach of Seed Time,	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , Mar. 23, '28
Awakening,	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , Mar. 31, '28
Whistles—Seven A. M.	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , Apr. 7, '28
John Smith Addresses a Statesman,	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , May 9, '28
To a Nesting Robin,	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , May 12, '28
To a Bride-Elect,	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , May 25, '28
Haying Time,	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , Jun. 30, '28
Cherries,	<i>Ced Rap Gazette</i> , Jul. 5, '28
Symbols of Autumn,	<i>Davnprt Times</i> , Sep. 14, '22
Grimaces,	<i>Davnprt Times</i> , Sep. 19, '22
A Song of Stubble,	<i>Davnprt Times</i> , Sep. 20, '22
Failures,	<i>Davnprt Times</i> , Sep. 28, '22
To One Who Believed,	<i>Davnprt Times</i> , Oct. 11, '22
Superiority,	<i>Davnprt Times</i> , Oct. 19, '22
October,	<i>Davnprt Times</i> , Oct. 20, '22
Ennui,	<i>Davnprt Times</i> , Oct. 23, '22
The River Pearl Fisher,	<i>Davnprt Times</i> , Oct. 30, '22
Woodrow Wilson,	<i>Davnprt Times</i> , Dec. 30, '22
Snow Magic,	<i>Davnprt Times</i> , Feb. 9, '28
Temptation,	<i>Davnprt Times</i> , Feb. 17, '28
Week End; Nocturne—Late Winter,	<i>Davnprt Times</i> , Feb. 26, '28
Vogue,	<i>Davnprt Times</i> , Mar. 9, '28
March,	<i>Davnprt Times</i> , Mar. 18, '28
Mississippi River Village Folk: (I) The Fisher- man Speaks, (II) The Button-Cutter Speaks, (III) The Retired Pilot Speaks, (IV) The Old Saloon-Keeper Speaks, (V) The Clam Fisher's Widow Speaks,	<i>Davnprt Times</i> , May 23, '28
Mississippi River Village Folk: The Postmaster Speaks; The Old Doctor Speaks; The Old Ferryman Speaks; The Boot-Legger Speaks,	<i>Davnprt Times</i> , Jul. 10, '28
Two Pastoral Portraits: Barnyard Raptor; Barn-Yard Serf,	<i>Davnprt Times</i> , Jul. 30, '28
Autumn Prelude,	<i>Ced Rap Rep.</i> , Aug. 30, '22
Will-O'-Wisp,	<i>Ced Rap Rep.</i> , Aug. 31, '22
Twilight in Autumn,	<i>Ced Rap Rep.</i> , Oct. 28, '22

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| My Neighbor, | <i>Ced Rap Rep.</i> , Dec. 31, '22 |
| The Exodus, | <i>Ced Rap Rep.</i> , Jan. 5, '23 |
| Vindication, | <i>Ced Rap Rep.</i> , Mar. 17, '23 |
| Tardy Spring, | <i>Ced Rap Rep.</i> , Apr. 14, '23 |
| A Gray-Haired Bard Speaks, | <i>Chi News</i> , Jan. 22, '23 |
| February, | <i>Chi News</i> , Jan. 30, '23 |
| Cold Wave, | <i>Chi News</i> , Feb. 8, '23 |
| Frozen Marsh, | <i>Chi News</i> , Feb. 12, '23 |
| Timber Things, | <i>Chi News</i> , Feb. 17, '23 |
| Woods Tragedy, | <i>Chi News</i> , Feb. 23, '23 |
| Spring Chant, | <i>Chi News</i> , Mar. 1, '23 |
| Early March Rain, | <i>Chi News</i> , Mar. 7, '23 |
| Fashion Hints, | <i>Chi News</i> , Apr. 7, '23 |
| Plow-Man's Chant, | <i>Chi News</i> , Apr. 17, '23 |
| SILVEY, CHALLISS—Inversion, | <i>Pegasus</i> , Mar., '23 |
| To a Nearly Completed Skyscraper, | <i>Pegasus</i> , May, '23 |
| SIMMONS, LAURA—The Sister of Mercy, | <i>Cath World</i> , Oct., '22 |
| SIMMONS, MONA JOSEPH—Winged Words, | <i>Ch. Cent.</i> , May 17, '23 |
| SIMONS, HI—A Dance Theme, | <i>Mod Rev.</i> , Autumn, '22 |
| Open Window, | <i>Mil Arts</i> , Oct., '22 |
| Two Lines; Holiday Air; Waters, | <i>Caprice</i> , Oct., '22 |
| SINCLAIR, VAN BUREN—Reverie, | <i>Guild Pnr.</i> Jul.-Aug. '23 |
| SITWELL, EDITH—Winter, | <i>Rhythmus</i> , Mar., '23 |
| SIVITER, ANNA PIERPONT—The Tree, | <i>Am Poetry</i> , Jun.-Jul., '23 |
| SKEEN, RUTH LOOMIS—The Archbishop's Garden, | <i>Lyric West</i> , Jul.-Aug., '23 |
| SKELTON, VIRGINIA—Out Yonder, | <i>Lyric West</i> , Oct. '22 |
| SKINNER, CONSTANCE LINDSAY—Swiya's Night Song, | <i>Bookman</i> , Jan., '23 |
| Sea Cliff, | <i>Lyric West</i> , Jul.-Aug., '22 |
| Sycamores in Winter, | <i>Lyric West</i> , Jan., '23 |
| Swiya's Songs Beside Running Water: I, Swiya's | |
| Spring Song; II, Song of the Long River; | |
| III, Song of the Fruitful Breast, | <i>Lyric West</i> , Apr., '23 |
| SLATER, ELEANOR—Foreboding, | <i>Casem'ts</i> , Mar., '23 |
| SLAYTON, ELIZABETH—Ashes of Oak; Winter's Memory | |
| of Summer, | <i>Casem'ts</i> , Jan., '23 |
| Heart's Bitterness, | <i>Casem'ts</i> , Mar., '23 |
| SLOYER, MONROE W.—Gems, | <i>Am Poetry</i> , Jun.-Jul., '23 |
| SMALL, FLORENCE S.—Words; Mortality; God, the | |
| Poet, | <i>Cont. V.</i> , Feb., '23 |
| SMITH, AMY SEBREE—Night Skies; Dawn-Sea, | |
| | <i>Pegasus</i> , Jan., '23 |
| SMITH, CLARK ASHTON—Chant of Autumn, | |
| | <i>Lyric West</i> , Oct., '23 |
| SMITH, BESS FOSTER—Picture of Idaho, | <i>Lariat</i> , Jul., '23 |

- SMITH, FREEMAN PINCKNEY—The Mouse Hunt,
Dbl Dir, Aug., '22
- SMITH, JOHN D.—A Song of the Hoe, *Sur Grphe*, Apr., '28
- SMITH, MARION COUTHOUY—Willows; Song and Imagery,
Cont. V., May, '28
- A Retrospect, *Outlook*, Aug. 9, '22
- Death and the Flying Man, *Outlook*, Dec. 27, '22
- The Sea Speaks, *Lyric West*, Dec., '22
- Arachne, *Step Ladder*, Dec., '22
- SNOW, ROYALL—Portrait in Sinister Lights, *Measure*, Oct., '22
- SNOW, WILBERT—Country Funeral, *Scribner's*, Mar., '28
- SOMEPLY—Lady Road, *Lyric*, Sep., '22
- SOUPAULT, PHILIPPE—(Trans. by Matthew Josephson),
Francis Picabia; Theodore Fraenkel; Marie
Laurencin; Louis Aragon; Paul Eluard; Tristan
Tzara; Arthur Cravan, *Broom*, Oct., '22
- SPENCE, ROBERTA—Bird of Happiness,
Country Bard, Autumn, '22
- SPENCER, ANNE—White Things, *Crisis*, Mar., '23
- SPENCER, HENRY P.—Song, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
- SPENCER, LILIAN WHITE—A Rondeau of Recompense,
Saucy Stories, Sep., '22
- Courage, *Denver Post*, Aug., '22
- Pan (Pan from the French of Jose Maria de Heredia); On a Broken Statue, (From the French
of Jose Maria de Heredia), *Cont. V.*, Aug., '22
- Noel, (After Theophile Gautier), *Denver Post*, Dec. 24, '22
- (Trans.)—Odelet by Henri De Regnier; The
Cathedral Window by Jose Maria de Heredia,
Pegasus, Jul., '23
- SPEYER, LEONORA—Mist Over the Dolomites, *Measure*, Jan., '23
- Assault, *Nation*, Jan. 10, '23
- She Says; Being Forbidden; *Voices*, Spring, '23
- Affinity, *Smt Set*, Jan., '23
- Iron Virgin, (Nurnberg Altschloss); Saint in
Petticoats (Rothenburg Museum); Bagpipe
Player, (Nurnberg Fountain); Moon Hunter;
Herod, *Measure*, Apr., '23
- Little Lover; I Heard a Woman Singing; For-
getting and Forgetting; Discovery, *Cont. V.*, May, '23
- Duet; At the Hospital for the Insane; Couplets;
A Truth About a Lie; Looking On; The
Stronghold; Kind Fate; Song Overheard,
Poetry, Sep., '22
- Affinity, *Smt Set*, '22
- The Kleptomaniac, *Forum*, '22
- I'll Be Your Epitaph, *N Am Rev.*, '23

- SPICER, ANNE HIGGINSON—Three Griefs, *Poetry*, Jan., '23
 STAHEL, LOUISA—The Cup, *Pegasus*, Jan., '23
 The Rainbow, *Pegasus*, May, '23
 STAHEL, LOUISA REMONDINO—California Nightingale,
 Am Poetry, Feb.-Mar., '23
 STANT, VIRGINIA—The Return, *Lyric West*, Sep., '22
 The Vased Rose, *Lyric West*, Apr., '23
 Roses Foresworn, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '23
 Miser and Spendthrift, *Lyric*, Aug., '22
 To a Hyacinth Song, *Lyric*, Dec., '22
 Ghosts, *Century*, Oct., '22
 The Secret, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
 Now, *Richmd Times-Dis.*, Apr. 10, '23
 My Shield: In Obverse, *Richmd Times-Dis.*, May 11, '23
 Summer Ways; In Virginia, *Progress*, Apr. 28, '23
 "Other's Bread"; Unsepulchered, *Post Lore, Summer*, '23
 STARBUCK, VICTOR—Moon-Madness; For a Birthday,
 Cont. V., Jul., '23
 STARK, DARE—Garden Peace, *Measure*, Dec., '22
 STARR, HILL—Words After Love, *Caprice*, Oct., '22
 STARBRETT, VINCENT—Paradox, *Bookman*, Jan., '23
 Butterflies of Uganda, *Revr*, Jan., '23
 Jane Foster, *Voices*, Spring, '23
 A Rondeau of Sonnets, (In Memory of Andrew
 Lang), *F'man*, Sep. 27, '22
 Pensee, *Dbl Dlr*, Oct., '22
 Pippa Passes, *Step Ladder*, Dec., '22
 Carl Sandburg, *Step Ladder*, Apr. '23
 STEFAN, GEORGE—The Lord of the Isle, (Ludwig Lew-
 isoehn, trans.), *Nation*, Mar. 14, '23
 STEPHENS, JAMES—The Last Word, *Dial*, Mar., '23
 STERLING, GEORGE—The Fog-Sea, *Lyric West*, Feb., '23
 The Stranger, *Al Wl*, Feb.-Mar., '23
 The Strange Bird, *Outlook*, Mar. 7, '23
 The Flight, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
 The Tracker, *Al Wl*, Jul., '23
 Amber, *Step Ladder*, Jul., '23
 Waste, *Al Wl*, Oct.-Nov., '22
 Shelley at Spezia, *Step Ladder*, Jan., '23
 The First-Born, *Wanderer*, Jun., '23
 STEVENS, BEATRICE—My Love, *Lyric West*, Jan., '23
 Deep in the Hills, *Lyric*, May, '23
 STEVENS, ELEANOR MATHEWS—Song, *Ainslee's*, Oct., '22
 STEVENS, WALLACE—New England Verses; Floral Dec-
 orations for Bananas; How the Constable
 Carried the Pot Across the Public Square,
 Measure, Apr., '23

- STEVENS, WALLACE (*Continued*)
 The Shape of the Coroner, *Measure*, May, '28
 To One of Fictive Music, *New Rep.*, Nov. 15, '22
- STEVENSON, ALEC B.—Portrait; Meuse Heights, *Fgte*, Oct., '22
 Rondeau for Autumn; He Who Loved Beauty,
Fgte, Dec., '22
 Fiddlers' Green, *Fgte*, Apr.-May, '23
 Et Sa Pauvre Chair, *Fgte*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- STEWART, H. W.—Reverie; Dawn, *Poetry*, Dec., '22
- STEWART, MARY—A Song for Summer, *Step Ladder*, Jun., '23
- STEWART, WINIFRED GRAY—Sky Wind, *Lyric West*, Oct., '22
 Autumnal, *McClure's*, Nov., '22
 Before Rain, *Caprice*, Nov.-Dec., '22
- STIDGER, WILLIAM L.—The Sin Supreme, *Ch. Cent.*, Jan. 11, '23
 I Want to Be Washed by God's Winds,
Ch. Cent., Jan. 25, '23
- STILLMAN, CLARA G.—Dark Dream, *Crisis*, Apr., '23
- STILLWELL, ETHEL BROOKS—Rain at Dusk,
Am Poetry, Feb.-Mar., '23
- STOCKDALE, ALLEN A.—Godstow; To Knowledge or to
 Death, *Emer. Quar.*, Apr., '23
- STOCKETT, M. LETITIA—Free,
Poetry, Apr., '23
 Moonrise, *Cont. V.*, Aug., '22
- STODDARD, ANNE—The Faithful, *Bookman*, Oct., '22
- STODDARD, YETTA KAY—Columbine,
Pegasus, Jan., '23
 East Camp, *Lariat*, Jul., '23
 Point Loma Breezes, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
 Homage of Kings, *Am Poetry*, Dec. '22
 The New Poet, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
 For a Rose, *Crisis*, Nov., '22
- STOKES, ROSE PASTOR—O Proletariat! *Liberator*, Oct., '22
- STOREY, EDWARD—In Hospital; The Carnival; Silence;
 Poor Devils, *Broom*, Oct., '22
- STONE, JACK—Commemoration, *So. Meth. Univ.*, '23
- STOREY, VIOLET ALLEYN—For You, *Harper's*, Mar., '23
- STORK, CHARLES WHARTON—Wine and Song,
Am Poetry, Apr.-May, '23
 Your Outward Self; Love, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
 The Cloven Foot; Portrait, *Wave*, No. 4, '22
 Shelley, For the Centenary of His Death, July
 1922, *Phi Beta Kappa Key*, Jan., '23
 Ode to Winter, *N. Y. Times*, Feb. 27, '23
 Cherry Boughs, *Lyric*, Apr., '23
 The Burden, (From the Swedish of Marta of
 Sillen), *Bookman*, Jul., '23
 Naughty Nell, *Lyric West*, Sep., '22
 Artist Whim, *Bookman*, Sep., '22

STORK, CHARLES WHARTON (*Continued*)

Father, Where Do the Wild Swans Go? (trans.
from the Danish of Ludwig Holstein),

Poetry, Nov., '22

Symphony in D Minor, (Cesar Franck, born 10

December, 1822),

F'man, Dec. 20, '22

Relativity,

Voices, Dec., '22

A Lady,

Nomad, Winter, '22

STORM, MARIAN—"The Gate of Heaven,"

Lit. Rev., Apr. 14, '23

David,

New Rep., Dec. 20, '22

STRAGNELL, SYLVIA—Burial,

Liberator, Aug., '22

Mezzotints,

Liberator, Oct., '22

Exhalation,

Liberator, Dec., '22

STRANGE, MICHAEL—Lines,

Bookman, Jan., '23

STREET, MARY DALLAS—Gabriel in April,

Revr., Apr., '23

STROBEL, MARION—In Reply,

Bookman, Apr., '23

Trio,

Dbl Dlr, May, '23

Boomerang; After These Days; Pitiful in Your

Bravery; Dialogue; The Gestures You Make;

A Bride, to D. K. A.; Full-Blown; I Talk

with Myself; Pastoral; Encounter, *Poetry*, Mar., '23

STRONG, L. A. G.—Walkhampton; Lowery Cot (For

Robert Graves),

Fgte, Feb.-Mar., '23

The Wise Man, Ante Porcos,

Century, Aug., '22

STRYKER, CARRIE WOODWARD—Gardens,

Lyric West, Jul.-Aug., '22

STUART, H.—Munich, (For Thamar); Helen; For a

Dancer; Summer; Bull-Fight,

Poetry, Apr., '23

STUART, HENRY LONGAN—Song at Parting, (For F.

E. G.),

F'man, May 9, '23

STUART, JOHN ROLLIN—Search,

Granite Mo., Aug., '22

STUART, MURIEL—In Their Image; The Seed-Shop; In

the Orchard,

Poetry, Nov., '22

STUNS, J. S.—Youth's Illusion,

Lariat, Jul., '23

STURDY-SMITH, MARGUERITE—Dear Little Hands,

Country Bard, Autumn, '22

A Confession,

Country Bard, Winter, '22-23

To Lucille (The Quakeress); Red and White,

Country Bard, Spring, '23

STURGES, LUCY HALE—The Desert,

Lyric West, Oct., '22

Kwacho-Shoji San, Ayame, Momiji,

Lyric West, Apr., '23

Kara-non,

Pegasus, May, '23

Crucible,

Measure, Sep., '22

STURGILL, VERGIL LEON—March,

Lariat, Apr., '23

SULLIVAN, MAURICE S.—Charlemagne,

Lyric West, Dec., '22

- SUMMERVILLE, FRANK—Evening Moods in Cameo: I,
 Summer Evening; II, Evening; III, Spring
 Evening; IV, Chinese Evening; V, Evening
 Thoughts, *So. Meth. Univ.*, '23
 Just Life, *Guild Pnr*, Jul.-Aug., '23
- SWARTZ, ROBERTA T.—Babel, (Southern Methodist Uni-
 versity prize poem, 1923), *So. Meth. Univ.*, '23
- SWETT, MARGARET—The New Frontiers, *Lyric West*, Jan., '23
 Song of an Impudent Day; A Ballet, *Poetry*, Mar., '23
- SWEET, IONE M.—Futility, *Guild Pnr.*, May, '23
 I Have Dared Dream! *Guild Pnr.*, Jun., '23
- SWIFT, WALTER B.—The Night Express, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
Lit. Rev., Jun. 16, '23
- SYMONS, ARTHUR—By the Sea, *Lit. Rev.*, Jun. 16, '23
- TATE, ALLEN—Long Fingers, *Revr.*, Jul., '23
 The Screen; Procession, *Fgte*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- Non Omnis Moriar; Elegy for Eugenesis; Bat-
 tle of Murfreesboro (1862-1922); To Oenia in
 Wintertime; Horatian Epode to the Duchess
 of Malfi, *Fgte*, Oct., '22
 These Deathly Leaves; Nuptials, To J. C. R.,
Fgte, Dec., '22
- The Date; Perimeters; Mary McDonald; Teeth,
Fgte, Feb.-Mar., '23
- You Left; The Happy Poet Remembers Death,
Fgte, Apr.-May, '23
- Stranger, *Dbl Dlr*, Oct., '22
 Hitch Your Wagon to a Star, *Dbl Dlr*, Dec., '22
 Calidus Juventa? *Dbl Dlr*, Feb., '23
- Sonnet (To a Portrait of Hart Crane); Portent,
Dbl Dlr, Mar.-Apr., '23
- Resurgam, *Mod Rev.*, Apr., '23
- To a Prodigal Old Maid; Bored to Choresis,
Wave, No. 5, Dec., '22
- TAGGARD, E. VASHTI—Watchman and Star, *Lyric West*, Dec., '22
- TAGGARD, GENEVIEVE—Neither Jesus Nor Prosperpine,
Voices, Jun.-Jul., '23
- Walking Market Street, *Voices*, Autumn, '22
- Desert Woman Remembers Her Reasons,
Measure, Nov., '22
- Runner, *Voices*, Dec., '22
- TAINTER, LILA MUNRO—Success; Introspection,
Pegasus, Mar., '23
- TALLIS, GREY—Dead Bird; Rain; Red Mountain,
Nomad, Summer, '22

- TANAQUIL, PAUL—Undone; Escape, *Voices*, Spring, '28
 To a Blind Girl, *Lyric*, Nov., '22
 Ancient, *Lyric West*, Dec., '22
- TAYLOR, ELETNA MAY—The Sea's Lullaby, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
 A Rainy Day, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
- TAYLOR, EUGENE C.—The Adventurer, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
- TAYLOR, NELL—Maid of Nagasaki (To Miss Tomagawa), *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
- TEASDALE, SARA—Drifting Sand, *Vanity Fair*, '23
 I shall Live to Be Old, *Rhythmus*, Jan., '23
 A Reply, *Century*, Jan., '23
 Egyptian Kings Were Buried, *Lit. Rev.*, Mar. 3, '23
- TEMPLE, BEATRICE—To a Friend; Looking Toward Summer, *Poet's Scroll*, May, '23
- TENNY, RUTH—Lullaby of the Outcast; Noon in the Temple, *Poetry*, Dec., '22
- THAYER, MARY DIXON—To a Beggar, *Sat Eve Post*, Dec. 9, '22
 Vision, *Sat Eve Post*, Feb. 10, '23
 The Wandering Minstrel, *Sat Eve Post*, Jun. 2, '23
 Divination, *Sat Eve Post*, Jul. 14, '23
 Egypt: Valley of the Kings, *Younger Set*, '22
 Voices, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
 New York; Prelude; Happiness, *Cont. V.*, Feb., '23
 A Prayer, *Cont. V.*, May, '23
- THEW, VIVIENNE—Orange Blossoms, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
- THOM, BENJAMIN—Albert Perkins, *Dbl Dlr*, Aug., '22
 John Doe and the Ghost of Solomon, *Dbl Dlr*, May, '23
- THOMAS, EDITH—The Starward Way, *Ch. Cent.*, Dec. 7, '22
- THOMAS, ELIZABETH H.—A Pink White Apple Tree, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
- THOMAS, MARGARET LORING—Lines, *Crisis*, Sep., '22
- THOMAS, MARTHA BANNING—Wind-Mother, *N. Y. Sun*, Oct., '22
 The Other Garden, *N. Y. Tribune*, Oct., '22
 Old Houses, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '22
 The Other Side, *Holland's*, Nov., '22
 Reward, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
- THOMPSON, BASIL—We Twain, *Wave*, Jun., '23
 The Panurge, *Step Ladder*, Dec., '22
- THOMPSON, RALPH M.—Proposal, *Revr.*, Jul., '23
- THOMPSON, ROY T.—Boy in the Surf, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
- THOMPSON, SUSAN—Prairie Night, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
- TIETJENS, EUNICE—A Woman Speaks, *Circle*, Apr., '23
 Neanderthal, *Poetry*, Jul., '23
- TOOMER, JEAN—November Cotton Flower, *Nomad*, Summer, '23
 Georgia Portraits, *Mod Rev.*, Jan., '23
 Georgia Dusk, *Liberator*, Sep., '22

TOOMER, JEAN (*Continued*)

- Storm Ending, *Dbl Dlr*, Sep., '22
 Harvest Song, *Dbl Dlr*, Dec., '22
- TORREY, W. O.—The Old Freight Way, *N W Ry Mag*, Jul., '23
- TOTHEROH, DAN—Poems of the Tropic Sea: Budding;
 Beachcombing; Cowardice; Satiety, *Wanderer*, Jun., '23
- TOURNEY, RUPERT—After Reading the Poet's Pack,
Step Ladder, Oct., '22
- TOWNE, CHARLES HANSON—The Grass, *Bookman*, Aug., '22
 Spring and the Angels, *Bookman*, Mar., '26
 "Buy My Sweet Lavender," *Scribner's* Dec., '22
 The Inarticulate, *Scribner's*, Jul., '23
- TOWNSEND, ESTIL ALEXANDER—He and I; Smyrna;
 The Stolen Kiss, *Post's Scroll*, Sep., '22
 The Three, *Post's Scroll*, Nov., '22
 Episcopacy, *Post's Scroll*, Jan.-Apr., '23
 Hope, *Poet's Scroll*, Mar., '23
 The Woven Robe, *Poet's Scroll*, Apr., '23
- TRACTMAN, JUDITH—Release, *Liberator*, Aug., '22
 Silhouette; Second Song of Release, *Liberator*, Sep., '22
 Wish, *Cont. V.*, Aug., '22
 Immortality, *Cont. V.*, Mar., '23
 Orchestration, *Lyric West*, Mar., '23
- TRAPNELL, EDNA VALENTINE—Remembrance,
Sat Eve Post, '23
 Ghosts, *Cont. V.*, Oct., '22
 Time's Picture-Book, *Cont. V.*, Mar., '23
- TRAUSIL, HANS—In the Subway (Three A. M.),
Lit. Rev., Apr. 7, '23
- TREE, IRIS—The Fog; Wintry Alley, *Poetry*, Feb., '23
- TRIGG, EMMA GREY—To the Wind from the Sea,
Am Poetry, Apr.-May, '23
- TROMBLY, ALBERT EDMUND—November in Texas,
Lyric West, Nov., '22
 End of the Year, *Lyric West*, Jan., '23
 Fisherman, *Lyric*, Jul., '23
 Napoleon, *Al Wl*, Jul., '23
 Byron, *Voices*, Dec., '22
- TROTH, JOHN T.—O, I Am Stabbed by Beauty; Fear,
Cont. V., Sep., '22
 In Woodlands Cemetery, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '23
 Semper Ridents, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '23
 In the Wake of the Storm, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- TRUE, ALIDA COGSWELL—Life's Eventide, *Granite Mo.*, Nov., '22
- TRUEBLOOD, CRESTES—The World, *Measure*, Sep., '22
- TULL, JEWELL BOTHWELL—Gender; October; God-Like;
 Sum; Gray River; Foolish Bird, *Poetry*, Oct., '22

- TUNSTALL, VIRGINIA LYNE**—Mignonette; Wind Song,
Pegasus, May, '28
 The Derelict, *Persault*, Jan., '28
 Unprotected, *Lyric*, Apr., '28
 To the Discus Thrower, (Seen in a distant room,
 beyond a fashionable assemblage),
Lyric, Jun., '28
 Spinster Songs, *Lyric West*, Sep., '22
 Eliche, *Va Pilot*, Oct. 8, '22
 Autumn Gardens, *Lyric*, Oct., '22
 Miracle, *Nomad*, Autumn, '22
 Return, *Voices*, Dec., '22
 The Good Gift, *Lyric*, Dec., '22
 The Charwoman, *Lyric West*, Apr., '23
 Tenebois Lux, *Cath. World*, Apr., '23
 She Has Forgotten, *Bost Trscript*, Apr. 7, '23
 Crepe Myrtle, *Va-Pilot*, Aug., '22
 Christmas Eve in the Norfolk Market—An Im-
 pression, *Va-Pilot*, Dec. 23, '22
 'The Voice of the Westover Oak, *Va-Pilot*, Apr. 23, '23
 The Old Spinner, *Smt Set*, Aug., '22
 The Recumbent Statue of Lee, *Nomad*, Summer, '23
 Credo, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
 Unanswered, *Rev.*, Jul., '23
- TURBYFILL, MARK**—"He Will Secretly Cherish It,"
Nomad, Summer, '23
 The Physician Before Dawn, *Mod. Rev.*, Jan., '23
 Fire and Snow, *Prairie*, Jan.-Feb., '23
 Poems: Coryphee; Mask, *Mil Arts*, Oct., '22
 Apples, *Mil Arts*, Dec., '22
 On a Dune, *Caprice*, Oct., '22
- TURNBULL, BELLE**—A Woman's Diary, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
 Moment of Withdrawal, (Unspoken),
Caprice, Nov.-Dec., '22
 Prairie Wife, *Tempo*, Winter, '22-3
- TURNER, ALVA N.**—Coming of June, *Poetry*, May, '23
- TURNER, ETHEL**—Come, Little Wildings!
Am Poetry, Apr.-May, '23
 Evanescence, *Wanderer*, Jun., '23
 Simpleton, *Tempo*, Winter, '22-23
 Boats in the Mist, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
- TYLER-COPE, HELEN**—In September, *Country Bard*, Autumn, '22
- TYNAN, KATHARINE**—The Pine-Wood, *Dbl Dir*, May, '23
- UNDERWOOD, JOHN CURTIS**—The Critic; The Last Di-
 vide, *Lyric West*, Jan., '23
 Interval, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23

- UNDERWOOD, PIERSON—Brown as Any Thrush Is,
Bookman, Apr., '23
 UNDERWOOD, WILBUR—To Death (Baudelaire); Pierrot
 (Verlaine), *Wave*, Dec., '22
 Woman and Cat (Verlaine), *Wave*, No. 4, '22
 UNTERMAYER, JEAN STARR—Rescue; Mater in Ex-
 tremis, *Measure*, Aug., '22
 Spring Night at Lachaise's, *Liberator*, Dec., '22
 UNTERMAYER, LOUIS—You Said, *Lit. Rev.*, Jan. 27, '23
 Playground, *New Rep.*, Jan. 10, '23
 Flushed Tanagras (for H. D.); Inhibited,
Measure, Jan., '23
 Ghetto Prostitute, *Prairie*, Jan.-Feb., '23
 The Rescuing Wave, *Bookman*, Feb., '23
 Child and Her Statue, *Rhythmus*, Feb., '23
 Tangential (for E. A. R.), *Fgte*, Feb.-Mar., '23
 The Struggle, *Harper's*, May, '23
 Five Trees, *New Rep.*, Sep. 20, '22
 A Fabulous Critic, *New Rep.*, Oct. 11, '22
 Country School-Room, Adirondack Mountains,
Century, Nov., '22
 Steel-Mill, *Mil Arts*, Dec., '22
 Dialogue in a Grave, *Liberator*, Dec., '22
 UPPER, JOSEPH—Darkness; Dreams Reward Me,
Poet's Scroll, May, '23
 Street Lamps, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
 USCHOLD, MAUD, ELFRID—Morning Song,
Nomad, Summer, '23

 VALE, MONA—Elements, *Lariat*, Apr., '23
 VAN DUSEN, WASHINGTON—A Garden by the Sea;
 The Flowers of Happy Valley, *U. Amatr*, Nov., '22
 First Battle of the Marne, *U. Amatr*, Mar., '23
 Beauty at Home, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
 VAN DYKE, KATHRYN DONALDSON—The Unrequited
 Lover, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
 VAUGHAN, MALCOLM—Deep Desire Is Memory; Coast
 of Georgia, *Measure*, Sep., '22
 When All the World Considers You Are Old,
Measure, Oct., '22
 VEDDER, MIRIAM—She Will Take Thee, *Measure*, Jan., '23
 VENN, THEODORE J.—To the Old Sequoias,
Sioux City Jour., '23
 Wasted Days; Spring's on the Way; That Rural
 Solitude, *Chi Post*, '23
 Land of Long Ago, *Chi Tribune*, '22
 Contentment, *Chi Post*, '22

VENN, THEODORE J. (*Continued*)

- Camping in the Adirondacks, *Chi Post*, '22
 Those Fleeting Days, *Chi Post*, '22
 Our Rural Rhapsodies, *Sioux City Jour.*, '22
 When We Are Old, *Chi Post*, '23
 Those Passing Years, *Sioux City Jour.*, '23
 Night in the Woods, *Sioux City Jour.*, '23
 Some Sweets of Life, *Chi Post*, '23
 Awaiting the Reaper, *Chi Post*, '23
 VERDER, DANIEL H.—Books and Life, *N Y Sun*, Aug. 9, '22
 VERLAINE, PAUL—Chanson d'Automne (trans. by William A. Drake), *Nomad*, Spring, '23
 VILLIERS, GEORGE—Prayer; Values; Blessed Are the Moments, *Atlantic*, Apr., '23
 VINAL, HAROLD—Fishermen, *Fgte*, Jun.-Jul., '23
 Earth Sorrow, *S4N*, Dec., '22
 Sea Pool, *New Rep.*, Jun. 13, '23
 Sea Madness, *Pic. Rev.*, Mar., '23
 Sea Folk, *Casem'ts*, Jan., '23
 Colored Stones; Flight at Night; Tossed Stones; Bitter Thing; Hester Speaks; Seeking Silence, *Palms*, Spring, '23
 You Came to Me, *Liberator*, Sep., '22
 Distances, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
 Walls; Lads; Interim, *Em. Quar.*, Dec., '22
 Elf Child; Sigura Muta; Appassionata, *Fgte*, Apr.-May, '23
 Evening Song; Envy, *Lyric*, Feb., '23
 Futility; Storm, *Caprice*, Nov.-Dec., '22
 Sonnet; Beauty Will Burn, *Nomad*, Summer, '22
 Leaf Fall, *Nomad*, Autumn, '22
 Sea Lovers, *Nomad*, Winter, '22
 Italian, *Nomad*, Spring, '23
 Last Death, *Granite Mo.*, Aug., '22
 Ships, *Granite Mo.*, Jun., '23
 Nymph, *Waves*, Jun., '23
 Sonnet, *Al Wl*, Jul., '23
 Friday Nights, *Outlook*, Sep. 6, '22
 Plum Trees, *Outlook*, Dec. 6, '22
 Immigrant, *Outlook*, May 9, '23
 Sea Weeping; No More Shall Passionate Words, *Cont. V.*, Sep., '22
 Of Mariners; Termination; Hurrying Ghost, *Cont. V.*, Jun., '23
 Change; Chestnut Street, Boston; Wind, *Voices*, Jun.-Jul., '23
 Mercy; Sea Born, *Voices*, Dec., '22

- VINCENT, CLARENCE A.—Life's Summons,
Congrega'list, May 17, '23
- VON FREYTAG-LORINGHOVEN, ELSE BARONESS—Chill;
Loss, *Liberator*, Oct., '22
Affectionate, *Little Rev.*, Winter, '22
- VON NARDROFF, BETTY—June Shore,
S4N, Dec., '22
Autumn, *Guild Pnr*, May, '23
- VORIS, VIRGINIA—Dawn,
Lin Lore, Dec., '22
- VON WIEGAND, CHARMION—The Street of the Prost-
tutes, At Marseilles, *Guild Pnr.*, May, '23
- VOSS, ELIZABETH—My Wish, *Cath World*, Sep., '22
In the Waterfall, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
A Song of Life, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
- W., E. H.—To the Match-Lighter, *Casem'ts*, Mar., '23
- W., W. J.—A Greater Love; Twaddle,
Poet's Scroll, Jul.-Aug., '22
- WADE, HARMAN—Song for a Contralto, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
- WAGNER, CHARLES A.—My Soul, *Nomad*, Summer, '22
- WAINWRIGHT, VIRGINIA—August Memories,
Am Poetry, Aug., '22
- WALDRON, WINIFRED—Arpeggio—Spring, *Poetry*, Mar., '23
- WALLACE, GRACE—Bourrico, *Lyric West*, Sep., '22
- WALLIS, JESSIE EULA—The Night Prowlers,
Country Bard, Summer, '23
- WALLOP, GERARD—Morning Song; The Singing Boy;
Acceptance, *Poetry*, May, '23
- WALSH, ERNEST—Life, *Pegasus*, Jan., '23
- WALTON, EDA LOU—Alabama, *Palms*, Summer, '23
Prayer Against Witchcraft; Moon Child,
Lyric West, Sep., '22
- Whence?; Three Years; I Go Walking Out Into
the Desert, *Cont. V.*, Nov., '22
- WARD, MARY ARMANTINE—The Carpenter; Awakening,
Cont. V., Feb., '23
- WARNER, EVA E.—Mother of Jesus, *Ch. Cent.*, May 3, '23
- WARREN, ROBERT PENN—Vision, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
Crusade, *Fgte*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- WASHINGTON, H. WYATT—It's Shiftin' Time; Geese;
Somebody's Yard, *Cont. V.*, Apr., '23
- WATKINS, ELEANOR PRESTON—North Wind,
Lyric West, Jul.-Aug., '22
- WATSON, EVELYN M.—Me Swateheart's Shoes,
Peo. Popular, Mar., '23
Winter Moonrise, *Scribner's*, Jan., '23
The Canyon Cascade, *Lyric West*, Oct., '22

- WAUCHOPE, GEORGE ARMSTRONG**—Sunset Over Pisgah,
South'n Lit., Jul. '23
WAXMAN, PERCY—Memory, *Bookman*, May, '23
WEAVER, JOHN V. A.—She Dwelt Among the Untrod-
den Ways, *Bookman*, May, '23
Fantasy, *Bookman*, Jul., '23
Picture Ahead; Dilemma, *Poetry*, Nov., '22
WEBB, CHARLES NICHOLS—Real Romance,
Am Poetry, Apr.-May., '23
WEBB, MARGARET ELY—Trails, *Lyric West*, Apr., '23
WEBSTER, LOUISE—The Reckoning; Still, Starry Nights,
Cont. V., Sep., '22
Lament, *Nomad*, Spring, '23
Return, *Nomad*, Winter, '22
A Woman, *Unity*, Oct. 12, '22
WEBSTER, MARTHA—A Wash-Piece, *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
WEBSTER, WILLIAM—A Murmur, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
WEDDELL, ALEXANDER—Revelation, *Rev.*, Jan., '23
WEINBERG, KATHERINE GERTRUDE (Age 6 years)—
Autumn, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
WELLES, WINIFRED—Harlequin Crucified, *Lit. Rev.*, Oct. 8, '22
Hunting Dogs; White Death; Open Grave;
Strange Laughter, *Measure*, Dec., '22
Cloth-of-Gold, *New Rep.*, Mar. 7, '23
Moors, *New Rep.*, May 23, '23
Consecration, *Bookman*, Aug., '22
Winter Apples, *New Rep.*, Nov. 15, '22
The Black Nun, *Voices*, Dec., '22
WELLS, CAROLYN—The Beloved Face (Lincoln Memo-
rial at Washington, D. C.), *Harper's*, Feb., '23
WELLMAN, ESTHER TURNER—Nocturne, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
A Spanish Home, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
WELSH, CECILIA M.—The Miracle, *Lyric*, Sep., '22
WENDELL, ROLAND M.—Karl Vondell, Color Sergeant,
So. Meth. Univ., '23
WERFEL, FRANZ—The Good Man (Ludwig Lewisohn,
trans.), *Nation*, Mar. 14, '23
An Old Woman Passes, (trans. by Babette
Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky), *Poetry*, Dec., '22
WERNER, MARGUERITE EDWARDS—Before Words Come,
Poetry, Mar., '23
WESCOTT, GLENWAY—Magnolias and the Intangible
Horse, *Dial*, Jun., '23
WESTON, EDWARD—Ballade, *SAN*, Dec., '22
WETTERAU, ANNA M.—Worship, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
WEYSE, MARY A.—"Dying Summer"; Incense;
Figs from Calif., '22

- WHEELER, ERMINIE B.—One Milestone; To Sophie
Arnould; *Figs from Calif.*, '22
- WHELOCK, JOHN HALL—The Fish-Hawk, *Scribner's*, Aug., '22
The Lion House, *Lit. Rev.*, Aug. 12, '22
Haunted Earth, *Yale Rev.*, Oct., '22
- WHITAKER, ROBERT—The Soul's Summer,
Lyric West, Jul.-Aug., '22
- WHITCOMB, GEORGE FAUNCE—Aftermath, *Voices*, Dec., '22
- WHITE, C. J.—Via Dolorosa, *Am Poetry*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- WHITE, FLORENCE—Revelation, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
The Night Flyer, *Am Poetry*, Feb.-Mar., '23
- WHITE, FLORENCE C.—Life, *Nomad*, Winter, '22
- WHITE, GRACE HOFFMAN—A Japanese Print,
Minaret, May-Jun., '23
- WHITE, HINTON—The Conqueror, *Bost Trscrpt*, Dec. 23, '22
- WHITE, OWEN P.—Repartée; Realism, *Step Ladder*, Dec., '22
- WHITE, VENITA SEIBERT—Mothers, *McClure's*, Feb., '23
- WHITE, VIOLA C.—Provincial, *Nation*, Nov. 1, '22
- WHITESIDE, MARY BRENT—Dust, *Sur Grphc*, Feb., '23
Paper Flowers, *F'man*, Jun. 18, '23
Old Trees; Who Has Known Heights; The Chil-
dren, *Southn Lit.*, Jul., '23
Dedication; The Casement, *Cont. V.*, Nov., '22
Portrait of a Lady; Unbelief, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '23
Hunger, *Al Wl*, Aug.-Sep., '22
Houses, *Lyric West*, Nov., '22
Eve, *Sur. Grphc*, Dec. 1, '22
Who Has Known Heights, *Harper's*, Dec., '22
- WHITSETT, GEORGE F.—Beauty, *Al Wl*, Aug.-Sep., '22
Daylight at the Country Club, *Al Wl*, Oct.-Nov., '22
- WICKHAM, ANNA—Song of Ophelia the Survivor; The
Wooring, *Measure*, Aug., '22
- WIDDEMER, MARGARET—The Prisoners, *Congre'list*, May 17, '23
A Ballad of the Mid-Victorian Novelist,
Lit. Rev., Jan. 18, '23
Words, *Outlook*, Feb. 7, '22
Romantique, *Poetry*, Apr., '23
Hill Sunset, *Lyric West*, Apr., '23
Irony, *Harper's*, May, '23
The Daughter, *Cont. V.*, May, '23
A Ballad of Queen Elizabeth, *Voices*, Jun.-Jul., '23
Currant Bushes, *Harper's*, Aug., '22
Revisitants, *Dbl Dir*, Sep., '22
Holly Carol, *Lyric*, Dec., '22
The Hoboken Grackle and the Hobo: An Ex-
planation (A la Vachel Lindsay); At Autumn;
(A la Sara Teasdale); Admiration (A la

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Aline Kilmer); Oh, Bird!!! (A la Angela Morgan); The Bird Misunderstood (A la Robert Frost); Bird on Tree: Impression (A la Emanuel Morgan); Inevitability (A la Jessie Rittenhouse); Oiseaure (A la Amy Lowell); Imri Swazey (A la Edgar Lee Masters); Rambuncto (A la Edwin Arlington Robinson),

Bookman, Sep., '22

Song from a Masque: The Three Elementals Sing; Song from a Masque: John of the Wanderings,

Cont. V., Dec., '22

WILDMAN, MARIAN E.—Youth Sings; October; Rain; Haven; Hope; Acceptance; Partenza,

Univ of Cal Chron., Apr., '23

WILEY, MILDRED—The Supper Bell, *Country Bard*, Autumn, '22

WILKINSON, ELIZABET HAYS—The Far Traveller,

Am Poetry, Jun.-Jul., '23

WILKINSON, MARGUERITE—The Empty Throne,

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Guilty,

Ch. Cent., Jun. 28, '23

WILLARD, EDNA CONSTANCE—Resonance,

Pegasus, Mar., '23

WILLIAMS, ELEANOR—LOVE,

Guild Pnr., Jun., '23

WILLIAMS, HAZEL WYETH—Now the Day Is Over; A

Picture,

Country Bard, Winter, '22-23

A Jersey Piper; After School, *Country Bard*, Spring, '23

The Friendly Dark, *Country Bard*, Summer, '23

Salutes in Season, *Country Bard*, Autumn, '22

WILLIAMS, MARY—The Passing of Joaquin Miller,

Am Poetry, Feb.-Mar., '23

WILLIAMS, OSCAR—The Rose That Tripped a Wind,

Step Ladder, Oct., '22

A Call,

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The End,

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WILLIAMS, REED—Lines on a Piece of White Paper,

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WILLIAMS, WAYLAND—Rapid Transit,

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Once on a Grey Beach; Two Men, *Fgte*, Jun.-Jul., '23

WILLIAMS, WILLIAM CARLOS—When Fresh, It Was

Sweet,

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- WILLS, JESSE—Consider the Heavens, *Fgte*, Feb.-Mar., '28
 To Jones: of Brown, Schwartz and Jones, Real-
 tors, *Fgte*, Apr.-May, '28
- WILLS, RIDLEY—The Experimentor, *Fgte*, Feb.-Mar., '28
 Calvary; I Gloat, *Fgte*, Dec., '22
- WILLSON, DIXIE—One Star, *McClure's*, Feb., '28
- WILSON, ALBERT FREDERICK—Vespers; Black Loam;
 Concentrics, *Century*, Sep., '22
- WILSON, CHARLOTTE JOY—Sleep, *Lyric West*, Apr., '28
- WILSON, JR., EDMUND—Stucco and Stone, (To J. P.
 B.), *Dbl Dir*, Sep., '22
 The Olympians, *Scribner's*, Jan., '28
- WILSON-HOWELL, JENNIE—Testimony,
Bost Trscript, Mar. 17, '28
- WILSON, JOHN FRENCH—At Grandfather's, Victory,
Cont. V., Oct., '22
- WILSON, KATHRYNE—The Basket Woman, *Sunset*, Jul., '28
 On a Famous Poem; Beauty, *Am Poetry*, Dec., '22
- WILSON, MARGARET ADELAIDE—The Quail's Grace,
Lyric West, Oct., '22
- WILSON, MARIE—Alone, *Granite Mo.*, Nov., '22
- WILSON, R. H.—Autumn; Aphorisms, *Poet's Scroll*, Sep., '22
- WINSHIP, CHARLES—Your Voice, *Lyric*, Nov., '22
 "Oh, Do Not Let Your Singing Joys Ascend,"
Lyric, Sep., '22
 The Waiting Dusk, *Lyric*, Jul., '28
- WINSLOW, ANNE GOODWIN—Santa Maria degli Angeli
 (adapted from the Italian of Carducci),
Lit. Rev., Dec. 30, '22
- Intrusion, *F'man*, Jul. 25, '28
- Two Songs of Returning; To His Teacher,
F'man, Mar. 7, '28
- The Unregretting; Sonnet; The Outdoor The-
 atre, *F'man*, Mar. 14, '28
- The Lesson, *F'man*, Mar. 28, '28
- Choral, *Yale Rev.*, Apr., '28
- The Thief, *Lyric*, Aug., '22
- The Steed, *F'man*, Aug. 16, '22
- Classic Dancing, *F'man*, Aug. 30, '22
- WINTERS, YVOR—Hill Burial; The Mule Corral; The
 Stone Mountain; Fragrant Bones, *Mil Arts*, Oct., '22
- Apocalyptic Harvest, *Broom*, Nov., '22
- The Precints of February, *Dial*, Jul., '28
- Chicago Spring, *Poetry*, '22
- The Schoolmaster at Spring; The Dry Year; The
 Schoolmaster and the Queres of the Mines;
 Static Autumn; The Schoolmaster Writes to a
 Poet, *Poetry*, May, '28

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- "The Fragile Season"; Lament, Beside an Acc-
 quia, for the Wife of Awa-Tsirsch; The Silent
 Days; Old Spring; The Little Deity Alone in
 the Desert; Late Winter, *Poetry*, Sep., '22
- WINTON, G. B.—The Thrush, *Ch. Cent.*, Jun. 28, '23
- WINTROVE, NORINE—At the Theatre; One, *Cont. V.*, Dec., '22
- WOLFE, WALTER B.—Prometheus, *Granite Mo.*, Nov., '22
- WOOD, CLEMENT—I Walked an Hour, *Am Poetry*, Apr.-May, '23
- The Gold Hour; At Dawn, *Nomad*, Spring, '23
- Weirdwoman, *Cont. V.*, Jan., '23
- Two Sonnets, *Yale Rev.*, Jan., '23
- Oh Jubilee! *Nation*, Jan 24, '23
- Brotherhood, A Thought for the New Year,
Sur Grphc, Jan., '23
- A Prayer in Time of Blindness, *Sur Grphc*, Feb., '23
- The Sound of the Gong, *N. Y. Call*, Feb. 25, '23
- The Golden Kiss, *Cont. V.*, Jul., '23
- Time, *Sur Grphc*, Oct., '22
- The Singing Shadows, *Scribner's*, Nov., '22
- WOOD, LORA PERSON—The Thief, *Vermonters*, Oct., '22
- Song of the Poplar-Tree, *Vermonters*, May, '23
- Song of the Poplar-Tree, *Vermonters*, '23
- WOOD, NARCISSE—Tapestry, *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '23
- Antinous (A Statue at Delphi), *Lyric West*, Sep., '22
- WOODBERRY, LAURA G.—The Lighthouse; North Shore
 Sounds, *Am Poetry*, Aug., '22
- The Wind Is in Their Feet, *Voices*, Autumn, '22
- WOODBURY, BENJAMIN COLLINS—Shelley's Heart,
Bost Trscript, Aug. 5, '22
- WOODS, WILLIAM HERVEY—The Poet's Holiday,
Scribner's, May, '23
- Serenity, *Scribner's*, Sep., '22
- WOODWARD, LOUIS BURTON—Why I Teach, *Em. Quar.*, Feb., '23
- WOOLSEY, GAMEL—Hugh Early, *Caprice*, May, '23
- WORTH, KATHARINE—Unfillment, *Am Poetry*, Oct., '22
- WORTHINGTON, GEORGE—Sonnet to a Young Co-Wor-
 shiper at the Shrine of Uncle Remus, *Rev.*, Apr., '23
- WRIGHT, DONALD—Garden Piece, *Bookman*, Sep., '22
- WRYNN, ANTHONY—Admonition in Autumn, *Dial*, Mar., '23
- Prelude; Heat; Orpheus; Seaward, *Measure*, Nov., '22
- To My Mother, *Rhythmus*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- To My Mother, *Rhythmus*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- WYCKOFF, DOROTHY—Of Glow-Worms, *Nation*, Feb. 28, '23
- WYLIE, ELINOR—Minotaur, *New Rep.*, Jun. 13, '23
- Twelfth Night; All Souls, *Yale Rev.*, Jan., '23
- The Puritan's Ballad, *Dbl Dir*, Jan., '23
- The Puritan's Ballad, *Rhythmus*, Jan., '23

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| Lucifer Sings in Secret, | <i>Lit. Rev.</i> , Mar. 17, '28 |
| Benvenuto's Valentine, | <i>Yale Rev.</i> , Apr., '28 |
| Drake's Drum, | <i>Bookman</i> , Apr., '28 |
| Romance, | <i>Century</i> , May, '28 |
| The Persian Kitten, | <i>Poetry</i> , Jun., '28 |
| Quarrel, | <i>Century</i> , Dec., '22 |
| Phases of the Moon, | <i>Yr. Bk. of P. S. of S. C.</i> , '22 |

- X., X. Z.—Gift Weighing, *Poet's Scroll*, Jul.-Aug., '22
 A Sad Farewell; Song for Sighing, *Poet's Scroll*, Dec., '22

YARNELL, ESTHER—"I Have Climbed the Dark Hills,"

Lyric West, Jul.-Aug., '22

Black Night; A Wraith, *Lyric*, Aug., '22

YAWOR, NAHUM—Ahhhh!; Vacant, *Caprice*, Oct., '22

YEATMAN, MARION—Autumn; Foreboding; Reality;
 Longing, *Figs from Calif.*, '22

YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER—Ancestral Houses; My
 House; My Table; My Descendants; The Road
 at My Door; The Jay's Nest by My Win-
 dow; I See Phantoms of Hatred and of the
 Hearts' Fullness and of the Coming Empti-
 ness, *Dial*, Jan., '28

YEED, DICK—A Sucker, *Country Bard*, Winter, '22-'23

YOTHERS, MERRILL ARTHUR—To the Columbia, *Lariat*, May, '28

YOUNG, BARBARA—My Windows, *N Y Times*, Sep. 13, '22
 The Harp, *N Y Times*, Sep. 22, '22
 In Through My Window, *N Y Times*, Nov. 5, '22
 Revolt (Ms.), *N Y Times*, Oct. 8, '22
 The Doors, *N Y Times*, Nov. 26, '22
 Extra Muros, *N Y Times*, Dec. 8, '22
 The Cross of Every Day, *N Y Times*, Dec. 10, '22
 Viae Novae, *N Y Times*, Jan. 8, '23
 The Torch, *N Y Times*, Jan. 14, '23
 Escape, *N Y Times*, Feb. 4, '23
 Escape, *N Y Times*, Feb. 4, '23
 "Long Live the King!" *N Y Times*, Feb. 18, '23
 Capture, *N Y Times*, Mar. 4, '23
 Voices, *N Y Times*, Mar. 4, '23
 A Certain Woman, *Kansas City Star*, Mar. 14, '28
 What Things Shall I Remember? *N Y Times*, Mar. 25, '23
 Lady April, *N Y Times*, Apr. 4, '23
 April Dawn, *N Y Times*, Apr. 15, '23
 Sanctuary, *N Y Times*, May 20, '23
 Dream Child, *N Y Times*, May 26, '23

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I Am Ready,	<i>N Y Times</i> , Jun. 10, '23
Small Words,	<i>N Y Times</i> , Jun. 17, '23
My City,	<i>N Y Times</i> , Jul. 2, '23
I Met a Shining Woman,	<i>N Y Times</i> , Jul. 8, '23
Sea Cure,	<i>N Y Times</i> , Jul. 21, '23
Town Waif,	<i>N Y Times</i> , Jul. 29, '23
A Certain Woman,	<i>Kan City Times</i> , Mar. 14, '23
"What Things Shall I Remember,"	<i>N. Y. Times</i> , Mar. 25, '23
Lady April,	<i>N. Y. Times</i> , Apr. 4, '23
April Dawn,	<i>N. Y. Times</i> , Apr. 15, '23
Via Victoria,	<i>N. Y. Times</i> , Apr. 30, '23

YOUNG, JESSIE M.—Lead Me,	<i>Country Bard</i> , Summer, '23
YOUNG, STARK—To a Rose at a Window of Heaven,	<i>Scribner's</i> , Sep., '22

ZAGAT, HELEN—To a Talented Child of the East Side, (On her first visit to the country),	<i>Sur Grphe</i> , Feb., '23
ZATURENSKY, MARYA—Portrait of a Russian Novelist:	
Gogol,	<i>Bookman</i> , Feb., '23
Song,	<i>Liberator</i> , Sep., '22
ZUHEIR, ABU—Group of Poems,	<i>Step Ladder</i> , Feb., '23
ZUKOFSKY, LOUIS—This Earth; Glamour,	<i>Rhythmus</i> , Mar., '23
ZULEN, PEDRO S.—Love Beyond,	<i>Am Poetry</i> , Aug., '22
ZUMWALT, IMRI—The Nazarene,	<i>Ch. Cent.</i> , Feb. 15, '23

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- ANON.—Howard Weeden—Poet and Painter; Theodore O'Hara, Author of "Bivouac of the Dead," *South'n Lit.*, Jul., '23
- Szukalski—Artist and Poet, *Circle*, Apr., '23
- Abu Zuheir (new Arabian poet), *Step Ladder*, Feb., '23
- Contemporary American Poets (The Bookman's Literary Club Service—The Imagists), *Bookman*, Jul., '23
- Contemporary American Poets (The Bookman's Literary Club Service—Lyric Poets), *Bookman*, Jun., '23
- Contemporary American Poetry (The Bookman's Literary Club Service—Lyric Poets, First Half: Women), *Bookman*, May, '23
- Robert Frost (The Literary Spotlight), *Bookman*, May, '23
- In the Realm of Poetry; So-Called Newspaper Poetry, *Lariat*, Apr., '23
- Poets and Poetry, *Lariat*, Jul., '23
- Wordsworth and His Annette; Poets and Poetry, *Lariat*, Jun., '23
- American Poetry 1922—A Miscellany, *Lariat*, Feb., '23
- Dedicating the Poet's Corner (Edwin Markham) Poets and Poetry, *Lariat*, May, '23
- Contemporary American Poetry (The Bookman's Literary Club Service—Middle Western Group), *Bookman*, Apr., '23
- Contemporary American Poetry (The Bookman's Literary Club Service—The New England Group), *Bookman*, Mar., '23
- Edwin Arlington Robinson (The Literary Spotlight), *Bookman*, Jan., '23
- Edna St. Vincent Millay (The Literary Spotlight), *Bookman*, Nov., '23

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- The Poetry of Dorothy Wordsworth, *Dbl Dir*, Jan., '23
 Edgar Lee Masters (The Literary Spotlight),
Bookman, Aug., '22
 The Paradox of Poetry, *Outlook*, Apr. 4, '23
 Can a Poet Make a Living? *Outlook*, Dec. 20, '22
 Parnassus (The Works of Li Po),
Guild Pnr, Jul.-Aug., '23
 Youth Clutching at the Mane of Pegasus.
 (Books by R. Holden, S. A. Coblenz, C. Wagner, E. C. Hill, M. A. B. Evans and Oxford Poetry). *Times Bk. R.*, Jan. 7, '23
 Longfellow Junior, *Lit. Rev.*, Mar. 8, '23
 Poems and Stories of Old China. (The Works of Li Po), *Times Bk. R.*, Jan. 7, '23
 Poet of the Pre-Babbitt Era (M. Dickey's The Maturity of James Whitcomb Riley),
Times Bk. R., Dec. 24, '22
 From Solomon to Harlequin in Recent Verse.
 (J. Oppenheim, B. Kenyon, C. Wood, P. Waxman, S. Sitwell). *Times Bk. R.*, Mar. 4, '23
 Vachel Lindsay Afoot and Light-Hearted,
 From Our Hobo Poets, *Times Bk. R.*, Feb. 25, '23
 Dr. McGuffey, the Man Behind the Readers (on William Holmes McGuffey). *Times Bk. R.*, Apr. 29, '23
 Dante, Man and Poet. *Times Bk. R.*, Apr. 29, '23
 Centenary of Home, Sweet Home.
Times Bk. R., Apr. 8, '23
 Drinkwater's Changing Moods, *Times Bk. R.*, Dec. 3, '22
 "Bards of Passion and of Mirth" (G. K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, Peter Quennell, Louis Untermeyer). *Times Bk. R.*, Mar. 25, '23
 Progress of the Philosophical Art of E. A. Robinson, *Times Bk. R.*, Mar. 25, '23
 Buskin and Sable, Prose and Verse, in new plays (Masefield's "Mellony Holtspur," Bin-yon's "Arthur," de Acosta's "Sandro Botticelli," L. Housman's "Dethronements."),
 Matthew Arnold: December 24, 1822—December 24, 1922, *Nation*, Dec. 27, '22
 Shopgirls, Fauns and Ghosts (J. V. A. Weaver, W. H. Davies, E. M. Roberts, Eight More Harvard Poets, Vi Starrett), *Times Bk. R.*, Jan. 28, '23
 Post-War Dances of Death (The Undertaker's Garland). *Times Bk. R.*, Jan. 28, '23
 Literary Chaps at the Sign of the Prince's Head
 (Richard Middleton: The Man and His Work),

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- New Poems by Masfield and Beloc.
Times Bk. R., Jul. 22, '23
- Verses "Scribbled in Sketch Books and Fly Books" (Andrew Lang's "Poetical Works"),
Times Bk. R., Jul. 8, '23
- Some Rhymesters "Piping Strains the World at Last Shall Heed." (E. Wylie, Muna Lee, G. Sterling, H. R. Greer). *Times Bk. R.*, Jun. 10, '23
- AIKEN, CONRAD—An Anatomy of Melancholy (T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land"), *New Rep.*, Feb. 7, '23
- Sludgery. (Graves' "On English Poetry"),
- ALDEN, STANLEY—Gentle Bostonians ("Memories of a Hostess," "Glimpses of Authors"), *Nation*, Nov. 29, '22
- ALDINGTON, RICHARD—Modern British Poetry,
 Dr. Donne and Gargantua (Sacheverell Sitwell),
- ALLEN, GLEN—Pity the Poor Newspaper Poets!
- ALLING, KENNETH SLADE—Declaration (Note on Emily Dickinson), *Measure*, Dec., '22
- The English Sonnet (Crosland), *Measure*, Jan., '23
- Mr. Braithwaite's Decennary (As Published by the Boston Transcript). *Measure*, Jan., '23
- A Jewel Hard Enough (E. Wylie's "Black Armour"), *Measure*, Jul., '23
- ANDELSON, PEARL—Mr. Squire (Poems: Second Series),
 Cross Purposes (R. Snow's "Igdrasil") *Poetry*, Oct., '22
- One Poet Speaks for Himself (Y. Winters' "The Magpie's Shadow"), *Poetry*, Sep., '22
- Miss Crapsey Reprinted, *Poetry*, Mar., '23
- ANDERSON, MAXWELL—Word-Craft (C. Aiken's "Priapus and the Pool"), *Measure*, Aug., '22
- ANTHONY, KATHARINE—The Pathology of Poe.
- ARMSTRONG, MARTIN—On Swinburne (L'Oeuvre De Swinburne, by Paul De Reul), *Lit. Rev.*, Aug. 12, '22
- ARVIN, NEWTON—A Human Humanist (Quiller-Couch's "Studies in Literature, Second Series"),
F'man, Jan. 31, '23
- Ex Libris (W. S. Blunt's "Poems," George Santayana's "Poems"), *F'man*, Mar. 28, '23
- AUSLANDER, JOSEPH—Mr. Hillyer's New Volume (The Hills Give Promise), *Voices*, Summer, '23
- That Side the Moon ("Visions and peace in poetry"), *Measure*, Sep., '22
- What Then? And Then What? (Anniversary Number of the magazine), *Measure*, Sep., '22
- German Poets, *Measure*, Jun., '23

- B., S.—*The Lions: A Jungle Poem* by Edwin Curran,
 BACON, LEONARD—*Uneven Lyrics*, *Lit. Rev.*, Sep. 9, '22
 From the Old English (Old English Poetry),
 BARRINGTON, PAULINE—*Hymen* (H. D.),
Lyric West, Jul.-Aug., '22
 Poems (Marianne Moore), *Lyric West*, Sep., '22
 The Waste Land (T. S. Eliot), *Lyric West*, Feb., '23
 EZRA Pound ("Poems 1918-21"), *Lyric West*, Apr., '23
 The Great Dream (J. Masefield), *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
 BARTLETT, ALICE HUNT—*Internationalism of American
 Poetry; Poetry at the United States Capitol;
 A New Apostle of Poetry; Poems to Call
 Attention to Novels; When the Poet-Reviewer
 Reviews the Poetry Reviewer's Book; Poetry
 Editor Plus Literary Editor*,
London Poetry Rev. (Am. Sect.), May, '23
 BARTLETT, RUTH FITCH—*Laurels for Edwin Arlington
 Robinson*, *Guide*, Oct., '22
 BATES, KATHARINE LEE—*The Four Frets of Author-
 ship* (including poets), *Bost Transcript*, Jan. 13, '23
 On English Poetry, *Voices*, Autumn, '22
 BAUM, PAUL FRANKLIN—*Coventry Patmore's Liter-
 BEACH, JOSEPH WARREN—All About Hardy* (S. C.
 Chew's "Thomas Hardy, Poet and Novelist"),
 ary Criticism, *Univ of Calif. Chron.*, Apr., '23
 Scholarship and Poetry (J. Erskine's "The
 Kinds of Poetry"), *New Rep.*, Oct. 25, '22
 BEALS, CARLETON—*Gombo* (deals with the spirit of
 Shelley who was drowned opposite the "gates
 of Gombo"), *Outlook*, Aug. 30, '22
 BÉNET, LAURA—*Dramatic Legends* (P. Colum's poems),
Dbl Dlr, May, '23
 BÉNET, WILLIAM ROSE—*The Voices of Vinal* ("White
 April"), *S4N*, Issue 21
 The Poems of the Month, *Bookman*, Nov.-Dec., '22
 A. E. Housman's "Last Poems," *Bookman*, Mar., '23
 Wood, Oppenheim, and Others, *Bookman*, Jul., '23
 The Passing West (Knibbs' "Saddle Songs and
 Other Verse," Sarett's "The Box of God"),
Lit. Rev., Jan. 6, '23
 Bottomley's New Plays, *Lit. Rev.*, Feb. 3, '23
 Swinburne's Autumn, *Lit. Rev.*, Feb. 17, '23
 Some Recent Poetry (Eight More Harvard
 Poets, V. Starrett's "Ebony Flame," L. L.
 Everett's "Fauns at Prayer"), *Lit. Rev.*, Mar. 10, '23
 BENHAM, ALLEN R.—*Shelley's Prometheus Unbound*,
 an Interpretation, *Pers'ist*, Apr., '23

- BENHAM, EVELYN**—Rarer Songs of the Gods (art of the Jongleurs), *F^man*, Jun. 6, '28
- BENSON, ADOLPH B.**—Catherine Potter Stith and Her Meeting with Lord Byron (Unpublished Letters of Byron, Trelawny, etc.), *S At Qr.*, Jan., '28
- BERDAN, JOHN**—Seventeenth Century Lyrics. *Lit. Rev.*, Nov. 18, '22
- BODENHEIM, MAXWELL**—Tintypes from the Eastern Galleries (E. St. V. Millay, A. Kreymborg, W. R. Benét, M. Moore, L. Speyer, L. Ridge), *Chi Lit Times*, Jul. 15, '28
- Djuna Barnes and W. Carlos Williams, *Chi Lit Times*, Jul. 1, '23
- The Modern Scene (treats poets in an analysis of contemporary literature) *Nation*, Apr. 11, '23
- Concerning "Free Verse," *Nation*, Sep. 6, '22
- BOONE, STANLEY**—Friends of American Freedom (Ezra Pounds, Ralph Chaplin), *Liberator*, Aug., '22
- BOYNTON, PERCY H.**—Pessimism and Criticism (treats of some earlier American poets), *Lit. Rev.*, Feb. 10, '23
- BRAITHWAITE, WILLIAM STANLEY**—The Ascent of an American Poet (John Hall Wheelock), *Bost Trscrpt*, Sep. 30, '22
- A Poet of Enticingly Flowing Music (Louise Driscoll), *Bost Trscrpt*, Oct. 7, '22
- A Poet of the Midwest (Harold N. Swanson), *Bost Trscrpt*, Oct. 18, '22
- A Young Poet on the Threshold (Herbert S. Gorman), *Bost Trscrpt*, Oct. 21, '22
- A Revitalization of Edgar Allen Poe. *Bost Trscrpt*, Jan. 6, '23
- A Poet of the Salt Seas (Burt Shurtleff), *Bost Trscrpt*, Aug. 9, '22
- A Conspicuous and Gifted Poet-Priest (Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell), *Bost Trscrpt*, Dec. 2, '22
- A Many-Sided Essayist and Poet (John Erskine), *Bost Trscrpt*, Dec. 30, '22
- A Poet Who Voices the Classic Spirit (F. M. Clapp), *Bost Trscrpt*, Dec. 23, '22
- With the Poets of the Year (Annual summary of American poetry), *Bost Trscrpt*, Nov. 11, '22
- Padraic Colum as a Poet with Vision, *Bost Trscrpt*, Nov. 4, '22
- Our English and American Poets (Theodore Maynard's "Our Best Poets"), *Bost Trscrpt*, Dec. 16, '22
- Margaret Widdemer as a Humorist, *Bost Trscrpt*, Nov. 25, '22

BRAITHWAITE, WILLIAM STANLEY (*Continued*)

- A Modern Poet and His Hour of Magic (W. H. Davies), *Bost Trscrpt*, Jan. 20, '23
- A Poet at the Height of His Fame (Thomas Hardy), *Bost Trscrpt*, Sep. 2, '22
- A Lyric Cry from a Feminine Heart (Power Dalton), *Bost Trscrpt*, Sep. 9, '22
- A Follower of Lowell (A Critical Fable), *Bost Trscrpt*, Sep. 16, '22
- Rainbow Gold (Anthology of poems selected by Sara Teasdale for boys and girls), *Bost Trscrpt*, Oct. 14, '22
- The Poetic Vision of A. E. Housman, *Bost Trscrpt*, Sep. 9, '22
- Deepes and Shallows of the Poetic Streams, *Bost Trscrpt*, Dec. 6, '22
- A Poet of the Pastoral (Edmund Blunden), *Bost Trscrpt*, Aug. 2, '22
- In Colors of the West (Glenn Ward Dresbach), *Bost Trscrpt*, Nov. 4, '22
- BRITTEN, CLARENCE—A Page of Minor Poetry, *New Rep.*, Nov. 8, '22
- BROOKE, TUCKER—Black-Letter Ballads, *Lit. Rev.*, Nov. 11, '22
- The Shakespearean Year, *Yale Rev.*, Apr., '23
- BROUGHTON, L. N.—Milton, *Nation*, May 16, '23
- BROWN, ABBIE FARWELL—Josephine Peabody, "The Piper," *Bookman*, May, '23
- A Child's Book of Poems (Hilda Conkling), *Voices*, Dec., '22
- Josephine Peabody, *N Y Times*, Mar. 25, '23
- BROWN, ALICE—Louise Imogen Guiney: Her Life and Works, *Bost Trscrpt*, May 12, '23
- BROWNELL, BAKER—Kinaesthetic Verse, *Poetry*, Apr., '23
- BRYHER, WINIFRED—Thought and Vision ("Ilymen" by H. D.), *Bookman*, Oct., '22
- BYNNER, WITTER—On California Poets, *Bookman*, Nov., '22
- BYNON, FLORENCE AMALIE—Monthly Anthology of Western Verse, *Lariat*, May, '23
- Monthly Anthology of Western Verse, *Lariat*, Jun., '23
- Monthly Anthology of Western Verse, *Lariat*, Jul., '23
- CALVIN, FLOYD J.—The Book of American Negro Poetry, *Messenger*, Oct., '22
- CAMPBELL, LILY B.—Modern Russian Poetry, *Lyric West*, Feb., '23

- CANBY, HENRY SEIDEL—A Novel in Verse R. W. Brink's "Down the River"), *N Y Post*, Sep. 9, '22
Legends of the South (Carolina Chansons)
Lit. Rev., Jan. 18, '23
- CAREY, CHARLES H.—Shakespeare Honored in Oregon,
CARNEVALI, EMANUEL—Asia (Jackson's "Early Persian Poetry," "Selections from the Rubaiyat of Hafiz," "Chips of Jade and Betel Nuts," Mather's "The Garden of Bright Waters, and Colored Stars"), *Poetry*, Sep., '22
- CATEL, JEAN—Paris Notes (On Contemporary French Poets), *Poetry*, Aug., '22
- CHEW, SAMUEL C.—Shakespearean Studies. *Nation*, Feb. 7, '23
Two Studies of Dante, *Nation*, Dec. 20, '22
Doctor Furness' Letters, *New Rep.*, Oct. 25, '22
The Shakespeare Canon, *New Rep.*, Aug. 30, '23
- CLARK, BARRETT H.—Reinhard Goering (German dramatic poet), *F'man*, Jun. 2, '23
- CLUNY, JAMES B.—On English Poetry (Robert Graves), *Dbl Dlr*, Sep., '22
Dialogue in the Foothills of Parnassus, *Dbl Dlr*, Oct., '22
- COBLENTZ, STANTON A.—Oases and Mirages of the Poetic Desert, *Times Bk. R.*, Feb. 25, '23
Bards of the Lyre in Contemporary America, *Times Bk. R.*, May 22, '23
- CODE, GRANT HYDE—A Symbolist Poet (Lucile du Pre), *Bost Trscript*, May 26, '23
- COFFIN, W. C.—Story of Best Poet of 1922 Like Fairy Tale (Edna St. Vincent Millay), *Bost Glbe*, May 27, '23
- COLBY, ELBRIDGE—Prerogatives of a Legendary Hero of Serbia (The Ballads of Marko Kraljevic), *Times Bk. R.*, Apr. 15, '23
- COLEMAN, CARYL—God's Lover Forsakes the World (Richard Rolle of Hampole), *Cath World*, Nov., '22
- COLLINS, J. P.—The Tercentenary of the First Folio, *Bost Trscript*, Apr. 21, '23
- COLUM, MARY M.—Modernists (James Joyce, T. S. Eliot), *Lit. Rev.*, Jan. 6, '23
- CONKLING, GRACE HAZARD—Children and Poetry, *Bookman*, Nov., '22
Snow Storm and Ice (R. Holden's "Granite and Alabaster," J. Erskine's "Collected Poems," C. A. Wagner's "Poems of Soil and Sea," G. Taggard's "For Eager Lovers"), *Bookman*, Mar., '23
"Constant Reader." Catholic Tales (Dorothy L. Sayers). *Lit. Rev.*, Mar. 10, '23

- COOPER, BELLE—Alfred Edward Housman, The Shropshire Poet-Professor, *Pers'ist*, Apr., '23
 Richard Hovey, Prince of Vagabondia, *Los Ang Times*, Sep. 8, '22
 Richard Hovey, Author of "Stein Song," *Los Ang Times*, Aug. 27, '22
 Lloyd Mifflin, An American Sonneteer, *Los Ang Times*, Aug. 6, '22
- CORYELL, HUBERT V.—The Boy and His Poetry, *Outlook*, Apr. 25, '23
- COWLEY, MALCOLM—Charles Vildrac, *Bookman*, May, '23
 Euphues (Introducing Irony, M. Bodenheim), *Dial*, Oct., '22
 Two American Poets (Aiken, Sandburg), *Dial*, Nov., '22
 The Owl and the Nightingale (Black Armour, by Elinor Wylie), *Dial*, Jun., '23
- CRAIG, JOHN—Francis Thompson and His Poetry, *Cath World*, Aug., '22
- CRANE, HART—Eight More Harvard Poets, *S4N*, Mar.-Apr., '23
- CRAWFORD, JACK—Texts and Comments (Shakespeare Adaptations), *Lit. Rev.*, Sep. 9, '22
- CRAWFORD, NELSON ANTRIM—Teacher and Critic (Graves' "On English Poetry"), *Poetry*, Sep., '22
 Translating Old English ("Old English Poetry," "Widsith, Beowulf, Finnsburgh, Waldere, Deor"), *Poetry*, Oct., '22
 Concerning Poets Laureate, *Poetry*, Dec., '22
 Folk Songs—Warranted Not to Shock (L. Pound's "American Ballads and Songs," N. H. Thorp's "Songs of the Cowboys"), *Poetry*, May, '23
 Vividness and Design (W. Bryher's "Arrow Music"), *Poetry*, Jan., '23
- CROSS, BANBURY—A Word on Francis Thompson, *Dbl Dlr*, May, '23
- DALTON, POWER—Regional Poetry, *Voices*, Autumn, '22
- DALY, S. J., JAMES J.—The Paganism of Mr. Yeats, *Cath World*, Aug., '22
- DAMON, S. FOSTER—William Blake, *F'man*, Jan. 31, '23
- DEAN, FREDERIC—Grand Processional of Hamlets, *Times Mag.*, Dec. 17, '22
- DE BLACAM, AODH—The Heroic Note in Irish Literature, *Nation*, Sep. 27, '22
- DE LAGUNA, FREDERICA—Second April (Edna St. Vincent Millay), *Lyric West*, Mar., '23
- DE LANUX, PIERRE—Paul Valery (French Poet), *Lit. Rev.*, Sep. 16, '22

- DELL, FLOYD—The Poems of the Month, *Bookman*, Jan., '28
 Eloquent Death ("The Undertaker's Garland"),
Liberator, Oct., '22
- DEUTSCH, BABETTE—The Poems of the Month,
Bookman, Jul., '23
 A Note on Modern German Poetry, *Poetry*, Dec., '22
 A Reticent Poet (Adelaide Crapsey),
Lit. Rev., Mar. 3, '23
- DE WOLF, RICHARD C.—Some Observations on Willa
 Cather ("April Twilights"), *Minaret*, May-Jun., '23
- DINSMORE, CHARLES ALLEN—Crocce's Dante, *Lit. Rev.*, Nov. 4, '22
- DOLE, NATHAN HASKELL—German Poetry.
 Some Bolshevistic Troubadours (Contemporary
 Russian poets and poetry), *Times Bk. R.*, Feb. 25, '23
- DRAKE, WILLIAM A.—Carducci in Translation. *Dial*, Feb., '23
- DRISCOLL, LOUISE—Wild Earth (Padraic Colum),
Mil Arts, Nov.-Dec., '22
- DRURY, JOHN—Slabs of the Sunburnt West (Sand-
 burg), *Lyric West*, Jul.-Aug., '22
 The Box of God (Lew Sarett), *Mediator*, May 12, '23
- DUFFUS, ROBERT L.—Golden Days ("Memories of a
 Hostess," "Glimpses of Authors"), *F'man*, Jan. 10, '23
- DUNBAR-NELSON, ALICE—Bronze, A Book of Verse,
 (Georgia Douglas Johnson), *Messenger*, May, '23
- DUNN, WALDO H.—Milton as the Master of English
 Poetry, *Times Bk. R.*, Jan. 28, '23
- EATON, WALTER PRICHARD—Shakespeare and the Actors.
F'man, Feb. 21, '23
- EABLE, S. J., MICHAEL (Editor)—Letters of Louise
 Imogen Guiney, *Bookman*, Aug., '22
- EDDY, FREDERICK B.—The Poetry and Prose of Walter
 de la Mare, *Revr*, Oct., '22
- EDEN, HELEN PARRY—A Dialogue of Devotion (Old
 English poetic dialogue), *Cath World*, Sep., '22
- EDGEETT, EDWIN, FRANCIS—The Letters of a Shakes-
 pearian Editor (H. H. Furness),
Bost Trscript, Oct 14, '22
 The Home Life of Swinburne, *Bost Trscript*, Aug. 5, '22
- EDMAN, IRWIN—Santayana (poems), *Nation*, Jun. 6, '23
- EDRIDGE, RAY—The Poetry of Alice Meynell,
Cath World, Sep., '22
- EGAN, MAURICE FRANCIS—Poetess and Postmistress
 (Louise Imogen Guiney: Her Life and Works),
Times Bk. R., Jun. 3, '23

- EGLINGTON, JOHN**—The Irish Poetic Tradition (Dramatic Legends and Other Poems, by Padraic Colum), *Dial*, Mar., '23
Anglo-Irish Literature (Ireland's Literary Renaissance, by E. Boyd), *Dial*, Apr., '23
ELIOT, T. S.—The Waste Land. *Dial*, Nov., '22
ELY, EFFIE SMITH—American Negro Poetry, *Ch Cent.*, Mar., '22
ERSKINE, JOHN—Whitman's Apprentices Work. *Yale Rev.*, Jan., '23
- FARRAR, JOHN**—The Poems of the Month, *Bookman*, Feb., '23
FAWCETT, JAMES WALDO—One Hundred Critics Gauge Walt Whitman's Fame, *Times Bk. R.*, Jun. 10, '23
FERGUSON, J. DELANCEY—Poets as Press Agents, *Lit Rev.*, Aug. 12, '23
FIRKINS, O. W.—Living Verse (A. E. Housman), *Yale Rev.*, Jul., '23
FISK, EARL E.—Eugene Field's Bookseller, *Bookman*, Sep., '22
FITTS, NORMAN—Adelaide Crapsey's Verse, *Tempo*, Winter, '23
FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD—Ezra Pound (Poems 1918-1922), *Prairie*, Jan.-Feb., '23
 Incunabula (Graves' "On English Poetry"), *F'man*, Nov. 1, '22
 Mr. Hardy's Good-Bye ("Late and Earlier Lyrics"), *F'man*, Oct. 12, '22
 Majors and Minors (Edwin Curran's "The Lions," L. Untermeyer's "Roast Leviathan"), *F'man*, May 9, '23
 Three Women Poets (Elinor Wylie, Willa Sibert Cather, Muna Lee), *F'man*, Jul. 18, '23
 An Ultra Modern Poet (Jean de Bosschere),
 A Georgian Intellectualist (H. Monro's "Real Property"), *Poetry*, Oct., '22
FOERSTER, NORMAN—Ubiquitous "Old Crabb" ("Blake Coleridge, Wordsworth, etc."), *F'man*, Mar. 28, '23
FOX, ANN C.—Padraic Colum, *Casem'ts*, Mar., '23
FRANK, FLORENCE KIPER—The Jew as an Artist. *Poetry*, Jul., '23
FRANK, WALDO—Shakespeare and the Empire. *New Rep.*, Apr. 18, '23
FRASER, ALEXANDER DAVID—Virgil and Our Day. *Lit. Rev.*, Mar. 24, '23
FREEB, AGNES LEE—Spoon River to the Open Sea (E. L. Masters), *Poetry*, Dec., '22

- GAW, ETHELEAN TYSON—Alice Meynell,
Lyric West, Jul.-Aug., '23
- GEDDES, VIRGIL—A Note on the Predicted Poetic Renaissance,
Al Wl, Aug.-Sep., '22
- Ultra-Modern Poetry and Rhythmic Case,
Mod Rev., Autumn, '22
- Ezra Pound Today (Poems 1918-21), *Poetry*, Nov., '22
- Caprices of a Faun (Selected Poems and Ballads of Paul Fort), *Poetry*, Dec., '22
- In the Tradition (L. Binyon's "Selected Poems"),
Poetry, Mar., '23
- Pensive Humor (R. Graves' "The Pier-Glass"),
Poetry, Jan., '23
- Conrad Aiken's Selection (Modern American Poets),
Poetry, Apr., '23
- GIDEON, HENRY—Jewish Folk Song, *Talmud*, Oct., '22
- GORMAN, HERBERT S.—The Letters of a Shakespearean Specialist ("Letters" of Horace H. Furness),
Outlook, May 2, '23
- The Reviewer in Mid-Channel (treats of several poets),
Outlook, May 30, '23
- Poems and Lyrics (Housman's "Last Poems," Hardy's "Late Lyrics and Earlier"),
Outlook, Jan. 3, '23
- Swinburne's Home Life, *Outlook*, Sep. 27, '22
- Three Poets Collect and Select Their Verses (V. Lindsay, J. Masfield, Sir W. Watson),
Times Bk. R., Jul. 29, '23
- English Pale Ale and German Vitriol (Georgian Poetry, 1920-1922, Contemporary German Poetry),
Times Bk. R., Apr. 1, '23
- GRAHAM, STEPHEN—An Anthology of Russian Poetry,
F'man, Aug. 2, '22
- GREENE, BELLE DA COSTA—Shakespeare Data.
N Y Post, Sep. 16, '22
- GREGORY, ALYSE—The Life of Leopardi Revalued,
Texas Rev., Jan., '23
- GRONBERG, FRED—Ver Libre: An Accepted School,
Pegasus, Jul., '23
- GRUDIN, LOUIS—Mediaeval Rhapsody (Oppenheim's "Golden Bird"),
Lit. Rev., Mar. 31, '23
- Maxwell Bodenheim: Mathematician. *Poetry*, Nov., '22
- A Native Mystic (John Gould Fletcher),
Poetry, Feb., '23
- The Whitman Stimulus (E. Carpenter's "Towards Democracy"),
Poetry, Mar., '23

- HACK, R. K.—Lucretius, *F'man*, Dec. 6, '22
- HAMMOND, JOSEPHINE—The Grave Beauty of Masefield's Verse, *Pers'ist*, Oct., '22
- HARVEY, ALEXANDER—The Farce of the "Prometheus," *F'man*, Jan. 31, '23
- HAWTHORNE, HILDEGARDE—Le Gallienne's Lyrics, *Times Bk. R.*, Nov. 12, '22
- HEAD, CLOYD—A Poet Strayed (Bynner's "A Book of Plays"), *Poetry*, Jun., '23
- HEEL, J. WILLIAM—Milton's Lighter Moments. *F'man*, Mar. 28, '23
- HELLMAN, GEORGE S.—The Stevenson Myth. *Century*, Dec., '22
- HENDERSON, W. B. DRAYTON—Poets in Exile (de la Mare, J. C. Squire, John Freeman), *Yale Rev.*, Apr., '23
- HENRY, H. T.—The Latin Hymnists, *Lit. Rev.*, Feb. 8, '23
- HILL, CAROLINE MILES—Modern Poets and Immortality, *Ch Cent.*, Mar., '23
- HILL, FRANK ERNEST—The Desert Blossoms (G. W. Dresbach's "The Colors of the West"), *Measure*, Sep., '22
- HILLYER, ROBERT—Emily Dickinson. *F'man*, Oct. 18, '22
- The Drayton Sonnets, *F'man*, Jan. 31, '23
- The Merry Songs of Peace. *F'man*, Jan. 10, '23
- HIPWELL, H. HALLAM—An Argentine Poet (Fernan Felix de Amador), *Lit. Rev.*, Nov. 18, '22
- HOLBROOK, RICHARD T.—How Dante Looked. *Lit. Rev.*, Oct. 14, '22
- HOLDEN, RAYMOND—Slabs of the Sunburnt West (C. Sandburg), *New Rep.*, Aug. 30, '23
- William Carlos William, *New Rep.*, Nov. 29, '22
- HOUSE, ROY TEMPLE—A Cheerful Russian Poet (Constantin Balmont), *Nation*, Jul. 18, '23
- HOWARD, SIDNEY—A Novel in Verse (R. W. Brink's "Down the River"), *Bookman*, Nov., '22
- HUTCHINSON, PERCY A.—Lute Players on American Parnassus, *Times Bk. R.*, Jan. 21, '23
- Modern Verse Cut Loose from Literary Tradition, *Times Bk. R.*, May 18, '23
- ISAACS, ABRAHAM S.—Poets and Their Pastimes, *Bookman*, Oct., '22
- JONES, HOWARD MUMFORD—William Vaughn Moody, An American Milton, *Dbl Dir*, Aug., '22
- A Minor Prometheus (John Davidson), *F'man*, Oct. 25, '22

- JONES, LLEWELLYN—Walter de la Mare: Poet of Tish-
 nat, *Bookman*, Jul., '23
 The Mechanics of Poetry, *Bookman*, Dec., '22
 Shakespeare for Everyman, *F'man*, Apr. 25, '23
 Mr. Russell's Prosody, *F'man*, Aug. 30, '23
 Naming Verse Patterns, *Poetry*, Feb., '23
- JOSEPHSON, MATTHEW—Berlin and the Bubbling
 Rhine (Poems of Alfred Mombert, Jakob Van
 Hoddiss, Paul Scheerhart), *Broom*, Feb., '23
 Poems: Marianne Moore, *Broom*, Jan., '23
- KATZ, ADALINE—Sapphire (John Cowper Powys),
Dbl Dlr, Jan., '23
 Li Po (Works of the Chinese Poet),
Dbl Dlr, Mar.-Apr., '23
- KAUFMAN, PAUL—He Who Runs May Not Read Poetry,
Times Bk. R., Apr. 1, '23
- KENDALL, J. S.—Ars Moriendi (Manuel Machado),
Dbl Dlr, Feb., '23
- KENNEDY, R. EMMET—Mother Goose: A Neglected
 Classic, *Rhythmus*, Jun.-Jul., '23
- KRUTCH, JOSEPH WOOD—A Poet on Poetry (Graves'
 "On English Poetry"), *Lit Rev.*, Aug. 12, '22
- LAYARD, G. S.—The Silenced Voice of an English Poet
 (James Rhoades), *Bost Trscript*, Jul. 28, '23
- LEE, MUNA—A Pushcart at the Curb (by John Dos
 Passos), *Mil Arts*, Nov.-Dec., '22
 Poets of the Tropics, *Dbl Dlr*, Nov., '22
 Miss Driscoll's First Book ("The Garden of the
 West"), *Poetry*, Jan., '23
 The Spanish People as Poets (Spanish Folk
 Songs), *Poetry*, May, '23
 A Painful Example (Ruben Dario's "Prosas
 Profanas"), *Poetry*, Jun., '23
 Poetry Under Three Flags (Three Spanish-
 American Poets), *Poetry*, Jul., '23
- LE GALLIENE, RICHARD—Visisecting Poetry (P. F.
 Baum's Principles of English Versification),
Times Bk. R., Dec. 24, '22
 Mr. Fausset Doffs His Cap to an Eminent Vic-
 torian (Faussett's "Tennyson, A Modern Por-
 trait"), *Times Bk. R.*, May 27, '23
 Wordsworth's Wild Oat and Annette Vallon,
Times Bk. R., Apr. 29, '23

- LE GALLIENE, RICHARD** (*Continued*)
 A. E. Housman's Valedictory. *Times Bk. R.*, Dec. 8, '22
 Poets' Poets and Poet-Apes. *Times Bk. R.*, Mar. 11, '23
 Verse of an Emotional Epicurean (W. S. Blunt's
 "Poems"), *Times Bk. R.*, Feb. 11, '23
- LEHMER, D. N.**—Sonnets and Poems of Anthero de
 Quental, *Univ of Calif Chron.*, Apr., '23
- LEITZMANN, ALBERT**—New Goethe Letters,
Lit. Rev., Nov. 11, '22
 Goethe and Bettina, *Lit. Rev.*, Jan. 6, '23
- LESEMANN, MAURICE**—Two Trampers—and a Poem
 (V. Lindsay and Stephen Graham), *Poetry*, Jul., '23
- LEWIS, GERTRUDE MAXTON**—Carolina Chansons (Hey-
 ward and Allen), *Revr.*, Apr., '23
- LEWISOHN, LUDWIG**—Poet and Scholar (William Elery
 Leonard), *Nation*, Jun. 6, '23
 The Hour in Verse, *Nation*, Apr. 11, '23
- LITTELL, PHILIP**—Books and Things (Poetry of George
 Santayana), *New Rep.*, Mar. 21, '23
- LITTELL, ROBERT**—From Bad to Verse (humorous com-
 ment on some recent volumes), *New Rep.*, Aug. 9, '23
 Patriotic Verse (Poems of American Patriotism,
 Chosen by Brander Matthews), *New Rep.*, Nov. 15, '22
- LOVEMAN, AMY**—Literary Worthies (Ticknor's "Glimps-
 es of Authors"), *Lit. Rev.*, Nov. 4, '22
- LOVING, PIERRE**—Towards Walt Whitman, *Dbl Dlr*, Sep., '22
 A Note for Poets, *Lyric West*, Sep., '22
 German and Danish Poetry, *F'man*, Jul. 25, '22
- LOW, W. H.**—A Rich Harvest (Verses and illustra-
 tions by the late Elihu Vedder), *Lit. Rev.*, Feb. 3, '23
- LOWELL, AMY**—Is There a Reaction? (A discussion of
 the present status of vers libre), *Lit. Rev.*, Aug. 12, '22
 Miss Lowell on Translating Chinese. *Poetry*, Dec., '22
- LYMAN, JACK**—Irish Anthologies (Colum's "Anthology
 of Irish Verse," "Irish Poets of Today"),
Poetry, Oct., '22
- M., D.** Verse (some recent volumes). *Nation*, Oct. 11, '22
- MACLACHLAN, H. D. C.**—The Sins of Adolescence (ex-
 pressed in the works of poets), *Ch Cent.*, Dec. 7, '22
- MALKUS, ALIDA SIMS**—Ballads and Legends of Penn-
 sylvania's Black Forest (Minstrels and Old
 English Songs Lingering Still Among the
 "Hill Hawks"), *Times Bk. R.*, Jul. 29, '23
- MANN, DOROTHEA LAWRENCE**—The Master Mistress
 (Rose O'Neill), *Bost Trscript*, Dec. 23, '22
 The Peterborough Anthology, *Bost Trscript*, Jul. 28, '23
- MARTIN, DOROTHY**—The Countess De Noailles,
F'man, Sep. 20, 27, '22

- MASSON, THOMAS L.—Emerson, The Radical,
Bookman, Jun., '28
- MASTERS, EDGAR LEE—Agnes Lee's Book ("Faces and
Open Doors"), *Poetry*, Feb., '28
The Artist Revolts, *Poetry*, Jul., '28
- MATTHEWS, BRANDER—Horace Once More (Shower-
man's "Horace and His Influence"),
Outlook, Mar. 28, '28
- Two Generations of American Authors ("Memo-
ries of a Hostess," "Glimpses of Authors"),
Outlook, Dec. 20, '22
- The Puritans and the Impuritans (includes dis-
cussion of the New England Poets),
Bost Transcript, Jan. 27, '23
- MAYNARD, THEODORE—Francis Thompson, *F'man*, Jun. 20, '23
Alice Meynell, *F'man*, Feb. 7, '23
- MCBRIDE, HENRY—Max Beerbohm's Rossetti, *Dial*, Feb., '23
- MCCLURE, JOHN—Negro Folk Rhymes (edited with a
study by Thomas W. Talley), *Dbl Dlr*, Aug., '22
- In Colors of the West (Glenn Ward Dresbach);
White April (Harold Vinal), *Dbl Dlr*, Sep., '22
- American Poetry, 1921, A Miscellany, *Dbl Dlr*, Nov., '22
- Corn (Harold N. Swanson); Star Pollen (Power
Dalton), *Dbl Dlr*, Mar.-Apr., '23
- The Waste Land (T. S. Eliot); Vincent Starrett
("Ebony Flame," "Banners in the Dawn");
Caroline Chansons (Heyward and Allen),
Dbl Dlr, May, '23
- MCCORMICK, VIRGINIA TAYLOR—Conservative and Radi-
cal (L. Binyon, C. Sandburg),
Norfolk Led-Dis., Sep. 2, '22
- The Opposing Schools of Poetry in England,
Norfolk Led-Dis., Aug. 5, '22
- Drops of Philosophy in British Poetry,
Voices, Autumn, '22
- Edwin Arlington Robinson, Poet and Philoso-
pher, *Voices*, Summer, '23
- New Styles for Old (M. S. Leitch, Elizabeth M.
Roberts), *Voices*, Spring, '23
- MC CREARY, FREDERICK R.—Exercises and Fugues (Hi
Simons, James Oppenheim), *Voices*, Summer, '23
- McFEE, WILLIAM—Poetry and Youth, *Bookman*, Aug., '22
Flecker as Dramatist, *Lit. Rev.*, Apr. 7, '23
- McKENZIE, KENNETH—Recent Dante Publications,
Lit. Rev., Oct. 14, '22
- MENNER, ROBERT J.—New Beowulf Studies,
Lit. Rev., Jan. 20, '23

- MILLER, DICKINSON S.—Matthew Arnold, On the Occasion of His Centenary, *New Rep.*, Dec. 27, '22
- MITCHELL, STEWART—Stick of a Rocket (Lord Byron's Correspondence), *Dial*, Oct., '22
- MONROE, HARRIET—"The Greatest Living Poet," *Poetry*, Mar., '23
- Matthew Arnold's Centenary, *Poetry*, Jan., '23
- Ten Years Old (Anniversary summary of "Poetry" career), *Poetry*, Oct., '22
- Red Wraith (Ralph Chaplin's "Bars and Shadows"), *Poetry*, Aug., '22
- Mea Culpa (Miss Monroe's reflections on the completion of ten years of poetry), *Poetry*, Sep., '22
- His Home Town (Sandburg's "Slabs of the Sunburnt West"), *Poetry*, Sep., '22
- A Canadian Poet (Louise Morey Bowman's "Moonlight and Common Day"), *Poetry*, Oct., '22
- Toga-and-Buskin Poetry (H. B. Alexander's "Odes and Lyrics"), *Poetry*, Dec., '22
- Legend and Experience (H. Allen's "The Bride of Huitzil," Wampum and Old Gold), *Poetry*, Jan., '23
- Of Two Poets (Alice Meynell, Josephine Preston Peabody), *Poetry*, Feb., '23
- A Contrast (T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land," L. Sarett's "The Box of God"), *Poetry*, Mar., '23
- Bubbles of Verse (R. O'Neill's "The Master Mistress"), *Poetry*, Jan., '23
- The Shropshire Poet (A. E. Housman's "Last Poems"), *Poetry*, Apr., '23
- A Biennial ("American Poetry 1922—A Miscellany"), *Poetry*, Apr., '23
- The Old South ("Carolina Chansons"), *Poetry*, May, '23
- Salty Favor (P. Colum's "Dramatic Legends and Other Poems"), *Poetry*, Jul., '23
- MONTENEGRO, ERNESTO—On the Tip of Fame in Latin America (Gabriela Mistral's "Desolation"), *Times Bk. R.*, Feb. 18, '23
- MOORE, DOROTHEA—Gillaume Apollinaire, *Lyric West*, Oct., '22
- Introducing Irony (Maxwell Bodenheim) *Lyric West*, Jan., '23
- MOORE, MARIANNE—Hymen (H. D.), *Broom*, Jan., '23
- MORE, PAUL ELMER—Horace for English Readers, *Lit. Rev.*, Mar. 3, '23
- MORDELL, ALBERT—"The Poetic Mind," *F'man*, Aug. 16, '22
- MORGAN, ANGELA—Mr. Sarett's Second Volume, *Voices*, Dec., '22

- MORRIS, LLOYD—Mr. Robinson's Progress ("Roman Bartholow"), *F'man*, Apr. 18, '23
- MORTON, DAVID—Vachel Lindsay—Singer and Prophet, *Outlook*, Jul. 18, '23
- Poems and New (volumes by Alice Meynell, W. S. Blunt, G. K. Chesterton, Louis Untermeyer, F. P. Adams, Marguerite Wilkinson), *Bookman*, Jun., '23
- The Poems of the Month, *Bookman*, Mar.-Apr., '23
- Promise and Achievement (volumes by Lew Sarett, Edward B. Reed, Bernard Raymund, Ames Brooks, C. H. L. O'Donnell), *Bookman*, Feb., '23
- MOSS, ARTHUR—James Stephen, *Bookman*, Jan., '23
- MUIR, EDWIN—A Note on Ibsen, *F'man*, Oct., 25, '22
- Robert Burns, *F'man*, May 9, '23
- North and South, I, II, III, (contrasts of literary expressions of the writers in the two sections of the European continent, in which poets are discussed), *F'man*, Nov. 15, 22, 29, '22
- A Note on the Scottish Ballads. *F'man*, Jan. 17, '23
- MUMFORD, LEWIS—The American Rhythm, *New Rep.*, May 30, '23
- MUNSON, GORHAM B.—The Hundred and One Harlequins (Sacheverell Sitwell), *New Rep.*, Jul. 4, '23
- MURRY, JOHN MIDDLETON—The Poetry of Thomas Hardy, *Times Bk. R.*, Jul. 29, '23
- NEILSON, WILLIAM ALLAN—Letters of a Shakespearean (H. H. Furness), *Nation*, Feb. 14, '23
- NICHOLL, LOUISE TOWNSEND—Their Own Editors ("American Poetry—1922. A Miscellany"), *Measure*, Nov., '22
- Delicate Soil (O. T. Dargan's "Lute and Furrow"), *Measure*, Aug., '22
- Fresh Herbs (J. N. North's "A Prayer Rug"), *Measure*, Jul., '23
- NICKERSON, PAUL SUMNER—I Believe in Poetry and Young People, *Em Quar.*, Dec., '22
- NORRIS, WILLIAM A.—The Laboratory of a Poet's Soul (Edwin A. Robinson), *Bost Trscrpt*, Apr. 21, '23
- Last Poems (A. E. Housman), *New Rep.*, Feb. 28, '23
- Echoing Reticences (Poems of Alice Meynell), *New Rep.*, May 16, '23
- Reprieve (E. M. Roberts' "Under the Tree"), *New Rep.*, May 23, '23

- NORTH, JESSICA NELSON—The Late Rebellion (Discussion of the "New Poetry"), *Poetry*, Jun., '23
- O'CONNOR, NORREYS JEPHSON—A New Book on Poetics (P. F. Baum's "The Principles of English Versification"), *Poetry*, Jul., '23
- Mr. Wheelock Comes Into His Own (The Black Panther), *Voices*, Spring, '23
- PECK, SAMUEL MINTURN—A Poet of the South (Robert Loveman), *Boat Transcript*, Jul. 28, '23
- PERRY, BLISS—Eminent Literary Friendships (Memories of a Hostess: Diaries of Mrs. James T. Fields), *Times Bk. R.*, Oct. 29, '22
- PHELPS, RUTH SHEPARD—Anniversary Translations of Dante, *Yale Rev.*, Jan., '23
- PIERCE, FREDERICK E.—The Destructibility of Genius, *Yale Rev.*, Oct., '22
- POSTGATE, R. W.—A Defeated Poet (A. E. Housman), *F'man*, Dec. 13, '22
- POWYS, LLEWELLYN—Sir John Suckling, *F'man*, Jun. 27, '23
- A Tragedy of Genius (James Thomson), *F'man*, Sep. 6, '22
- Romance-Mongering ("Thomas Hardy's Dorset"), *F'man*, Aug. 30, '22
- The Poetry of Padraic Colum, *F'man*, Jun. 6, '23
- The Song of Solomon, *F'man*, Jan. 24, '23
- Christopher Marlowe, *F'man*, Feb. 28, '23
- PRAATT, HARRY NOYES—Frescoes by Jay G. Sigmund; Brimmer, *Univ of Calif Chron.*, Apr., '23
- PRICE, OLIVIA—Fir Flower Tablets (Poems translated from the Chinese by Florence Ayscough and Amy Lowell), *New Rep.*, Jan. 10, '23
- PULSIFER, HAROLD T.—The Stein Songs and Poetry, *Outlook*, Jun. 6, '23
- PUTNAM, SAM—A Poetic Burbank (Jun Fujita), *Prairie*, Jan.-Feb., '23
- Our Youngest Poets, *Caprice*, Nov.-Dec., '22
- Caprice*, Jan.-Feb.-May, '23
- Curved Attitudes and Elephant Ears (M. Turbyfill's "The Living Frieze"), *Mil Arts*, Nov.-Dec., '22
- RAMSAY, HOBART—Bits of a Verlaine Autobiography, *Times Bk. R.*, Apr. 29, '23
- RAYMOND, C. HARLOW—Two Experiments (with boys writing poetry), *Outlook*, Nov. 29, '22

- REED, EDWARD BLISS**—The Age of Song (English Madrigal Verse), *Lit. Rev.*, Aug. 26, '22
 Light Verse (Horace, Poems from Punch, Little Book of Society Verse, Walter de la Mare, Christopher Morley, Don Marquis), *Yale Rev.*, Oct., '22
REILLY, PH.D., JOSEPH J.—The Letters of Tom Moore's Noble Poet, *Cath World*, Nov., '22
RICE, A. H.—Anima Cortese Mantovana (J. W. Mackail's Virgil), *Nation*, Apr. 25, '23
RICE, VIRGINIA—On Not Interviewing Walter de la Mare, *Bookman*, Sep., '22
RIDGWAY, GERTRUDE M.—"Home Sweet Home"—One Hundred Years After, *Outlook*, May 16, '23
 The Tercentenary of the First Folio Shakespeare, *Outlook*, Jun. 18, '23
RITTENHOUSE, JESSIE B.—Memories of Madison Cawein, *Bookman*, Nov., '22
ROSS, GERTRUDE ROBINSON—Modernity of Greek Poets, *Lariat*, Apr., '23
RUDENS, S. P.—The Significance of Irony (Maxwell Bodenheim), *Dbl Dlr*, Nov., '22
RYAN, COLETTA—Louise Guiney's Own "Patrins" to a Younger Friend, *Times Bk. R.*, Jun. 8, '23

SANBORN, PITTS—Voices from the Yard (Eight More Harvard Poets), *Measure*, Apr., '23
 Orchestral Verse (F. M. Clapp's "Joshua Trees"), *Measure*, May, '23
 Shakespeare's Cryptography (Walter Conrad Arensberg), *Measure*, May, '23
SARGENT, GEORGE—The Tragedy of a Poet (Richard Middleton), *Bookman*, May, '23
 The Baby Prattle of Robert Louis Stevenson, *Bost Trscrpt*, Feb. 17, '23
SCHAUFFLER, ROBERT HAVEN—Our Literary Tammany, *Lit. Rev.*, Mar. 31, '23
SCHELLING, FELIX E.—Painting the Lily (The Shakespeare Canon), *Lit. Rev.*, Sep. 9, '22
SCHINZ, ALBERT—A French Poet (Poems by Gabriel-Tristan Franconi), *Lit. Rev.*, Feb. 3, '23
SELDES, GILBERT—T. S. Eliot, *Nation*, Dec. 6, '22
SEYMOUR, GEORGE STEELE—Advice to Poets, *Step Ladder*, May, '23
SHANKS, EDWARD—An English Impression of American Literature (deals largely with contemporary poets), *Bookman*, Nov., '22

- SHAW, CHARLES B.—Childe Rolande Redivivus,
S At Quar., Jan., '28
- SHELLEY, HENRY C.—The Centenary of Matthew
Arnold, *Bost Trscrpt*, Jan. 6, '23
- SHERMAN, STUART P.—A Note on Carl Sandburg,
Step Ladder, Sep., '22
- SHIPLEY, JOSEPH T.—Hebrew Poetry of Today,
F'man, Dec. 18, '22
- SHUFORD, AUGUSTA—Poe as the Melancholy Victim of
Himself, *Times Bk. R.*, Jan. 21, '23
- SIEGRIST, MARY—"O! Synge Untoe Mie Roundelaie"
(J. Drinkwater, R. H. Schauffler),
Times Bk. R., Apr. 22, '23
- Three Young Hostlers of the Winged Steed
(Paul Gerald, Harry Lane, L. A. G. Strong),
Times Bk. R., May 6, '23
- "A Glance at a Few of Our Literary Progenies"
(M. Widdemer's "A Tree with a Bird in it"),
Times Bk. R., Feb. 18, '23
- Lyrics Pointed Towards Eternity (J. C. Powy's
"Samphire"), *Times Bk. R.*, Feb. 11, '23
- SMERTENKO, JOHAN J.—A Chinese Poet (The Works of
Li Po), *Nation*, May 30, '23
- SMITH, KATHERINE G.—Robert Frost and the Ann
Arbor Fellowship in Creative Art,
Lyric West, Sep., '22
- A Garland of Lyrics (A. E. Housman's "Last
Poems"), *Lyric West*, Jun., '23
- SNOW, ROYALL—The Realistic Revolt in Modern
Poetry, *Prairie*, Jan.-Feb., '23
- Town Topics on Paranssus (A Critical Fable),
Dbl Dlr, Mar.-Apr., '23
- From the Nineties to the Present (A. E. Hous-
man, H. Newbolt, H. French, Bliss Carman,
J. E. Flecker), *Poetry*, Aug., '22
- SPEYER, LEONORA—The Poems of the Month,
Bookman, Aug., '22
- SPINGARN, J. E.—Foreword to Tsang-Lang Discourse
on Poetry, *Dial*, Sep., '22
- STANTON, THEODORE—Walt Whitman in Germany,
Lit. Rev., Sep. 20, '22
- STARRETT, VINCENT—The History of a Chanty,
F'man, Nov. 15, '22
- STORK, CHARLES WHARTON—Nearer than Hands and
Feet (O. T. Dargan), *Voices*, Autumn, '22
- STROBEL, MARION—Calm Waters (H. Jones' "The Blue
Ship"), *Poetry*, Aug., '22

STROBEL, MARION (*Continued*)

Muriel Stuart ("The Cockpit of Idols"),

Poetry, Sep., '22

Tranquil Tunes (M. Widdemer's "Cross-Cur-
rents"),

Poetry, Sep., '22

Barcarole (Gorman's "The Barcarole of James
Smith"),

Poetry, Jan., '23

Too Tame (J. H. Wheelock's "The Black Pan-
ther"),

Poetry, Jan., '23

Delicate Sheaves (Janet Lewis' "The Indians in
the Woods," Maurine Smith's "The Keen
Edge"),

Poetry, Mar., '23

STUART, HENRY LONGAN—Day Trips to Parnassus (A.
B. Hall, Beth Walker, Philip R. Davis, S.
Hale, V. Starbuck, D. Malloch, The Peterbor-
ough Anthology),

Times Bk. R., Jul. 8, '23

STURKOW-RYDER, MADAME—A Note on Modern Music
and Poetry,

Lyric West, Jan., '23

SWETT, MARGERY—Discovering the Majority (J. V. A.
Weaver's "Finders: More Poems in Ameri-
can"),

Poetry, Apr., '23

And the Child Grew (H. Conkling's "Shoes of
the Wind"),

Poetry, May, '23

A Book of Gratitude (P. Dalton's "Star Pollen"),

Poetry, Jul., '23

TAGGARD, GENEVIEVE—Do Your Own Cleaning (The
Master Mistress, by Rose O'Neill),

Voices, Dec., '22

TEALL, GARDNER—Poets and Postage Stamps,

Times Bk. R., Jan. 14, '23

Tercentenary of the First Folio,

Times Bk. R., Mar. 18, '23

TIETJENS, EUNICE—The Lyric in Poetry.

Poetry, Jun., '23

An Orientalist (E. J. Coatsworth's "Fox Foot-
prints"),

Poetry, Jun., '23

Poetry by a Novelist (Willa S. Cather's "April
Twilights"),

Poetry, Jul., '23

On Translating Chinese Poetry,

Poetry, Aug.-Sep., '22

TINKER, CHAUNCEY B.—The Amusing Pre-Raphaelites,

Lit. Rev., Feb. 3, '23

TUCKER, BEVERLY RANDOLPH—Poe—A Psychanalytical
View,

Rev., Apr., '23

TUTTLE, A. K.—Upon Reflection (A dialogue on art in
which a poet takes part),

Lit. Rev., Mar. 10, '23

UNTERMAYER, JEAN STARR—The Poems of the Month,

Bookman, May-Jun., '23

- UNTERMAYER, LOUIS**—The Impulse of Irony (R. Nathan, M. Bodenheim), *Bookman*, Aug., '22
 Adapting the Afghan, *Rev.*, Apr., '23
 Four Poets (H. S. Gorman, J. Dos Passos, Milton Raison, J. H. Wheelock), *Bookman*, Dec., '22
 Enter Harold Monro (Real Property), *Lit. Rev.*, Jan. 18, '23
 Lyrical Lepidoptera, *Lit. Rev.*, Dec. 16, '23
 Lyrical Metaphysics (Wheelock's "The Black Panther"), *Lit. Rev.*, Nov. 25, '22
 Rhetoric vs. Revelation (Books by F. M. Clapp, John Cowper Powys, Genevieve Taggard), *Lit. Rev.*, Apr. 14, '23
 "Free" Verse Again, *Voices*, Autumn, '22
 Finders—and Losers (J. V. A. Weaver), *Voices*, Spring, '23
 Poems of Childhood (E. M. Roberts' "Under the Tree"), *F'man*, Apr. 4, '23
 Poetry or Wit? (Marianne Moore), *F'man*, Feb. 7, '23
 Mr. Untermeyer Protests, *Poetry*, May, '23
 A New Poet (Raymond Holden), *New Rep.*, Jan. 24, '23
 The Child as Poet (Hilda Conkling), *New Rep.*, Mar. 14, '23
 The Average Run (some recent verse), *New Rep.*, Jun. 27, '23
 Rhythm and Reason, *New Rep.*, Oct. 4, '22
 Disillusion as Dogma (T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land"), *F'man*, Jan. 17, '23
USHER, LEILA—Personal Reminiscences of Elihu Vedder, *Outlook*, Mar. 21, '23

VANDEREM, FERNAND—On Some French Makers of Verse, *Times Bk. R.*, Jul., 8, '23
VAN DOREN, CARL—The Soil of the Puritans (Robert Frost), *Century*, Feb., '23
 Salvation with Jazz (Vachel Lindsay), *Evangelist in Verse*, Apr., '23
 Youth and Wings (Edna St. Vincent Millay), *Singer*, Jun., '23
VAN DOREN, MARK—Three Poets (V. Lindsay, C. Wood, S. Sitwell), *Nation*, Mar. 21, '23
 Lyrics and Magic (Thomas Hardy, W. H. Davies), *Nation*, Jan. 31, '23
 Genevieve Taggard and Other Poets, *Nation*, Feb. 28, '23
 Bodenheim (The Sardonic Arm), *Nation*, Jun. 6, '23
 The American Rhythm (Mary Austin), *Nation*, Apr. 18, '23

VAN DOREN, MARK (*Continued*)

Roman Bartholow (E. A. Robinson), *Nation*, Jun. 18, '23

Literature and the Land ("Louise Imogen Guiney: Her Life and Works," E. Wylie's "Black Armour," W. S. Cather's "April Twilights and Other Poems"), *Nation*, Jun. 27, '23

Verse (W. Snow's "Maine Coast," L. Untermeyer's "Roast Leviathan," "Georgian Poetry 1920-1922," J. Drinkwater's "Preludes 1921-1922," L. A. G. Strong's "Dublin Days," "The Poems of Alice Meynell"), *Nation*, May 23, '23

In Line (Books by Le Gallienne, Ames Brooks, J. Dos Passos, H. S. Gorman), *Nation*, Nov. 15, '22

VAN DYKE—The Fringe of Words, *Yale Rev.*, Oct., '22

VAN SLYKE, BERNICE K.—F. Jammes' "The Poet and Inspiration (Le Poete et L'Inspiration)," *Poetry*, Oct., '22

The Prophet in His Own Country ("Poems of Heroism in American Life," "Ohio Valley Verse," "Yearbook of the Poetry Society of South Carolina," "Figs from California," "Peabody High School Book of Verse," "Home-work and Hobbyhorses, by the Perse School," "Bulletin of University of Oklahoma," "Oxford Poetry, 1922"), *Poetry*, Feb., '23

A Prize Poem (G. H. Conkling's Blindman prize poem "Variations on a Theme"), *Poetry*, May, '23

Old French Forms (H. L. Cohen's "Lyric Forms from France"), *Poetry*, May, '23

Poems of the Mountain Folk (Ann Cobb's "Kin-folks"), *Poetry*, Jun., '23

VINAL, HAROLD—The Garden of the West (Louise Driscoll), *Mil Arts*, Nov.-Dec., '22

Doorway (For Eager Lovers, by Genevieve Taggard), *Voices*, Dec., '22

Light Rain (Adelaide Crapsey), *Voices*, Autumn, '22

WALEY, ARTHUR P.—An Oriental Poet (The Works of Li Po), *Lit. Rev.*, Feb. 10, '23

WALSH, THOMAS—Cassandra and a Poet (Georgina C. King), *Lit. Rev.*, Aug. 26, '22

Three Spanish-American Poets (Jose Jaun Tablada, Gustavo Sanchez Galarraga, Pedro Requena Legarreta), *Times Bk. R.*, Jan. 21, '23

Notes on Charles Warren Stoddard. *Nation*, Oct. 4, '22

Puzzle of a Fourteenth Century Friar (Libro De Buen Amor de Juan Ruiz), *Times Bk. R.*, Dec. 17, '22

- WELLES, WINIFRED—"The Shimmering Shroud" (Adelaide Crapsey's "Verse"), *Measure*, Oct., '22
- Quiet Colors (A. D. Ficke's "Sonnets of a Portrait Painter"), *Measure*, Nov., '22
- O Carolina! ("Carolina Chansons"), *Measure*, Jun., '23
- WHEELER, ALFRED A.—Chinese Poet Lauded, *San Fran Jour.*, Apr. 1, '23
- Louis Golding, Great New Poet. *San Fran Jour.*, May 27, '23
- WHEELWRIGHT, JOHN BROOKS—Life May Be Led Well ("Letters of H. H. Furness"), *F'man*, Mar. 7, '23
- WHICHER, GEORGE M.—A Literary Monument (The Loeb Classical Library), *Outlook*, Apr. 11, '23
- WHITESIDE, MARY BRENT—Poets and Poetry of the South, *Southern Lit.*, Jul., '23
- WILKINS, ERNEST H.—An Anthology of Italian Poems, 18th-19th centenary, *New Rep.*, Jan. 8, '23
- WILKINSON, MARGUERITE—Mr. Wheelock's Book, *Poetry*, Mar., '23
- WILLIAMS, WAYLAND—The Great Succotash (tendencies in contemporary poetry), *S4N*, Issue 21
- WINSLOW, ANNE GOODWIN—Matthew Arnold, *F'man*, Dec. 27, '22
- Second-Hand Satire (Giuseppe Giusti), *F'man*, Apr. 11, '23
- WILSON, JR., EDMUND—Mr. Robinson's Moonlight (Roman Bartholow, by E. A. Robinson; The Poetry of E. A. Robinson, by Lloyd Morris), *Dial*, May, '23
- The Hamlet Controversy (Shakespeare's Hamlet, by A. Clutton-Brock), *Dial*, Mar., '23
- The Poetry of Drouth (T. E. Eliot's "The Waste Land"), *Dial*, Dec., '22
- Veteris Vestigia Flammae (L. Binyon's "Selected Poems"), *F'man*, Feb. 21, '23
- "Spanish Folk-Songs," *F'man*, Jan. 24, '23
- WINTERS, YVOR—Under the Tree (Elizabeth Madox Roberts), *Poetry*, Apr., '23
- WOOD, CLEMENT,—The Poems of the Month, *Bookman*, Sep.-Oct., '22
- Lute and Furrow (O. T. Dargan), *Bookman*, Nov., '22
- How to Be a Poet (A brief compendium and handbook for beginners on the business of verse making, and the art of verse marketing), *Lit. Rev.*, Aug. 19, '22
- Bright Forts Against Oblivion (R. O'Neill, J. H. Wheelock, L. Sarett, C. L. O'Donnell), *Nation*, Dec. 6, '22

WOOD, CLEMENT (*Continued*)

The Shropshire Corydon: Opus II, *Nation*, Feb. 21, '23

Commuters to Poesepolis (recent volumes of poems), *Nation*, Mar. 7, '28

A Man's Song (McKay's "Harlem Shadows"),
Lit. Rev., Oct. 21, '22

WRIGHT, CUTHBERT—The Dance of the Impotent, A

Note on the Last State of Poetry,
Dbl Dlr, Aug., '22

"The Tidings Brought to Mary" (Paul Claudel),
F'man, Jan. 24, '23

WYLIE, ELINOR—A Strong Pair of Sculls (Gorman's

"The Barcarole of James Smith"),
Lit. Rev., Dec. 16, '22

Mr. Eliot's Slug-Horn ("The Waste Land"),
Lit. Rev., Jan. 20, '23

WYMAN, LILLIE BUFFUM CHACE—The Strange Case of

Edgar Allen Poe, *Bost Transcript*, Feb. 24, '23

YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER—More Memories, *Dial*, Sep.-Oct., '22

YOUNG, JAMES C.—In Memory of Eugene Field,
Times Bk. R., Nov. 12, '22

Poet's Grave Amid the City's Waste (Joseph
Rodman Drake), *Times Bk. R.*, Apr. 15, '23

YU, YEN—Tsang-Lang Discourse on Poetry (trans-
lated from the Chinese by Peng Chun Chang),
Dial, Sep., '22

YUST, WALTER—Slabs of the Sunburst West (Sand-
burg), *Dbl Dlr*, Aug., '22

ZATURENSKY, MARYA—Cloistral Lyrics (C. L. O'Don-
nell's "Cloister and Other Poems"), *Poetry*, May, '23

Enameled Poems (G. Taggard's "For Eager
Lovers"), *Poetry*, Apr., '23

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Professor Cesare Foligno. Alfred A. Knopf
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ranged and Decorated by Norman Ault.
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- Baker, Karle Wilson. *Burning Bush*. Yale University Press
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Gosse. Elkin Mathews, Ltd., London
Bean, J. Herbert. *A Pilgrim Harp*. The Stratford Co.
Beck, John Oscar. *Windows in Dragon Town*.
B. J. Brimmer Co.
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Poems*. James T. White & Co.
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- Blunt, Wilfred Scawen. *Poems*. Alfred A. Knopf
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<i>Prizes</i>	<i>Awards</i>	<i>Poems</i>	<i>Winners</i>
Pulitzer Prize	\$1000.00...	Poems	Edna St. Vincent Millay
The Dial	2000.00...	The Waste Land.....	T. S. Eliot
Clark Equipment Company:			
Transportation Poem Contest....	1000.00...	The Spirit of Transportation.	Roy George
Poetry Society of South Carolina:			
Blindman Prize	250.00...	Omerammargau	Leonora Speyer
The Southern Prize	100.00...	Armageddon	John Crowe Ransom
Poetry Society Prize	25.00...	First Love	Beatrice W. Ravenel
The Carolina Simpler Prize.....	25.00...	The Live Oak	Mrs. Samuel H. Stoney
Poetry, A Magazine of Verse:			
Helen Haire Levinson Prize.....	200.00...	The Witch of Coos.....	Robert Frost
Anonymous Prize	100.00...	Pianissimo	Alfred Kreymborg
Friday Morning Club Prize.....	100.00...	A Sailor's Note-book.....	Robert J. Roe

<i>Prizes</i>	<i>Awards</i>	<i>Poems</i>	<i>Winners</i>
The Nation's Prize	100.00...	King David	Stephen Vincent Benet
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The Poetry Club of the Southern Methodist University:			
First Prize	100.00...	Babel	Roberta T. Swartz
Second Prize	50.00...	Daggers of White Men	Attys E. Sanders
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University of Chicago:			
John Billings Fiske PoemJapanese Prints	Bertha Ten Eyck James
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Chicago Woman's Club:			
First Prize	50.00...	The Way House	Louis Redfield
Second Prize	25.00...	To Italy	Fredericka V. Blanker
Third Prize	15.00...	A Poem for Tired People..	Gladys Campbell
<hr/>			
The Lyric Prizes:			
Rosalie Taylor Prize for a Lyric.	There Is No Song	Virginia Lyne Tunstall
Julia Johnson Davis Prize (Sonnet)	Autumn Day	Virginia Taylor McCormick
Tunstall Prize (Free Verse)Travel	Sandra Alexander
The Agnes Moreland Memorial Prize (Modified Rondeau)	Joesphine Johnson

<i>Prizes</i>	<i>Awards</i>	<i>Poems</i>	<i>Winners</i>
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Contemporary Verse:			
Gene Stratton Porter Prize	50.00		Elizabeth J. Coatsworth
			Joseph Auslander
			Eda Lou Walton
First Prize	40.00		Harold Vinal
			Hervey Allen
			Louise Driscoll
			Willard Wattles
			Claribel Weeks Avery
Second Prize	20.00		Marjorie Allen Seiffert
			Helen Hoyt
			John Hall Wheelock
Joseph Andrew Gallahad Prize:			
(For Sonnet)The Silver Hour	Clement Wood
<hr/>			
Norfolk Poetry Club:			
Helen Rogers Prize for Genre...	Hepzibah of the Cent Shop. Virginia Taylor McCormick	
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The Lyric West Prizes:			
Esther Yarnell	100.00	A Singer Says Good-bye...	Margery Swett
Short Poem Prize	50.00	Desert Suite	Isaac Jenkinson-Frazee

<i>Prizes</i>	<i>Awards</i>	<i>Poems</i>	<i>Winners</i>
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The Guild Pioneer:			
Poetry Prize	150.00...	Hereafter	S. H. Samuels
		Selfishness	Rita Chisholm Frame
		Fat Women	Betty von Nardroff
		Protest	Margaret Curtis McKay
		Stone	Marion Chisnell Urch
		The Heart Breaker	James Marlow
<hr/>			
The Order of Bookfellows:			
The Harper Prize	25.00...	The Honey Locust	William Alexander Percy
Laura Blackburn Lyric Prize....	50.00...		
		1st—The Gypsy Heart	Harry Noyes Pratt
		2nd—Orchids	Mary Coles Carrington
		3rd—At April's End	Agnes Kendrick Gray
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American Poetry Magazine Prizes:			
Agnes Moreland Memorial Prize.	 When Earth Lifts Skyward.	Clement Wood
Mother Poem Contest	James McBride Dabbs
Peony Poem Contest	Julia Boynton Green
Mystic Poem Contest	Clarence Watt Heazlitt
Triplet Contest Shadows	Camile Cain
Quatrain Contest	James McBride Dabbs

<i>Prizes</i>	<i>Awards</i>	<i>Poems</i>	<i>Winners</i>
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The Skylark Prize: John Bennett (Student)	10.00 . . .	To One Apostate	Mary Bosse
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